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OUR COVER

● "I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as your President." U.S. President Lyndon B. Johnson stunned the world with this "irrevocable decision" last week and said he would spend his remaining nine months in office trying to find peace in Vietnam.

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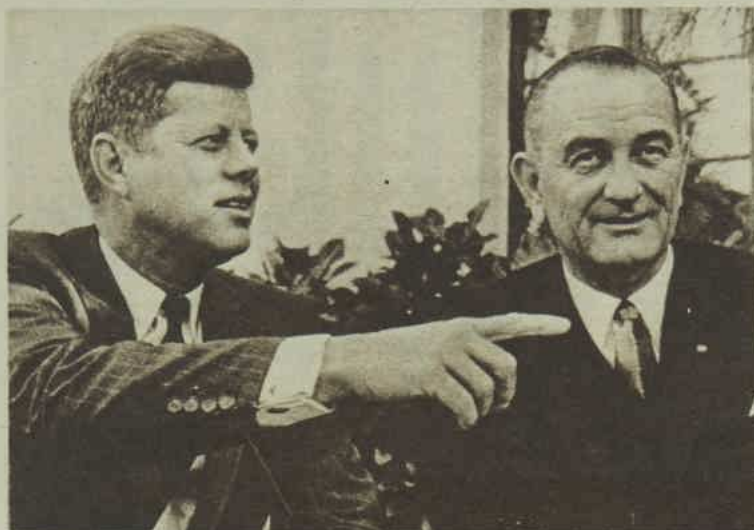
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A PRESIDENT STEPS DOWN



● With the late President John Kennedy. Then Vice-President, Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn to office after the Kennedy assassination in Dallas, Texas, in November, 1963.



● With Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey in 1966. Mr. Humphrey, a loyal Administration supporter, was giving a personal report to the President on a week's Far East visit.



● Decorating General William C. Westmoreland. President Johnson said he would spend his remaining nine months in office endeavoring to find peace in Vietnam.

● President Johnson came to office in sensational circumstances. His decision to leave it is no less dramatic. Announcing that he would not seek re-election, he said, "I have concluded that I could not permit the Presidency to become involved in the partisan divisions that are developing in this political year." On this page he is pictured with some of the figures with whom his destiny has been linked.



● With Senator Robert Kennedy and his wife, Ethel, above, in 1965. At loggerheads with the President over Vietnam, Senator Kennedy announced himself as a Democratic presidential candidate.



● With the late Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, left, in Canberra during the President's triumphant 1966 tour.



WITH FAMILY

● Formal family portrait of the President and his family taken in the Yellow Room of the White House. From left, daughter Luci holding her son, Patrick, her husband, Patrick John Nugent, the President, Mrs. Johnson, and daughter Lynda Bird, whose Marine captain husband, Charles S. Robb, is now serving at Phu Bai, in South Vietnam.

ROCK-HOUNDS AT THE READY

Fossickers plan a big trek to Gundagai for the Easter weekend

WHILE metal and mining shares boom on the Australian stock market, another smaller but no less spectacular boom is taking place in the gentle art of mineral fossicking.

More than 137 lapidary clubs have sprung up in Australia over the past few years. According to advertising executive Frank Hall, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., the number of people taking up this peaceful hobby is "quite amazing."

Membership (claimed by entire families in some clubs) demands nothing of its members except their willingness to venture out into the countryside to explore the earth — creek-beds and mountainsides alike — for unusual metals, minerals, and gemstones.

"When I think of the years I spent as a bushwalker and the way I used to just kick away stones as I climbed and walked!" exclaimed Mr. Hall.

Now a confirmed gem-hunting addict, Mr. Hall says it's impossible for him to walk through the bush without having his eyes glued to the ground "just in case" he comes across something interesting.

"It gives one a tremen-

dous thrill to handle a beautiful stone or mineral which may have been in the ground for millions of years," he said.

A member of the Wingala Lapidary Club, Mr. Hall is busy planning last-minute arrangements for a "Gem-boree" to be held at Gundagai on the Easter weekend.

More than 1000 people are expected to attend, staying in camps and caravans.

Two of the field trips will be full-day excursions, with visitors meeting for a barbecue lunch by the Murrumbidgee River.

Prizes awarded

Exhibitions will be held of the mineral specimens and gemstones collected on the field-day trips as well as members' own collections.

Prizes of up to \$1000 will be distributed for the best collections and best "finds."

Explaining the recent growth of lapidary in Australia, Mr. Hall said, "The joy of exploration and discovery is one of the few unspoiled ventures left to man."

"It's such a wonderful country out there, outside the towns and cities. It is so rich in stones and metals you never know what you are going to come up with."

Besides the thrill of finding opals, emeralds, and sapphires (and quite a few

people turn their finds to good profit), many women members have the added pleasure of making their own silver settings to show off their finds.

One Wingala member, Miss Margaret Dale, of Balgowlah, a keen collector, has started to learn silver jewellery making.

"Wanting to set them in a distinctive way is a natural extension of finding the stones," she said.

"I have had people look at some of my stones set in my own jewellery and they'll ask if I am a rock-hound."

On country excursions, miners, equipped with miners' rights, go to properties (after obtaining the owners' permission) and pick up stones and samples.

"Of course, you'll get the odd person who'll go charging round like a bull removing stones and minerals by the bucketful," said Mr. Hall, "but, generally, our members respect the countryside and leave it as they find it."

Some property-owners charge a small fee for the right to fossick.

"I'll always remember the man who sat up on a fence charging people for going through a particular gate," said Mr. Hall, smiling. "We learned later he didn't even own the property."



● Bob and Lorna Symonds with their adopted son.

THE poem was called, simply, "Adopted." It went like this:

*Not flesh of my flesh
Nor bone of my bone,
But still miraculously my own.
Never forget for even a minute,
You did not grow under my heart
But in it.*

Lorna Symonds first saw it — author unknown — hanging up in a room in the N.S.W. Child Welfare Department. It perfectly expressed, Lorna was sure, the way she was going to feel.

Lorna was a typist, her husband, Bob, was a fireman. After seven years of marriage, doctors had told them they could never have a child of their own.

So here they were, with singularly few qualms, arranging to adopt one. It was April, 1966. For years, while Lorna worked on, they had been paying off a block of land. In September, work would start on that longed-for home of their own.

It would be finished, they told Welfare, long before they received their baby. They wanted a boy, and two years later a girl.

If the boy were older, big gentle Bob explained, he could look after the little girl.

Surreptitiously, Lorna copied the beautiful little poem. During the months of waiting, she reread it often, even had it copied by the firm she worked for, who were printers.

The house went on apace. Bob, who was very handy, worked on it prodigiously. They collected odd bits and pieces of furniture from second-hand shops, relatives, and friends. And they shopped for their lounge-room furniture. The lounge-room, at least, was to be perfectly furnished, with everything brand-new.

And they waited. At any hour, on any day, Welfare might ring and announce that their son was born. He might be born anywhere in the State of N.S.W., and Lorna and Bob would have to be ready to go to fetch him home.

Sometimes, very occasionally, Lorna would wake up in the middle of the night and wonder, "Can I really? Can I really love someone else's child as if he were my own?"

But then she would reread the poem, and be reassured.

Came January, 1967. Ten days now till they should move out of their crowded flat

into the shining house. Lorna was frantically packing. Bob worked like a beaver on the floors and the path and the painting.

One morning Lorna rang Welfare from her office to tell them she would be leaving work on the 18th, and that there was no phone at the new house. "Not to worry," said Welfare cheerfully. "If anything happens we'll send you a wire."

A few hours later, Lorna was again on the blower to Welfare. "I'm sorry to trouble you again," she apologised, "but my boss has just persuaded me to stay on at work for another week, and..."

"Oh, Mrs. Symonds," said Welfare radiantly, "I was just about to ring you. We've just got you a beautiful baby boy!"

Lorna nearly passed out right there at the phone. She gasped out something to the office at large. Everybody gathered round.

"Really beautiful," said Welfare. "Take down the details to tell your husband. He's got long black hair and black eyes."

"It doesn't matter," gasped Lorna. "I don't care what he looks like." But Welfare insisted. Someone shoved pencil and

By KAY KEAVNEY

paper into Lorna's hand. She started scribbling shakily, heart pounding away.

"Black eyes," said Welfare. Confusedly, Lorna wrote down "Blue."

A few hours later she and Bob sat together at the Welfare office, hearing all the details of coloring and background and caring not a whit.

Their son had been born. He was alive, in the world, and waiting for them. They even knew his name, Matthew Robert. (For a while, they'd considered the merits of Andrew Robert Symonds, but were fortunately deterred by the thought of those initials on his school-case!)

The baby was at a Sydney hospital. They could pick him up at 9 o'clock on the following Monday morning. They were handed a precious piece of paper, to be surrendered at the hospital in return for Matthew.

Monday was a frightful morning, wet and windy and unseasonably cold. Bob and Lorna dressed themselves warmly, and took little Matthew's winter clothes. Both



MR. FRANK HALL, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., with samples from his collection of rocks, minerals, and gemstones.

"You did not grow under my heart, but in it"

—Which gives an idea how it feels to
be little Matthew's adopting mother



● Matthew Symonds is a lively handful. His foster-parents are hoping to adopt a baby sister for him around Christmas.

of them were numb with anticipation and terror. Lorna was chalk-white. Bob was green.

Bob handed Lorna the precious paper. "Look after it now," said Bob, and Lorna nodded numbly.

They parked a little way from the hospital and got out into the bitter wind. "Where's that paper?" said Bob. "You've got it," said Lorna. "I gave it to you," said Bob. "No, you didn't," said Lorna.

Following a frantic search, Lorna found the paper in her handbag. In her relief she dropped it. The wind took it. The paper rushed up the long street. Bob rushed after it. He chased it, it seemed for miles. He caught it. He held on to it with unnecessary firmness as they entered the big hospital.

There was the matron in the hall. Matron took one look at them. "Ah," said Matron, "I know what you're here for."

"The littlest Beatie"

She took Bob and Lorna to a waiting-room and sent a nurse for the baby. You could almost hear their hearts beating. Lorna kept jumping up every time a long-haired baby went past, and gasping, "Here he is."

Then nurse carried in a scrap with the longest, blackest hair and the biggest eyes, and Bob said at once, "Here he is."

"We call him," said nurse, "the littlest Beatie."

Bob and Lorna couldn't speak. Nurse stripped Matthew so that the new parents could satisfy themselves he was perfect. Even at this stage, if they had felt they simply could not love this particular baby, he would have been carried away out of their sight.

"(We'd have loved him," Lorna said later, "no matter what he was like. But Matthew was — beautiful.")

Matron said to the new mother, "Nurse him." Lorna took Matthew, trembling. "Now, Dad," said Matron. Bob, second youngest of nine himself, whose brother had seven children, took his little son tenderly and firmly and held him.

"Well," Matron asked, "do you want him?" The two just looked at her. Matron grinned broadly at Nurse.

"All right, wrap him up," she said. "They'll take him."

And they did. Lorna, unused to handling babies, was consumed with feelings of inadequacy. "What do I know about babies? What if I drop him? What if he wakes up crying and I don't know what he's crying for?"

Bob was a tower of strength. There was always the Baby Health Clinic, he reminded her. Besides, she'd get used to it. All new mothers had to get used to it.

Bob was a dab hand with the nappies. They settled Matthew into his cot for the night, and Matthew slept. He was due to wake up at 2 a.m. for a bottle. Bob and Lorna decided they might as well sit up for it. Two o'clock passed. Three! Matthew slept. Bob and Lorna crawled into bed at 5 a.m. Matthew slept on.

He was an angelic baby from the start, which was just as well. Only eight days away was the big move to the shining new house, the most frantic eight days Lorna and Bob ever lived through.

For one thing it never stopped raining. And now Lorna had the perennial problem of mothers, how to get the nappies dry. On Bob's day off, he shoved a bundle of nappies in the car and took them off to the laundromat.

He left about three, expecting to be back in about half an hour. Nearly five hours went by. Lorna was beside herself. He'd had an accident, he was dead! Bob came back about 7.30, alive, well, and sheepish. He'd spent all that time queued

up in the laundromat with all the women. It cost him 75 cents to get those nappies dry.

It was still raining on moving day. But Lorna didn't really mind much. She had Bob, she had Matthew, and she had her beautiful house.

And the most beautiful room of all was Matthew's nursery. It was gay with color, from the bright paper on the feature wall to the little rug on the floor.

And in pride of place, in a tiny golden frame on the small dressing-table, was the poem.

"Might help others"

"Matthew will grow up with it," Lorna told me. "There'll be no shock for him, finding out some day he's adopted. He'll always know it, which is what Welfare advises. He won't need to be told we love him as if he were our own, because he is our own."

Thirteen-month-old Matthew opened his enormous black eyes even wider and showed all his 18 teeth in an enchanting smile. ("He didn't have one minute's bother getting all those teeth," boasted his mother.)

Bob bent down and lifted the wiry, brown little figure high. Matthew flung his arms around Bob's neck and chortled something that sounded creditably like "Dada."

It was a wonderful little family. And around Christmas there will be a daughter.

"We want everyone to know," said Lorna, "how it's been for us, because it might help others to make up their minds to do as we've done."

"We never really doubted it would be like this. And we were lucky. Ninety-nine percent of our friends and relatives were in favor of our adopting. Of course, there was the odd one who would say, 'You want to be careful, you never know how an adopted child will turn out . . .'"

"Isn't that true with your own children?" cut in Bob.

"And Welfare are so careful," Lorna went on. "They go to endless trouble to match your background and the child's, and to make sure the child is perfect and healthy. They're marvellous people, they really care."

"Often, so I've heard," said Lorna, "it's the husbands who won't agree to an adoption. That's so foolish, so hard on the wives. And if the husbands only knew what joy they're missing."

Bob had Matthew high on his shoulder. Matthew was laughing.

"Look at Bob," said Lorna softly.

I looked. They were as true for him as for Lorna, those words in the little gold frame which may well be the first thing Matthew learns to read.

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The dancer and the pop star

Romantic wedding of Australian girl and singer Mark Wynter

WHEN English pop singer Mark Wynter first visited Australia in 1961, Melbourne dancer Janece Corlass had "never heard of him."

She wasn't interested in pop music, only classical.

Now she has changed her tune.

She is interested in pop music, and the top vocalist for her is, of course, Mark Wynter. For later this month Janece will become Mrs. Mark Wynter.

They announced their engagement in London last November and Janece has returned home to make final plans for her wedding.

"We had thought of marrying in England, but then agreed it would be nicer to be here with my family and friends," said Janece.

Janece first met Mark in 1961 when he was doing a show for GTV9. Janece was a member of the ballet.

"We met again at a dinner party and the friendship stemmed from there, although it really started when Mark returned to Australia later in the year," she said.

Love letters

What first attracted him to her? "He was a gentleman, polite, kind — and he's conscientious."

When Mark went back to England they began writing, "piles of letters. I'll never throw them away. I'm a hoarder," said Janece.

They went out together when Mark made return visits to Australia over the years.

In 1966 Janece decided to go overseas on a working holiday.

"There was nothing else to do, I'd bought a car," she said. "I thought I would like to travel all over the Continent."

But she didn't do much touring, except for a holiday in Portugal. Most of the time she had dancing engagements.

She did two weeks' television work in Amsterdam, a two-month season in Madrid, and both stage and television in England, including two pantomimes, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sleeping Beauty."

Janece first began dancing lessons when she was two

years old, and according to her mother took to it like a duck to water. "Altogether she won 500 medals, 39 cups, and three ballet scholarships," said Mrs. Corlass.

"But that was a long time ago," said Janece.

She was with the GTV9 ballet for seven years before going overseas and would like to continue her career after her marriage.

But first her wedding, which will take place in the church where her parents were married, where she was christened, and where she attended Sunday school.

And although Janece likes the latest fashions (her hair

is short and curly and she wears minis and maxis) her wedding gown is long, white, and traditional. She wants to be a "real bride."

It's almost a "mail order" gown.

GTV9 dancer Kevin Reagan is making it and discussions about it and sketches began by letter while Janece was still in England. "He made my 21st birthday dress," she said.

She didn't bring many clothes to Australia because of the weight restriction of air travel.

"I only brought a few dresses and make-up. Even then I was 30lb. over," she said.

She and Mark will make



● Dancer Janece Corlass at her home at North Kew, where she is making plans for her wedding.

their home in England after Mark has completed two months of engagements in Australia.

As yet they haven't bought a house, although they have looked at dozens, but they know what they want.

"A Tudor house, somewhere near Kew Gardens if possible," said Janece. "And

the furniture will be antique."

They've already decided on a color scheme for the living-room. "It will have a gold carpet, chocolate Thai silk lounge suite, with orange tonings, olive-greens, and flashes of white."

Janece isn't worried about cooking. "Mark doesn't like spicy food, so it will be plain dishes."

"Dieting? Isn't every day of your life dieting?"

Really quiet

They are not keen party-goers. "We love films and the theatre," said Janece.

And although Mark dances, Janece won't be singing duets. "I'm flat on every note," she said.

But there's one place where Mark won't sing, and that is at his wedding.

"No," said Janece in a voice horrified at the thought. "He's not like that. He would die. He's really very quiet."

She does not think there will be any special difficulties being married to a well-known singer.

"He's not that to me. He's just . . . himself," said Janece.



● Janece Corlass and singer Mark Wynter, who will marry in Melbourne this month, photographed in London, where they will make their home.

NEXT WEEK

● There are 20 patterns for boys and girls in the four-to-14 age group in our . . .



Sixteen-page lift-out

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★ Marvellous pictures of the Pinnacles Desert: it's about 120 miles from Perth.

and . . .

● Our House of the Week has an oriental feeling, and a relaxing atmosphere.



NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



On Dunk Is. in the Barrier Reef, a film unit, led by international star James Mason and famous director Michael Powell, is shooting "Age of Consent," the Norman Lindsay novel. After a stay on location Kay Keavney reports . . .

THE FILM COULD BE A WINNER

CORA, sea-waif of the story (English actress Helen Mirren), with a piece of ornamental driftwood which artist Brad (James Mason) has set up and painted outside his decrepit shack on the island.

SUNDAY PICNIC (below) at Purtaboi, near Dunk Island. James Mason pours beer for the company on their day off. Right is Englishman John Pellatt, veteran of 60 films, who paid tribute to the crew.



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ABOVE: Producer-director Michael Powell (pointing) and camera crew working in torrential tropic rain on a platform built out from Dunk Island jetty. Powell is signalling James Mason to start his run down the jetty.

PAINTER Brad (right) explores the beach with Godfrey, a wire-haired bitzer who plays the artist's boon companion in the film.

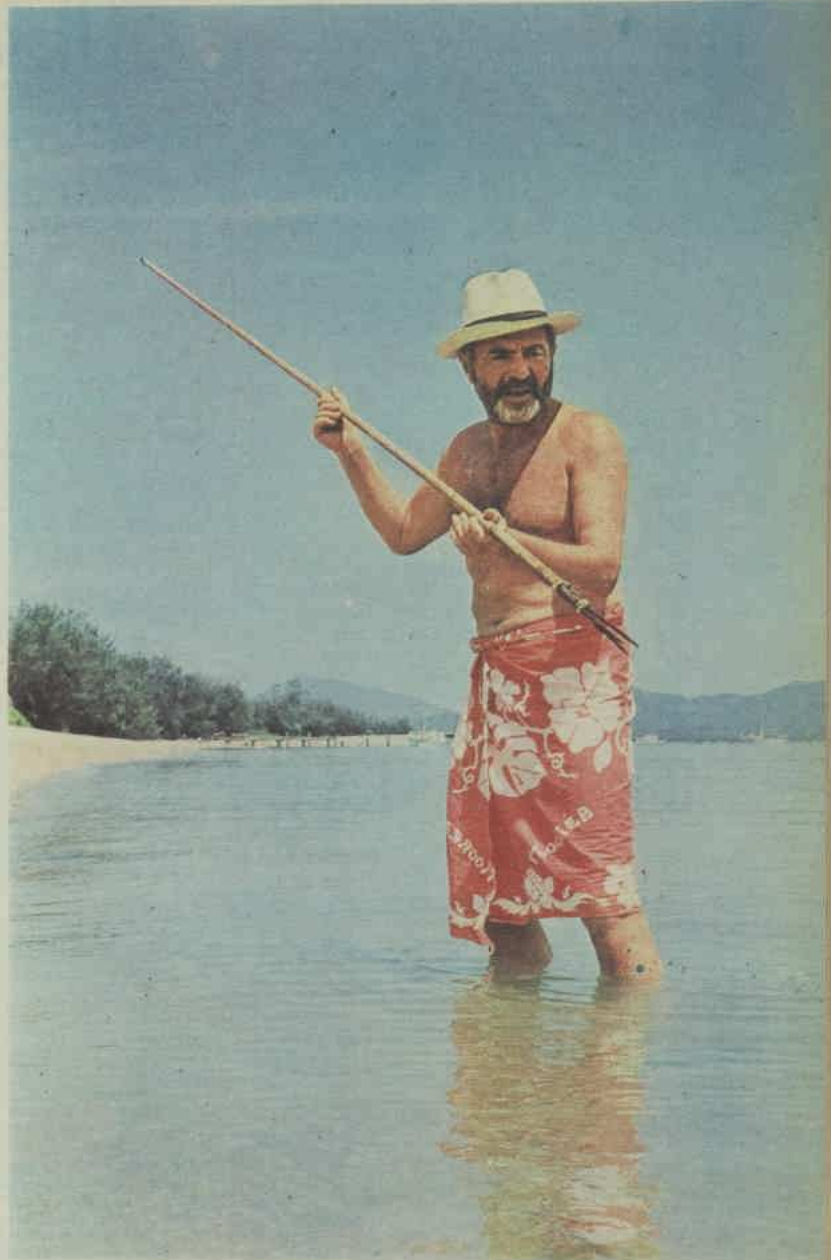


JAMES MASON, as Brad, in the tropic solitude he has crossed the world to find.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1968



MAKE-UP GIRL Peggy Carter, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., shares a joke with James Mason and Helen Mirren. In the film they play a middle-aged painter and a teenage ragamuffin orphan girl.



STAR James Mason spearfishing in the blue-green seas off Dunk Island, where "Age of Consent" is being filmed.

"WHO taught you to steal?" snapped the artist. "My grandmother," the girl said.

She sat with the sea at her back, grasping a bucketful of sea creatures between her bare brown legs.

"Where's your mother?" demanded the artist, a middle-aged man dreading involvement, and with a compassionate heart to hide.

"Dead," said Cora.

"Father?"

"Never had one," said Cora. "Not one that would own up to it."

The wind whipped her long, wet, sun-bleached hair.

Came a whirling, and artist and sea-waif and enchanted island faded and disappeared. Lights went up. I came down to earth.

I sat in a crowded tent on Dunk Island, off the North Queensland coast, and what I had seen were rushes from the million-dollar film being made there, based on Norman Lindsay's novel "Age of Consent."

The bearded artist was James Mason, and Cora was England's Helen Mirren, who were sitting just an arm's reach away.

Producer-director Michael Powell, taut and dynamic, turned to argue color values with Hannes Staudinger, photography director (whose credits include the Japanese masterpiece, "Samurai").

Sixty-odd people crammed the tent, analysing and dissecting in a sudden outburst of sound. Most of them were young — tanned boys and girls in bright casual clothing. All were dedicated film professionals. Nearly all were Australians.

Carpenters and cinematographers, actors and accountants, make-up and wardrobe girls, lighting experts, sound experts, a nurse, three

artists, film editors, secretaries, a generator operator, a dog-handler — all were part of an army air-lifted 2000 miles to this tiny island on the rim of the Barrier Reef.

Their mood was victorious. They seemed to feel they were on a winner. And so, over the next few days, did I.

"Age of Consent" is different. It's refreshing, and what an advertisement for Australia — part of Australia I, for one, had never seen.

This is a film about individual human values, and human commitment, played out against a backdrop of sea and sky and scented air.

The film takes time out to observe the way a frog leaps, and to listen to bird-song, which is a pleasant thing in a war-weary world.

Imported frogs — local ones didn't jump high enough

It's a light-hearted film, often funny, and it features a very funny man, Ireland's Jack MacGowran, whom James Mason calls "one of the finest living actors."

"How are you getting on with the Australian accent?" I asked Jack.

"I'm listening for it, listening all the time," he said in his lilting Irish. "I'm learning, ah, but some Irish will come through. It's very like the speech of the west of Ireland, you know. I'm thinking maybe it stems from there."

Helen Mirren is a joy, as natural and unselfconscious as Cora, the girl she plays. She's completely anti-glamour (her sole costume for the film cost \$4) and she's built like a female.

With any luck she might start a new trend that buries

Twiggy, and all the girls in the world with curves will be able to start acting proud of them again.

"Age of Consent" is virtually her first film.

"So I'm learning my trade as I go along," she told me, biting messily into a guava.

"When I got this part with James Mason, I thought, marvellous, I'll be able to watch a master at work. But, in fact, what he does is so clever and so subtle, you don't know what it is till you see it on the screen."

As for Mason himself, the film seems likely to reveal — for the first time? — the tremendous personal qualities, the warmth, seen in his television interviews in Australia.

I saw quite a deal of him on the island. Mason, at his actor's trade, Mason, the co-producer, in constant consultation with Powell.

Going over his lines and fan mail with his good friend and secretary of many years, Frank Essien. Combing the shore for seashells. Spending his one day off, Sunday, at an impromptu picnic, standing by the hour pouring beer for the crew.

I saw crazy things, part of the crazy film business.

A crewman, for instance, at the height of an absolute downpour, frantically working a machine to make a bit more rain.

And a barrel of fat frogs, specially imported at great expense because the local variety didn't leap right.

I talked to the Australians, men and women, whenever I got the chance, trying to find out how they developed such competence in a land devoid of a film industry.

Lots of them have knocked around the world. Most have worked on the films that occasionally and increasingly

are shot here, and TV series, like "Skipper," and commercials and anything else that gets them among film.

Every one of them was worth a story, and a spot of national pride. I'll just mention young, dark Tony Buckley, who will edit the film — the first time it has been wholly done in Australia and the first time it has been done on actual location.

"What a responsibility," groaned Tony. "But what an opportunity!"

All the international big-shots paid tribute to the Australians.

Said Mason, "Absolutely professional." Said Englishman John Pellatt, finance adviser, a veteran of 60 films, "Wouldn't you agree, Micky, that this is the finest crew we've ever worked with?"

Said Michael Powell, the perfectionist, "It's becoming so."

I marvelled at the sheer logistics — air- and sea-freighting everything from a hairpin to a \$50,000 generator to the pocket-handkerchief of an island.

(That generator sank in 24 feet of water just off

Townsville. It had to be dug up, towed underwater to Dunk, landed, dried out, and reassembled — and so tight was organisation that the production hardly missed a beat.)

I watched young bearded artist Paul Delprat and his two pretty girl assistants, who actually paint the works artist Brad does on the island. They also painted the decrepit shack Brad rents and turns into a riot of color.

Machine-made rain to boost a tropic downpour

Some of the paintings of Cora are nudes. In the film, she poses for them in total innocence. Brad paints them with total objectivity — until the world breaks in and brings conflict and tension, and violent death.

Paul works on the nudes at a remote beach called Muggy Muggy (now known to the crew as Nuddy Nuddy) and on the perfect little island across from Dunk called Purtaboi.

It was the scene of the Sunday picnic, when the hard workers played just as

hard. The skippers and crew of the two permanently chartered motor-cruisers cooked delicious barramundi in butter on an open range and Helen Mirren cut up salad and James Mason poured beer.

He also played a tough game of water polo for the Beards and Birds against the Cleanskins, and got a bloodied nose in the process.

Then back to Dunk with the first stars. Drinks, tall stories, songs, and shop-talk on the broad verandas. Monday tomorrow, and a six-thirty start.

Inevitably, talk of the future of the Australian film industry. Well, "Weird Mob" led to this, and this could lead to — what? Spirits high, that sense of being on a winner.

"All Australia needs is backing," said someone.

"And guaranteed distribution," cut in someone else.

Dennis Gentle, the art director, summed up for all: "The future is limitless. It can go as far as Hollywood has gone. I only hope it doesn't end as Hollywood has ended."



meet Kimberley Scott Kent

Born under the sign of Taurus
(April 21 to May 22)

His horoscope says he's a happy soul. Always cheerful, usually artistic, likely to sing and act, highly appreciative of beautiful things. His mother agrees. That's why she's glad she bought Dri-Glo Nappies. They're so soft and fleecy and stay beautifully white. Keep babies happy. And although they may cost a little more ... with a baby like Kim in the house ... isn't it worth it?

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school sores

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FOR MEN

SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

SUDDEN change of occupation from housewife to teacher for Mrs. Armand George, who was asked to "come to the rescue" and teach maths to sixteen-year-old boys when their teacher became ill. She tells me she loves it. Incidentally, when I saw her on the beach last weekend she was wearing one of those wonderful cut-very-low-at-the-back floral costumes which she bought in Italy. Close up, the "bare" part is actually a fine fishnet.

LOOKING forward to renewing acquaintances with former university friend Dr. Laksiri Jayasuriya are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grogan, who'll meet his wife, Rona, and their two small sons. The family has been in the United States (where Dr. Jayasuriya has been lecturing at Berkeley University in California), and after he finishes lecturing in psychology at Sydney University will return to their home in Ceylon.

JUST to say "buona Pasqua"—happy Easter—Dr. Plinio Mazzarini, the Italian Commercial Counsellor, has asked 50 guests to drop into his charming home at the cocktail hour on April 10. The food at his parties is always so delightfully Italian that I give up dieting for the night.

BELIEVE that Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Smith have asked a group of their friends in for a buffet dinner on April 20 at their home at Bellevue Hill.

WEEK'S spell away in the country for busy charity worker Mrs. Frank McCall Power before the Easter bustle starts. With Mr. McCall Power she is holidaying at Craigieburn and managing to fit in lots of golf and tennis.



TO WED. Miss Peggy Potter with her fiance, Dr. Philip Furey. Miss Potter is the daughter of Mr. Z. Potter, of "Briardale," Adaminahy, and of the late Mrs. Potter. Dr. Furey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Furey, of Beauty Point. They plan to marry late in May and will make their home in Newcastle.



AT LEFT: Miss Gai Whythes and Mr. John Wilson, who have announced their engagement, plan a winter wedding. Miss Whythes is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Whythes, of "Gey-yong," Narromine. Mr. Wilson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, of "Glenthorne," Narromine.

AT RIGHT: Newly engaged Miss Maria Ledingham with her fiance, Mr. David Wall. Miss Ledingham is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ledingham, of "Inverness," Grah. Mr. Wall is the son of Mrs. Horrie Mep-pem, of "Wilgaroi," Bellata, and of the late Mr. Raymond Wall.



INTERESTING wedding on April 19 when Denise Shaw weds John Ulgekutt at St. Paul's Church, Liverpool. The little flowergirl and the pageboy will wear Estonian national dress to honor John's parents, who are Estonian.

AND at the wedding of Denise Garland and Raymond Barbero at St. Martin's Church, Killara, also on April 19, guests will include Denise's great-grandmother, Mrs. F. M. Saunders, who will celebrate her 100th birthday five days after the wedding.

ALSO caught up with wedding plans, but not her own, is Catherine McMullin, who will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Cathie Ward and Robert Cotton at St. John's Church, Canberra, on May 4. When I spoke with her she told me she and Philip Venables were driving the black Rolls-Royce belonging to her uncle, Mr. Ken Bernard-Smith, in the Annual Rolls-Royce Commemorative Run from the Art Gallery to Palm Beach.

DATE for your dairy ... The First Fleet Night at the Argyle Tavern on April 24, which has been arranged by The Eternal Childhood Foundation. Guests will wear officers' brass-buttoned uniforms, convict dress, and other clothes of the era.

HIDING behind Grand Prix sunglasses, Rosemary Penman looked absolutely stunning cruising about on the harbor at a champagne luncheon aboard the New Endeavour. With her lovely auburn hair flowing in the breeze she wore an orange- and lemon-striped singlet shift.

MOST exciting birthday "happening" for Marika Skolnik was a letter from her father, Mr. Leslie Winkler, inviting her, her husband, and their three small daughters to spend an Italian summer with him at his villa in Rome. Her father and brother, Franklin, live on the famous Appia Antica, where neighboring villas house the Morris Wests, Elizabeth Taylor, and Sophia Loren.

THE formal dinner party which the Cedric Symonds' are having on April 20 sounds as if it will be an elegant evening. Guests will sit at little oval tables scattered about the lovely ballroom of their waterfront home at Elizabeth Bay to enjoy the four-course dinner being planned by their hostess.

MEMBERS of the Pied Piper Committee do seem to come up with some glamorous ideas to raise money for the Spastic Centre. On April 24 they're having a "fashion parade with a difference." Committee members wearing black tights and leotards will model furs and jewellery at a luncheon at the Caprice Restaurant. And on May 6 they're having a gala black-tie opening of "Little Me" in the theatre restaurant at Menzies Hotel.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whitaker after their wedding at The Holy Trinity Church, Glen Innes. The bride was Miss Penelope Early, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Early, of "Kent Park," Glen Innes. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Whitaker, of "Kintyre," Newton Boyd.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Noel Scales leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Bridget Hordern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hordern, of "Pitlochry," Merriwa. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Scales, of "Inverary," Cassilis.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Colin Palmer outside St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, with their attendants, Mrs. Robert Logan (at left) and Mrs. Robert Huxley, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Jennifer Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. W. Brown, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Palmer, of Killara.



ABOVE: Mrs. W. Tanner, of "Chippendale," Willow Tree, with overseas visitor Mrs. E. Pereyra Iraola, of "San Juan," Buenos Aires Province, and Mrs. Richard Harford, of Rose Bay (left to right), at the luncheon and fashion parade given at Mensies Hotel for wives of delegates who are in Sydney for the Fifth World Hereford Conference.

ABOVE: Miss Mary Loeis, of "Burrandown," Kingaroy, Queensland, with Mr. Chris Codrington and Miss Anne MacKinnon, of Kooyong, Victoria (left to right), at the Peter Pan Ball held at the Mensies Hotel. Proceeds from the evening will go toward the Peter Pan Kindergarten.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. John Corton, wife of the Prime Minister (at left), with Mrs. Norman Jones, president of the women's auxiliary of the Australian-American Association, at the afternoon tea given for Mrs. Corton at the Australia Hotel.



AT LUNCHEON. Mrs. John Colman (at left) with Mrs. John Stewart at the Ladies' Luncheon at Georgian House at North Sydney, held annually during Sydney Hospitaliers' Refresher Week.

Know your nags

Pore over paraphernalia

Munch to a march

Dance on water

Spot the seals

Know your nags and you're bound to win well at Warrnambool's Grand Annual Steeplechase and Cup Carnival (to give it its full title). This is one of Victoria's outstanding country race carnivals — from April 30th to May 2nd. For a touch of Old Australia, spare a few hours to visit historic Port Fairy — only a few miles away.

Pore over the Paraphernalia at Melbourne's fascinating Fleamarket — inside the old Tivoli theatre in Bourke Street. Groaning tables packed with a potpourri of oddments. (Who knows? Amongst the granny glasses and Victorian nightgowns you may find something you just have to buy!)

Speed and Spills are yours for the watching at the Speed Boat Racing in Albert Park (May 5th). The top power-boat champions will be there — a spectacle too exciting to miss!

Munch to the March of the marching girls as they compete in the Murray Valley Girls Marching Championship, at Echuca (April 28th). Their intricate steps and patterns are truly fascinating to watch — and what nicer way than when you're enjoying a good picnic lunch?

Imagine the Interior of your home as you visit the Ideal Homes Show at Melbourne's Exhibition Buildings (April 24th-May 4th). Could be you'll spot something ideal for your home amongst this dazzling display of 'all that's new in modern living'.

Hire a Houseboat, and spend lazy days along the tree-lined banks of Eildon Lake. Bigger than Sydney Harbour, the Lake has 300 miles of undisturbed waterways! Rex Carnegie runs the Eildon Boat Harbour, and he'll hire you a luxury, fully-equipped houseboat for eight, (or less) at very reasonable cost.

Dance on Water aboard the good ship 'Argonaut'. Every Friday and Saturday night, this floating night-club casts off from Port Melbourne — then sails off around Port Phillip Bay while you and your partner wine, dine and dance under the stars! One of the most enchanting evenings in Melbourne.

Spot the Seals basking on the rocks at Phillip Island. Or watch the heart-warming 'Penguin Parade'. Or cuddle a koala. Phillip Island features some of Australia's most fascinating fauna. (It also features one of Australia's most famous car-racing circuits).

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A

COMPACT

LOOK AT VISITORS

And love toured in

• A two-year courtship which began as a result of a romance on the first of The Australian Women's Weekly's World Discovery Tours will result in the Adelaide marriage of South Australian John Aldridge and his attractive English fiancée, Joan Burns, on April 20.

Twenty-year-old Joan first met John on a coach travelling to Paris.

With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. K. Burns, of Friern Barnet, England, Joan left London by coach, transferred to a ship, and then to a second coach to spend a weekend in Paris.

When they boarded the second coach, Joan noticed that there were new passengers. In this group were John and his friend Graham Garland, of Unley, S.A., who were both members of our tour.

John introduced himself to Joan and her family.

The coach arrived in Paris at 1.30 a.m. the following day, a Sunday. Later in the day John and Graham took Joan on a tour.

John saw Joan again for a few hours that night, but on Monday morning he and Graham left for Ireland with other members of the tour.

• Dad's 'No'

The next Sunday the tour returned to England for a week and John and Joan were together often.

On Friday, May 14, 1966, the Oriana sailed from England. But before the ship left, John had asked Joan's father if she could come to Australia later in the year.

Thinking that when John returned to Australia he would probably forget all about it, Joan's father refused.

John arrived back in Australia on June 3, 1966, and wrote straight away to Joan and only a few weeks later to her father, asking could she come to Australia.

Mr. Burns had, by now, realised that the young couple were quite sure about one another, and so he gave his permission.

On Christmas Eve, 1966, Joan was told that she could sail for Australia the following February.

When Joan arrived in Adelaide, she was warmly welcomed by John and his family, and on July 8, just four months later, the two announced their engagement.

"Mum and Dad won't be able to come to Australia for the wedding," said Joan, "but they're going to telephone me on the day."



• Kenzou Yoshiwara

■ We asked young Japanese exhibition and interior designer Kenzou Yoshiwara why he chose Sydney to learn the western style of designing, and he replied, "The Opera House."

He went on: "My friends in Tokyo were most envious that I was coming down here and would be able to see for myself the building that is discussed so widely there."

"And I was not disappointed when finally I stood before it. I think it is beautiful. Futuristic, and in a good position, with those lovely blue and white colors. I have written my friends a full description of it and sent them many, many photographs."

Kenzou, 27, spent a year at technical college when he first came to Sydney, and found, to his amusement, that he was the only pupil in his class studying western design.

The rest of the class were studying oriental design! "The teacher suggested that I could possibly help them quite a bit," said Kenzou with a laugh.

At present working for one of Sydney's leading architects, Kenzou said Australia had appealed to him as a new country — or, as he put it, "an uncompleted country."

"America, Europe — they are completed and their images already painted. Australia is different. It is new and it is developing and challenging. I would like to create things that, as yet, no one has touched."

Kenzou was born in Fukuoka, Kyushu Island, which lies in the southern part of Japan, and where the men are called Kyushu-danji — meaning "men among men."

The men of Fukuoka had the greatest number of Samurais in the history of Japan and they were known to be the heaviest sake drinkers and the toughest and bravest fighters.

And, according to Kenzou's friends, he is definitely no exception!

Kenzou is the youngest of six brothers and sisters. His father, now retired, was with one of the biggest railway companies in the Kyushu district.

When he finished school he went to the Musashino Art University in Tokyo, one of the best known in Japan.

In his job in Sydney, Kenzou designs mainly show-rooms, although he is intensely interested in doing a western-oriental-mixture design for private homes.

"Homes in Japan are so traditional that it is very rare to have them designed or interior-decorated," he said.

"Restaurants and coffee shops are different. There the coffee shops are very large and both they and the restaurants completely change their interiors each three years."

"Since I have been here I have learnt so many things about western design and how it can be blended with the oriental style. One thing was strange at first, and that was that designers here plan a room but buy the furniture to go in it."

"I prefer not only to plan the room but also to design its furniture. In this way, I think, you get a much more individual interior."



• John Aldridge and Joan Burns



• Mr. George Colley

Irish eyes smiled

MR. GEORGE COLLEY, Eire's Minister for Industry and Commerce, felt quite at home on St. Patrick's Day — even though he was 12,000 miles away from home.

"I went to a Gaelic football match, which is quite similar to Australian Rules," said Mr. Colley, who opened an Irish Export Board office in Melbourne recently.

"A visiting Irish team from County Meath (pronounced Mead) played Victorians."

He smiled. "The Irish team won the game."

According to Mr. Colley, St. Patrick's Day is celebrated very quietly in Eire because it is a Holy Day.

The Day's program includes an industrial procession followed by a Gaelic football match and hurling.

• Old game

"Hurling is played with a stick something like hockey. It was popular in Ireland 3000 years ago."

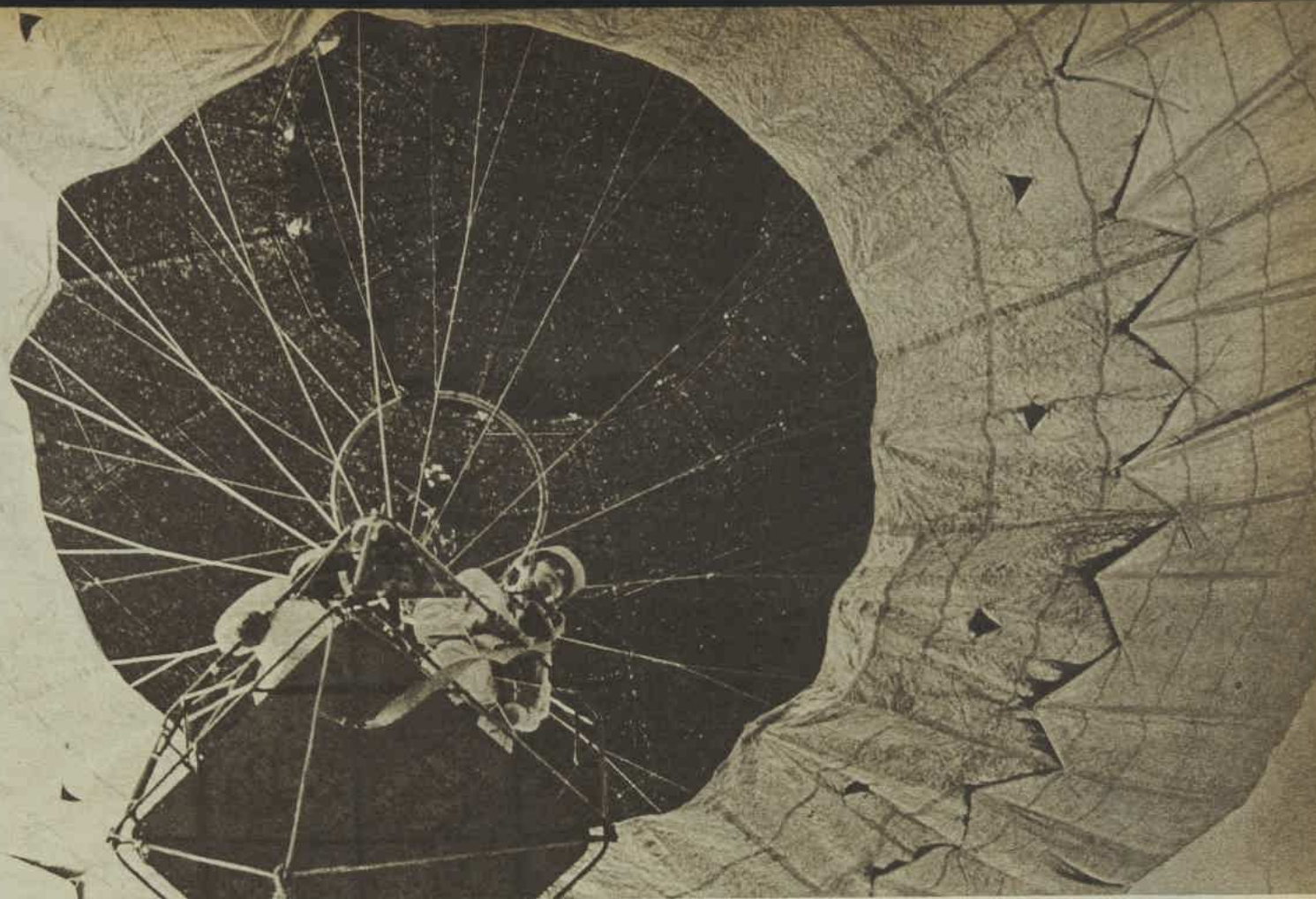
Mr. Colley is proud of the fact that he is a fourth-generation Dubliner.

"You don't find too many people living in a city who can claim their great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all born there!"

"My mother and her mother were born in Dublin, too," he added.

He is also proud of his four daughters and three sons. One of his favorite ways of relaxing from duties as a cabinet minister — "They used to claim Ireland had the youngest cabinet in Europe," said 42-year-old Mr. Colley — is to take his family "to the sea to swim."

Only one thing disturbs the harmony of Mr. Colley's life. The traditional burial place of St. Patrick — who is generally thought to have come to Ireland from Wales in A.D. 432 — is at Downpatrick, Northern Ireland.



● "Ego," the hot-air balloon, soars over Sydney Showground, piloted by President of the Aerostat Society of Australia, Mr. G. R. Wilson, with Gary Smith, co-pilot.

Up goes giant balloon for Sydney Show

A GIANT balloon built by members of the Aerostat Society of Australia is one of the attractions at Sydney's Royal Easter Show.

Anchored in the arena, it goes up to about 200ft. during the late afternoon and the evening, depending on weather conditions.

Named "Ego," it is Australia's largest hot-air balloon. It is 65ft. high and 54ft. in diameter and can carry three passengers in its steel gondola.

The balloon is made from a plastic substance which is coated with a thin layer of aluminium.

The balloon, which cost \$3000, was built in a school hall during the Christmas holidays by Mr. G. R.

Wilson, president of the society, his wife, Pat, and other members.

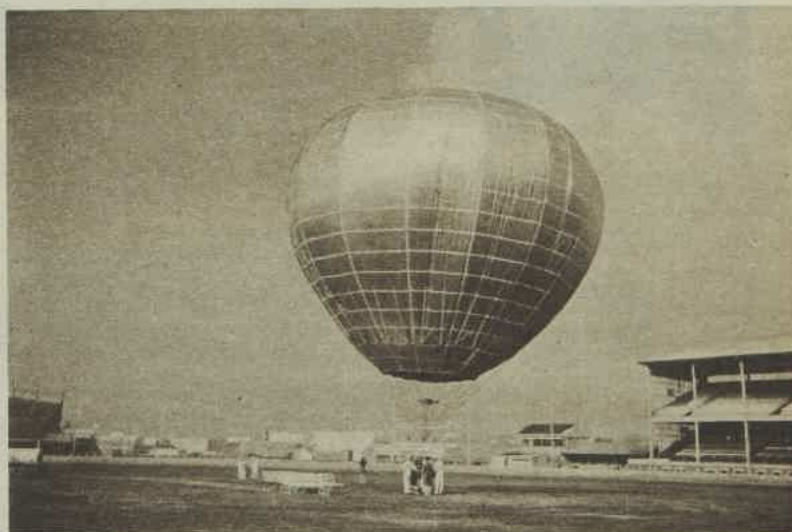
Mr. Wilson is piloting the balloon on its flights. When the weather is calm, his wife is a passenger.

"Ego" is the fourth balloon made by the society, which was founded in 1960 by a group of university undergraduates, and the second one they have featured at the show. Their next venture is the construction of a blimp.

Demonstration of a second, smaller, balloon, "Archimedes," which the society built in one weekend, at the show depends on the weather.

"Archimedes," made of the same material as its larger brother, is 32ft. in diameter, 50ft. high, and is a one-man balloon.

After the show, the society plans to take the two balloons to the country and let them "go where the wind takes them."



● Society members, above, help launch the big balloon carrying Grahame Wilson and his wife, Pat. "Up, up, and away" goes Ros Breillat, Arts student, of Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., below, as the balloon lifts off the arena.



— Pictures by members of the Aerostat Society.



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● Satellite TV came into its own speedily just 72 hours after the service was inaugurated, with a direct telecast from Washington, U.S.A., of President Lyndon Johnson's momentous "peace in Vietnam" speech. It brought a one-in-a-million combination:

HISTORIC SITUATION, DRAMA, BIG NEWS

THE satellite telecast was made eight hours after the news of President Johnson's speech was headlined all over Australia.

Even with the time lag, the President's personal TV announcement of his decision to quit the presidency at the end of his present term, still carried some of the impact of the shock wave it released.

The speech, direct from Washington, U.S.A., was telecast at 8.30 p.m. on Monday by both Channels 2 and 9.

The idea of the satellite telecast originated with the head backroom boy of "This Day Tonight," Allan Martin, the Executive Producer.

Channel 9 joined in, telecast the President's speech straight, and left it at that.

Team effort

TDT gave the speech followed by political comment and business and personal reactions from a wide range of Australians and Americans.

The technical side of the job was a magnificent team effort from the Overseas Telecommunications Organisation and the Postmaster-General's Department.

The OTC told me that they had learned a lot, technically, from "Over the Equator," the program with

By
NAN MUSGROVE

the deplorable Australian content that ushered in the Pacific TV satellite age three days before the President's speech.

The second satellite telecast was a very good picture. The President came through loud and clear, almost too clear, for that merciless TV camera showed the signs of the tremendous worries that the "awesome duties" of the presidency have etched on President Johnson's face.

He has undoubtedly aged greatly since his visit to Australia late in 1966, but he has never been more impressive.

Allan Martin, of TDT, told me that the whole telecast was complicated because it takes five hours to get the equipment cooled to the right temperature to transmit and receive from the satellite.

This meant that no time could be lost if the program was to go on at 7.30 p.m.

No time was lost, but Japan's NHK acted minutes ahead of the ABC and booked the satellite for a color telecast to Japan of the President's speech at 7.30 p.m.

This was what caused the hurried reshuffling of programs at ABC-TV for the 8.30 p.m. time slot.

It was a program well worth waiting for.

"I felt it was an occasion that demanded the use of the satellite," Allan Martin said. "It was a one-in-a-million combination: drama, a historic situation, and big news, and it followed right on the heels of the opening of the satellite link."

"It was a very big team effort from all the television people involved, and the OTC and the PMG."

"Great moment"

"Everyone was working flat out. It was a wonderful moment when that picture came through."

"We had to have an entire back-up program ready to use in case the President's speech didn't get through. We had no guarantee it would, and we were naturally on edge because we were committed to the cost in any case."

"It was a chaotic day and everybody enjoyed it, but it was our greatest moment ever when we saw that picture from the satellite at 8.30 p.m."

"It was a piece of TV history that took our breath away."

I had my breath taken away, too, when I learned from the OTC that a satellite telecast from the east coast of America or Washington, D.C., costs about \$10,000 an hour.

I've got a bit of a thing about satellites ever since I was involved with the satellite that didn't fly as it should over Carnarvon, W.A., a couple of years ago, so I made inquiries about the new one.

Spoken of as The Bird, the satellite's official name is Intelsat 2F4 and it is situated over the Pacific Ocean, 23,000 miles up in space, just about over the top of Tarawa, the capital of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.

(For those who like their information technically exact: Intelsat 2F4 is over the equator at longitude 174 degrees east.)

It beams its picture into the new OTC Earth Station, which is at Moree, N.S.W.

Why Moree? Because the station had to be located where it could shoot for the satellite without upsetting or

Television

interfering with the PMG's land-based telephone system.

The Bird (the 2F4—Model No. 2, fourth in flight) isn't used only for TV — it also carries umpteen telephone channels for use between Australia and other countries — but the TV channels are excited at the new programs it makes possible.

Channel 2, for instance, has bought Australasian rights to the 1968 Indianapolis 500 car race, considered to be the classic among car races, and will telecast it direct on the morning of May 31.

Channel 9 is in line for future sporting events, too, something like world-title fights and, of course, a tremendous cover of the Olympic Games in Mexico.

Up the Satellites is what I say!

TCN9's "Tonight" show is demanding great versatility from its compere John Laus.

In a recent edition, Laus, in the last 20 minutes, interviewed former great movie lover Ramon Navarro, bible champion Dr. Billy Graham, and fight champion Jose Torres.

It was quite a feat and well done, too.

On April 16, Laus does his first Vietnam show — a "Tonight" show that is taped specially for showing in Vietnam.

The audience is made up of relatives and friends of servicemen, messages are sent, and the program is specially geared to appeal to the old and bold soldiers in Vietnam.

It will be interesting to see how Laus handles this one — but I do hope he'll stop scratching. He must be the itchiest man on TV.

Trying — but

worth a look

"NOW TIME," ABC-TV's new series of "visual conversations" (Tuesdays, 8 p.m.), definitely left me a whiter shade of pale — but without the beautiful sound the Procol Harum gave this number during the show.

By the end of the half-hour the sounds I was making were anguished.

The producer of "Now Time" is Peter Clifton, and he is the author of the apt description of the show, "visual conversations."

He is a talented producer and the new show displays his talents to advantage.

"In" people

"Now Time" uses a kind of "living camera" technique, with people talking away to an unseen interviewer.

The people who are interviewed are the "In" people in what is known as "swing-ing" London — the people who the young believe are important.

I found "Now Time" trying to watch. I don't think any program is as good as it could be when it makes things difficult for viewers, and this show certainly does.

No one is more than vaguely identified, and you have to be aware of the "In"



PRESIDENT Lyndon B. Johnson . . . he came through loud and clear in the satellite telecast.



ALLAN MARTIN, head backroom boy of "This Day Tonight" . . . he got the idea for the telecast.

people to know who the people on the screen are.

I knew some of them, but not all of them.

The Rolling Stones set the pace, Justin de Villeneuve, Twiggy's consort, talked about her and other things.

He doesn't think Twiggy looks boyish, but has a look of the romantic 'thirties; thinks that the best people are nice people.

Movie actress Julie Christie, looking lovely but rather bored, said success is the key to everything now, but it has done nothing marvellous for her except give her a good time.

I found the program interesting, although I don't really care what any of the people interviewed think, because I don't think any of them are particularly important in the scheme of things.

"Now Time" is worth having a look at as a new look and new approach to TV.

ONE of the few stars of present-day TV who has retained some of the old-style Hollywood glamor is Eva Gabor of ATN7's "Green Acres" (Fridays at 8 p.m.). Yet, believe it or not, Eva leaves most of her clothes buying to her secretary — and a man at that.

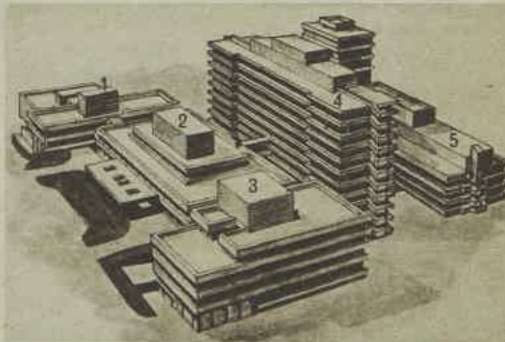
His name is Mike Cardillo, an ex-reporter, and Eva trusts his taste so far that he also buys her accessories, and even some of her jewellery.

Mr. Cardillo visits the best shops wherever they go and buys what he himself likes. Invariably Eva agrees with his purchases.

A recent outfit he bought for Eva was an orange coat-dress to be worn with hip-length black patent leather boots and a floppy hat in a shade of mustard-green.

Mike's other duties, not so fascinating, are chauffeuring, handling all the correspondence, and taking care of her poodles.

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would you believe
this is a powder compact?

it isn't.

It's a "Petti Purse." Holds three Fems® Tampons — tucks neatly into handbag or pocket. And it comes with every twin pack of Fems. Isn't it *marvellous*! Just look in your favourite store right now.



*Registered trade mark of Kimberly-Clark Corp

THREE LOVES OF A LOYAL GUIDE DOG

Television

SAD GOODBYE, below, from Danny (Billy Corcoran) to Kelly, the german shepherd seeing-eye dog. Kelly is undergoing reliability trials with blind-folded instructor (Beau Bridges) and Director of Training (J. D. Cannon).



BEAU BRIDGES, above, son of Lloyd Bridges, of "Sea Hunt," plays the instructor in "Atta Girl, Kelly." Here he is shown with silver-blond Brandy, who performs beautifully in her part as Kelly.

THE moving story of "Atta Girl, Kelly" is the tale of the three loves of a german shepherd seeing-eye dog and the adjustments she must make as she has to transfer her loyalty from the little boy with whom she spends her first year to the instructor who trains her to become a guide dog, and, lastly, to the blind man who will be her master and companion.

• "Atta Girl, Kelly" will be shown as a three-part segment in "Disneyland" on TCN9 in Sydney and WIN in Wollongong on Sunday, April 14, 21, and 28, at 6.30 p.m. It has already appeared in Melbourne and Newcastle. Other States will show it later.



TOODLES BREASTS THE BAR at the Cruising Yacht Club. Beside her is the club secretary, Mr. Mervyn Davies. Toodles lives in the club, entertaining herself until sundown when she strolls to the bar and jumps up on a stool for her iced tomato juice. Her other drinking times are Saturday and Sunday mornings.

CATS AHOY!

HARRIET AND TOODLES have one thing in common—a love for the sea. Both live in Sydney at Rushcutters Bay, but they haven't met.

Harriet, a large, dignified tortoise-shell cat of indeterminate ancestry, is a dedicated salt-water feline. She lives on a boat.

Toodles, who lives at the Cruising Yacht Club, is more the club-woman type.

She likes watching the boats leave and return to the jetty from her favorite position, the club's large plate-glass windows. But her favorite occupation is joining fellow members at the bar for a cold tomato juice.

A sophisticated drinker is Toodles, for all she's plain alley.

Although she enjoys her tippie on weekend mornings, she doesn't start until sundown on weekdays. At the bar, she delicately flicks a biscuit toward her from the dish, and eats it with enjoyment.

Harriet, on the other hand, has set paw on dry land only once in the past two years since she was three weeks old—and she hated it.

"It was her first birthday," explained her owner, Harry Fink, after whom she is

named—"The woman who gave her to me held a party at her home in Palm Beach for Harriet and all her brothers and sisters.

"But they were not a family-minded lot.

"Harriet kept gingerly lifting her paws off the ground. She spat at her sisters and brothers—who spat back at her—and then retired under a chair, where she stayed all afternoon.

"She even scorned the beautiful birthday cake

By
GLORIA NEWTON

which had been decorated with mullet heads.

"No, Harriet is no land-lubber."

Harry Fink, a boilermaker at Cockatoo Docks, Lithuanian-born, came to Australia in 1939, and 17 years ago built Kylie, the boat he and Harriet live on at Rushcutters Bay.

Harry has sailed the trim 39ft. yawl to Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea, and New Zealand.

"And wherever I go it is always Harriet who is interviewed and photographed, never me," he smiled ruefully.

Harriet, a hoydenish female (until one tries to be-

come familiar, when she adopts a haughty pose), is rather possessive of Harry and the boat.

She was a little upset at the fact that her picture was being taken at a time when she didn't look her best.

A week before, she had been peering over Harry's shoulder as he tinkered with the boat's engine. But it blew up and she lost half her long, beautiful whiskers.

Now, when he works at fitting Kylie with a new engine, Harriet puts a safe distance between her and any further misfortune.

Harriet occasionally loses her footing and ends up in the water, but a conveniently loosely stranded rope hanging over the side makes it easy for her to scramble back on deck.

"She seems to fall in a lot at night," said Harry. "Then she climbs back and comes down and sits on my chest—most disconcerting to be woken by a wet, furry mump across your face."

When the yawl is ship-shape and ready, Harry intends sailing her to England—with Harriet, of course.

And he told me he would like a female crew.

"Not young flibbertygibbets," he said. "Sensible, mature women who will prove good sailors."



HARRIET (who condescended to wear a ribbon bow for these pictures) surveys the wharfside scene at Rushcutters Bay, N.S.W., where her owner's yacht, Kylie, is anchored. The boat is a 39ft. yawl on which Harriet has visited New Zealand, New Guinea, New Caledonia, Fiji.

Story of two yacht-loving cats who are neighbors, have much in common, but are fathoms apart, as different as milk and mackerel

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg



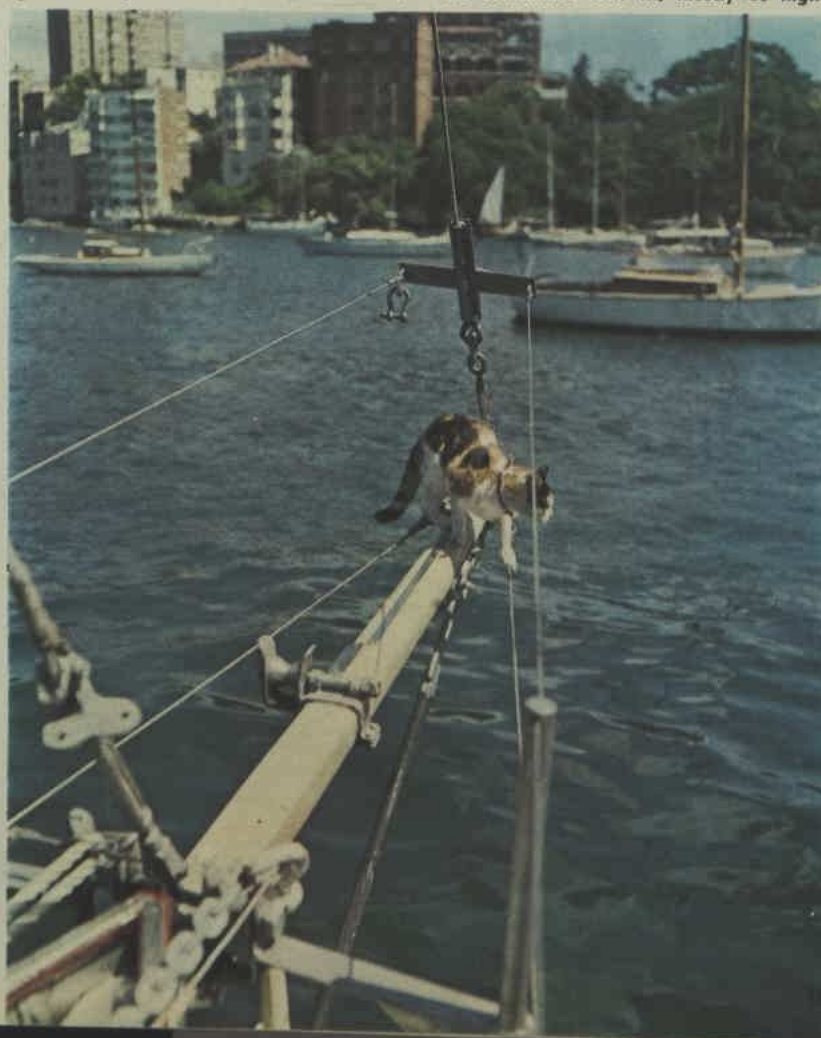
CAPTAIN AND MATE. Harry Fink with his cat, Harriet, at anchor in Sydney Harbor. "She has been a wonderful companion during the past two years," said Harry, a boiler-maker at Cockatoo Docks, in Sydney. "I don't know what I'd do without her."

WITH ASSURANCE, Harriet (below) climbs to the end of the bowsprit when her owner goes ashore, and awaits his return home. She sometimes falls in, mostly at night.



BOAT TO JETTY (above) is a simple leap for Harriet. She has ventured on to the jetty only recently. She prefers the swaying, bobbing yacht deck to solid ground.

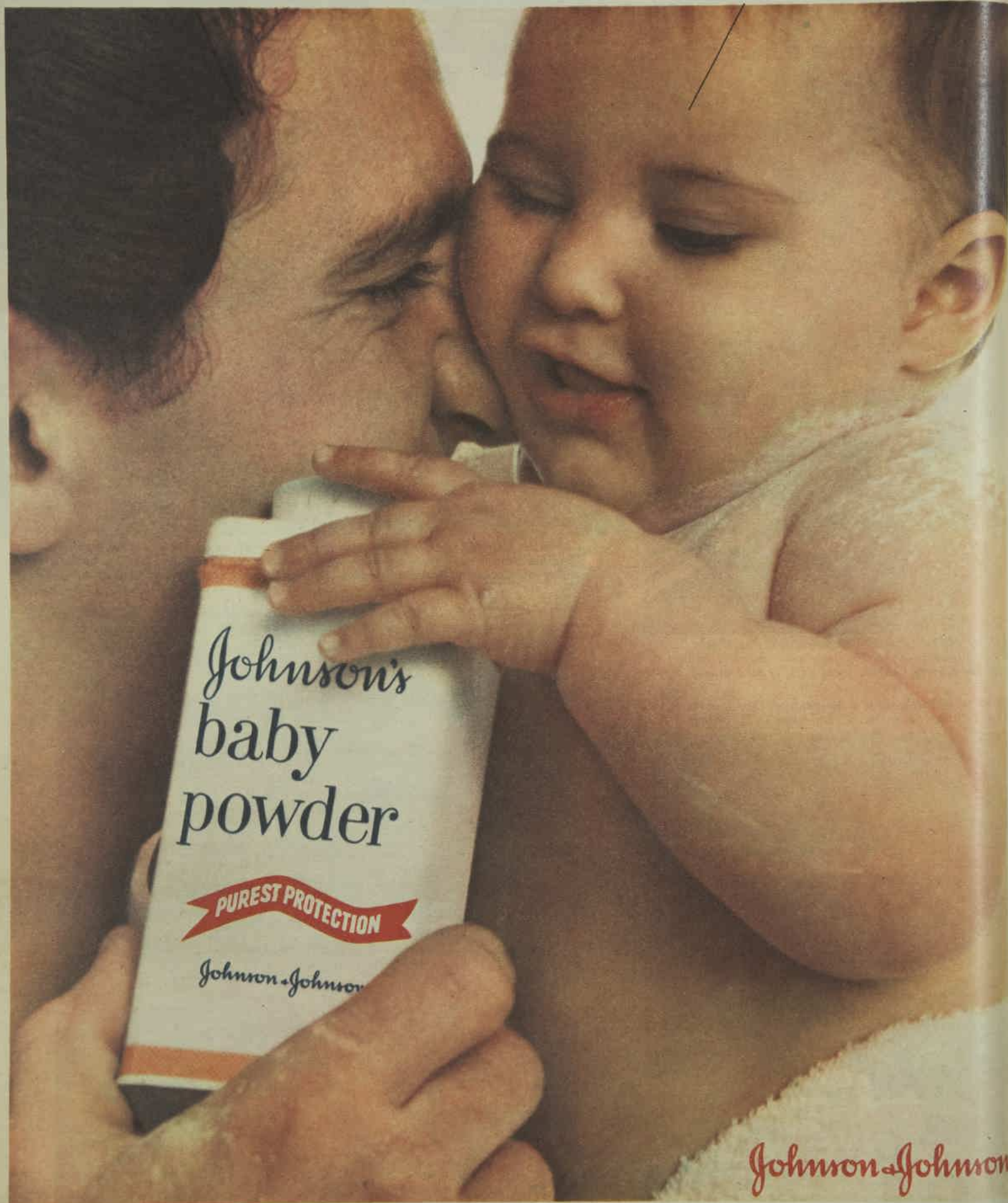
AT THE WHEEL (below) is a favorite spot. She likes to sit here with her owner, Harry Fink, when he is steering.



"Daddy's little baby likes
JOHNSON'S ... Ah sprinkle,
sprinkle, sprinkle."

(THINKS)

"I wonder if Daddy is aware that
JOHNSON'S absorbs moisture, prevents
chafing and is mildly medicated."



Johnson & Johnson

"Best for baby, best for you."

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA



ABOVE: Whitsunday Passage from Long Island, one of the Whitsunday group. These little islands lie inside the Barrier Reef, just north of Mackay, Qld. Captain Cook named them when he sailed through on Whitsunday of 1770.

BY CALM TROPIC SEAS

BELOW: Cloud and shadow deepen the contours of the hills, and green ovals of islets float among the sandspits and blue water of Hinchinbrook Channel, lying between Hinchinbrook Island and the coast, north of Townsville, Qld.

Pictures by Mr. Ross Quince, of Bexley, N.S.W.



The Australian, April 17, 1968



HOW MANY COWS IN THE CADBURY HERD?

Enter this easy contest...

First Prize: \$5,000. Second Prize: \$2,000. Third Prize: \$1,000.
Plus 100 consolation prizes of Cadbury's delicious products

How many cows are there in the huge Cadbury herd? The answer to this question can be found in the following clues. Read them carefully, then make your calculation on the entry form in this advertisement. Your entry could win one of the three terrific cash prizes, or one of the novel consolation prizes.

HERE'S THE FIRST CLUE: The Cadbury herd provides an average of 26,767 gallons of milk daily... so when we talk about oceans of sweet, fresh milk that go into Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate, we really mean it.

HERE'S ANOTHER CLUE: The Cadbury herd is distributed over 285 farms. This assures better care for the herd, quicker handling of the milk, quicker

delivery to Cadbury's own dairies... all of which helps to make fresher, creamier tasting Dairy Milk Chocolate.

ANOTHER CLUE: Each cow provides an average of 13 pints of milk daily.
AND STILL ANOTHER CLUE: There's a glass and a half of pure, fresh full-cream milk in every half pound of Dairy Milk Chocolate... that's why it has that creamy, creamy Cadbury taste.

Now send in your completed entry form. Remember, you can enter as often as you like and there are free entry forms wherever Cadbury's block chocolate is sold.

Entries close 31st May! Send yours in now!



PART OF THE CADBURY HERD

there's \$8,000 to be won

(Cut out this entry form)

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER.

There are three parts to be filled in.

1. Calculate the number of cows in the Cadbury herd from the clues provided in this advertisement, and write your answer in the space provided.

I calculate there are _____ cows in the Cadbury herd.

2. Complete the following sentence using not more than 10 extra words.

I like Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate because

3. Print your name and full address here

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Post your entry to
Cadbury's 'How Many Cows' Contest
G.P.O. Box 5000Z, Hobart, Tasmania, 7001

READ THESE RULES

There is no entry fee • Send as many entries as you like • Entries may be on plain paper • All entries will be examined • The prizes will be awarded to those entrants who correctly calculate the number of cows and whose sentence completion is considered most apt and original • Judges decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into • Closing date for receipt of entries is Friday, 31st May, 1968 • All prize winners will be notified by mail, and major prize winners will be listed in the daily press on Thursday, 20th June. Anyone can enter except employees (and their families) of Cadbury Fry Pascall Australia Limited, their Subsidiaries and advertising agents.

THE GADABOUT DRESS MADE WITH ONE MAIN PATTERN SEAM

● Every home dressmaker will rush to make this three-way dress, because the accent is on easy sewing — the design has only one main seam. Furthermore, by a change of fabrics and detail, the dress can be worn for daytime, travel, cocktails.

Further good news, the dress is designed for all figure types — small, medium, and large. To order, quote Butterick pattern 4634, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



4634. — Three views (above, left, and far left) of our versatile dress made without side seams. Above, the dress in tone-on-tone wool is finished with bell sleeves. At left, the dress is sleeveless and made in a flower print. Far left, with short sleeves, a bias trim, and the fabric is synthetic knit. Sizes: Small, 10 and 12 for 31 and 32in. bust; medium, 14 and 16 for 34 and 36in. bust; large, 18 for 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4634, the price 75c includes postage.



● Just slip it on — wrap it front or back.



● No buttons, no hooks, no zipper.

THE TWO-WAY WRAP DRESS

— Only one pattern piece



● Here is something new in fashion — a dress with three armholes so that it can be wrapped back or front. The sketches, above, show how.

Made in a formal fabric, the dress is elegant for after-five; in a daytime fabric, it is perfect for casual wear. The pattern is in sizes small, medium, and large. To order, quote Butterick pattern 4699, the price 55c includes postage. For postal address, see opposite page.

4699. — Two-way wrap dress. At left, the dress is back-wrapped and made in a daytime fabric. Right, a front-wrapped version for after-five in white wool with a braid trim. Sizes: small, 8 to 10 for 31½ and 32½ in. bust; medium, 12 to 14 for 34 and 36 in. bust; large, 16 for 38 in. bust. Butterick pattern 4699, the price 55c includes postage.



WINTER WEETBIX CRISP AND HOT FOR BREAKFAST

**That's the
one-and-a-half
cent breakfast**



Weet-Bix and hot milk, for a hot morning start when it's cold. That's what Winter Weet-Bix means. That's when your family needs the nourishment of Weet-Bix even more. They need that warm satisfied feeling inside, when it's cold outside. Only Weet-Bix has all the whole grain nourishment of wheat — two ounces give one-fifth of all the Vitamin B₁ those men of tomorrow need today. Sanitarium see to that. And two crisp, crisp Weet-Bix cost just one and a half cents. Hot or cold.



Don't put the Weet-Bix away after breakfast. They're too good. Sanitarium see to that.

WB1725-8

Memories of MELBA

● One of the most widely publicised relationships in operatic history was the friendship between Dame Nellie Melba and Beverley Nichols. It began in the 1920s when Nichols, fresh from Oxford, came to London to seek his fortune. He was then a penniless reporter of 22; Melba was already in her 60s. But she was still the Queen of Song, and a figure of glittering importance in the spheres of music and society. He begins by telling the story of their meeting . . .

It began, oddly enough, with a murder. Quite literally, with a murder. And there were times when I thought that it might end in the same way.

The most dramatic *cause celebre* of the 'twenties was known as the Thompson-Bywaters case, which has taken its place in the classical records of crime. It concerned the murder, by a handsome young sailor, of the husband of a beautiful woman, and it has just about everything — sex, violence, mystery, intrigue, the lot.

I was given the job of reporting the story in its general outlines. As the weeks went by, the tension mounted; nobody in England seemed to be talking of anything else.

One day the editor came into my little office and said, "We must get the woman's angle on this. We want some woman to comment—some woman of outstanding importance."

I made various suggestions, which he turned down. Then, of a sudden, he cried, "Melba! That's the woman we want. Get Melba!"

And though I could see no clear reason why the opinions of an aging prima donna should be of much interest in the matter of a *crime passionnel*, I was too anxious to keep my job to contradict him.

But "getting" Melba was not so easy as it might seem. She was in hiding, and though I knew that she was rehearsing for a performance of "La Bohème," Covent Garden denied any knowledge of her whereabouts.

At last I tracked her down to a small and very exclusive ladies' club in Dover Street. But even then she eluded me.

Madame Melba was "not available" when I telephoned, and when I sent her long and extremely expensive telegrams she did not reply.

At last, one stormy November night, I took desperate measures.

Although no man was permitted to set foot in her club, even as a guest, I decided that I would not only set foot in it but enter it, and stay in it till I found her. Which I proceeded to do.

It was a small club, with a dimly lit hall, guarded by

a solitary, ancient porter. I waited till his back was turned, flitted past him, and tiptoed up to the first floor . . . then to the second . . . and finally to the third.

What I expected to discover, and what I should do if I were myself discovered, I had no idea, and even to this day my heart beats faster at the thought of my youthful intrepidity.

But Fate was being kind that night. As I crept down the third floor I heard the echo of her voice . . . the incomparable voice . . . the voice that has helped to mould the pattern of my life.

It came from behind a green baize door at the end of the corridor. She was singing the *Addio*; and when she had finished I knocked on the door and opened it, before she had bade me enter.

She was sitting at an upright piano, dressed in a negligée of crimson silk.

When she turned her famous profile, with a somewhat arrogant gesture, she did not look her age, for her hair was dyed and the lights were kind.

I WAS the first to speak. I said, "That was very beautiful."

Her expression softened. She said, "Who the devil are you?"

That was how it all began. I got my "interview," which, needless to say, I wrote myself, for she had never even heard of the Thompson-Bywaters case.

It was the first of many pieces that I was to write for her. The last of them was her full-length "autobiography," which was later published under the title of "Melodies and Memories," by Nellie Melba.

This has formed the basis of everything that has been written about her since her death, but I doubt whether she ever read it, let alone wrote it, in its entirety.

The "interview" was not the only outcome of that meeting, for as we said goodbye she said impetuously, "You must come to my Christmas party!"

It was the first "grand" party I ever attended. She was just moving into a large and very beautiful house in Adam Street. It had been built by the Adam brothers and she had decorated it with perfect taste.

In the early days, Melba had atrocious taste, which is to say that she had Edwardian Australian taste. Then she met a dilettante French nobleman called Count Boni de Castellane, who took her education in hand.

She was an apt pupil and the results were to be seen in Adam Street, with its walls of pale eggshell-blue, its Waterford chandeliers, its superb examples of Queen Anne lacquer, and even such details as the flecks of gold-leaf on the exquisite staircase.

This staircase was the highspot of the evening on the night of the party, and it marked the scene of the moment when our friendship became a reality.

She was standing at the top of it when, shortly after midnight, I went to say goodbye.

I can see her still, in a scarlet dress, glittering with diamonds, head erect, a smile of triumph on her lips.

With sudden daring I said to her, "Madame Melba, will you please sing me a scale?"

"Why a scale, young man?"

"Because when you sing a scale it is more beautiful than any song."

She gave me an affectionate smile. She was not immune to flattery, but she knew, I think, that I was not trying to flatter her; I was telling the truth.

"Run down to the bottom of the stairs," she said.

So I ran down, and waited, and it was the signal

for all the guests who had not yet departed to turn toward her.

Then she threw open her arms and came slowly down the staircase, singing as she walked. She began on low C and ended on top C with a pianissimo trill. It was an interlude of unforgettable beauty and, maybe, the most emotional moment in my life.

THERE was nothing that I could say to thank her. I kissed her hand, took my coat, and walked home through the rain.

Volumes have been written about Melba's voice, but no author, perhaps, has described it so vividly as Beverley Nichols. Not only did he describe the voice but he was instrumental in having it scientifically recorded, as he tells in the following narrative, which is, in itself, a fascinating piece of personal autobiography.

Melba's voice was unique. No sound of a similar quality, within the "syllables of recorded time," has, to our knowledge, ever echoed through the world.

This is not merely one man's opinion; it is a statement that can be given scientific proof, as I shall show in a moment.

Meanwhile, here is a story which will illustrate the quality of this incomparable sound more vividly than any scientific treatise.

When I was a small boy I ached for music. But music in those days, even a little music, demanded money, and any spare money in our family went down my father's throat at the rate of a bottle of whisky a day. There was nothing left to pay for music lessons or to buy a decent piano. As for going to a concert, the very idea was ludicrous.

Then, one summer day —

the year, I fancy, was 1912 — the streets of our seaside town began to blossom out into posters bearing the name Melba.

Why my heart should have leapt when I read it, I cannot imagine; I scarcely knew the meaning of the word soprano; the only singing with which I was familiar was in church, where I was the leading chorister.

Maybe there was something psychic about it, maybe the word held a ghostly echo of the future. All I knew is that as soon as I saw the name Melba I vowed that I would hear her.

But how? There was, of course, no question of buying a ticket. I had no pocket-money, and no rich friends. In desperation I went round to the concert hall to ask if I might be allowed to sell programs. The hall was shut.

But then, as I stood there disconsolate, I noticed that there was a gap in the railings, and that behind this gap there was a fire-escape. If I could climb up the ladder, I might be able to crawl along behind the balustrade which ran all round the building and find an open window.

● Continued on page 29



by
BEVERLEY NICHOLS

(Pictured about the time he first met Melba)

The Versatile Curl!

This is a contest about curls. Very soon, you'll be wearing them everywhere...to town, to dinner, even to the beach! Anne Gordon, Richard Hudnut's hair-care consultant, using the one basic Fashion Quick perm, designed the three curl-styles below...each one to be worn to a particular place.

Contestants should study each curl-style, then decide which place the style was designed for from the list below. (There is only one correct answer in each case...print your choice under each style.)



THE BEACH
TENNIS
DINNER FOR TWO

A CHARITY BALL
THE MELBOURNE CUP
AN AFTERNOON WEDDING

Contestants should then complete, in 25 words or less, the following sentence—
"I think curl-styles have come back into fashion because

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

50 RONSON HAIRDRYERS TO BE WON!

Newest Escort Deluxe or the Escort Au Go Go, in bright colourful shoulder bags if you prefer, plus a complete parcel of Richard Hudnut products worth \$10 to every winning entry enclosing a pack top from Fashion Quick.



NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

POST TO:

The Versatile Curl Contest,
Richard Hudnut Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:

1. You may enter by filling in this entry form or on a plain sheet of paper. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish.
2. Entries are accepted only on the condition that the judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. No responsibility will be taken for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit.
3. An answer considered to be correct by a panel of leading fashion experts has been placed in a sealed envelope and lodged with the Company's solicitors. The 50 entries nearest to this pre-determined answer will be judged the winners.
4. Entries should arrive no later than the last post on the 15th May, 1968.
5. Pack tops should not be sent in by residents of any State where this would contravene the laws of the State.
6. Employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Pty. Ltd. and their Advertising Agents are not eligible to enter.
7. Prize winners will be notified by telegram by 31st May, 1968. A list of prize winners may be obtained by writing to "The Versatile Curl Contest," P.O. Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.
8. Cash will not be awarded as substitution for any prize.



Memories of MELBA

by BEVERLEY NICHOLS



● Louis Philippe d'Orleans — "A face of virile masculine perfection . . ."

● Continued from page 27

And when the great day came, this was what I did.

I heard Melba as clearly as if I had been sitting in the front row of the stalls — heard her in the Jewel Song from "Faust," in the Una Voce poco fa from "The Barber of Seville," in Depuis le jour from "Louise" and, best of all, in Mozart's *Voie cie Sapete*.

The experience was so overwhelming that it was a wonder I did not fall down from the balustrade and break my neck.

Till this moment I had not known what life was all about, nor greatly cared. Now I knew, and I cared very much indeed.

When it was all over, I scrambled to safety and made my way to the seashore. I wanted to hold the memory of that voice for all time, and I somehow felt that the sound of the waves would help me to guard it, to keep it immaculate.

I don't know how long I walked up and down the deserted beaches, but it was late when I got home, and I was still trembling.

My mother asked me where I had been. I told her. She did not seem greatly surprised; she merely asked what I thought of her. And I said, very gravely, and meaning it, "She sings like me."

BEFORE the reader dismisses this remark as a piece of schoolboy arrogance, I would like to switch forward the hands of the clock.

Years later, I was to tell this story to Melba, and as I told it she began to cry, very softly, with her head averted. She was not easily given to tears.

Then, when she had dried her eyes, she said: "You know, Beverley, that was the truest thing anybody has ever said about my voice. I do sing like a boy. It irritates me when they tell me I have a *voix d'or* (voice of gold). I haven't. I have a *voix d'argent* (voice of silver), which is a very different thing."

All this, however, comes into the realm of aesthetics, and I promised to give scientific proof to the assertion that Melba's voice was, quite literally, unique. Here it is.

Working in London throughout the 'twenties there was a brilliant young scientist by the name of Professor A. M. Low, who was one of my closest friends.

He was a strange bohemian character, very shabbily dressed, with a shock of black hair and an impish grin. He had the most fertile and original mind that I have ever known; inventions poured from him at such speed that before he was 30 he had taken out over 200 patents. If he had lived, he might have reached the eminence of Edison.

Among the professor's most daring conceptions was an instrument for photographing sound, which he called the audiometer.

My knowledge of sonics is nil, and there may be other claimants to the invention of this device, or something like it. However, the professor's was the first to hit the headlines when he was requested by the Home Office to photograph the sound of the traffic swirling round the cenotaph in Whitehall.

It was then that I had the idea of getting him to photograph Melba's voice. He was eager to do so; when I suggested it to her she was equally delighted.

She did not like the thought of growing old — who does? — but she liked even less the thought of growing old-fashioned. To be the first great singer to have her voice recorded scientifically would obviously be first-class publicity.

So the professor came along to Adam Street, armed with a great deal of cumber-

some apparatus, and, as in so many of the episodes with which I connect her, there was an element of comedy. He was short-sighted, and stumbled over things. He annoyed the footmen and fused the lights. He also annoyed Melba herself.

She had arranged herself for the occasion in a glittering tea-gown, and at first was all graciousness; but as time went by, and as the professor stumbled over more furniture and fused more lights, a sharp edge crept into her voice and the experiment looked as though it might be doomed to failure.

But at last all was in readiness, and she stepped over to the apparatus to sing. The professor told her that he would like only three notes, to represent the lower, middle, and upper registers. (I had prompted him in this, for he was not musical.) She nodded and sang them, quite perfectly, with no suspicion of a tremolo.

"Is that all?" she asked. And then, when he told her that he had all he needed, "But what about my trill?"

The professor was puzzled. "Aren't you going to photograph my trill?" His look of bewilderment increased.

Melba turned to me. "If he doesn't photograph my trill it will be too ridiculous."

Back to the professor. "Can't you photograph my trill?" She gave the machine a hostile glance. "Isn't it capable of doing trills?"

The professor assured her, with a trace of indignation, that his machine was perfectly capable of "doing trills."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

Whereupon she stepped back to the apparatus, flicking her fingers with impatience, took a deep breath, and sang a long flawless trill on G and G sharp.

The photographs of those three notes and of the trill itself are now in the library of the BBC in London, and anybody who examines them will, I fancy, agree that they scientifically establish the claim that Melba's voice was "unique."

For if they are set side by side with the photographs of the voices of other sopranos who have since made the experiment, they are incomparably richer, subtler, and more delicate. But it is the trill that clinches the argument.

I have seen other trills made by singers who, perhaps, had better remain nameless, and they constantly wander from the note, straying all over the negative.

Melba's — of which some 20ft. of film is available — is contained between two perfectly parallel lines which

might have been ruled by a geometrician, and when it fades into a diminuendo the lines on the negative fade in sympathy, as though they were being very delicately deleted by some magic eraser.

About a year after his first meeting with her, Beverley Nichols was taken seriously ill. During his convalescence Melba suggested that he should join her in Australia, where she was about to present her farewell opera season. His function was to act as a sort of unofficial musical ambassador between her and the other members of a large and extremely temperamental company. As such, he learned a great deal not only of Melba herself but of the Melba "legend," which had gathered round her over the years. In the following passage — with characteristic humor — he sets the record straight.

There are certain legends about her that should be scotched once and for all, and it is regrettable that these seem to be most prevalent among Australians, who, one would have thought, would have wished to check the facts.

ONE of the rumors was that she "drank." This was freely circulated during her lifetime, and even hinted at by the gutter Press, and it gave her infinite pain. The fact that it is grotesquely untrue must be evi-

dent to anybody with a grain of commonsense. Nature had endowed Melba with a physical apparatus of incomparable delicacy, exquisitely responsive to the slightest stimulus; Nature had also endowed her with an iron will that enabled her to guard this treasure with all the strength of her exceptional self-control. It was inconceivable that she should throw it all away by an indulgence that would have played havoc with her vocal cords.

There was no trace of alcoholism in any member of her family, nor of her household. True, she was not a teetotaler and she enjoyed her glass of champagne after a performance, provided that it was of the finest quality and properly iced. But that was all.

Nor, of course, did Melba smoke, though she was once accused of keeping a box of cigars in her dressing-room for personal consumption. Cigars!

However, she did not object to other people smoking, and even permitted a cigarette to be named after her. Thereby hangs another little story which is not without its humor.

One day, driving together down Bond Street in her elegant Renault cabriolet, we were held up by a lorry which was plastered with posters for de Reszke cigarettes.

These, of course, were named after the great tenor Jean de Reszke, with whom she had shared some of her most resplendent triumphs.

Melba was never very good at being held up, by lorries or any other form of obstructions, and as she sat there,

As it happened, I said, I did not.

She looked very disappointed, as though I had let her down. "Never mind," she said, "I shall telephone to Bill, who knows everybody."

"Bill" was a somewhat eccentric peer called Lord William Nevill, and why he should be supposed to have any influence with "the cigarette people" was a matter that only Melba could have explained.

Whether he did, in fact, arrange the matter, I do not know, but within a surprisingly short time the Melba cigarettes were on the market — that is to say, they made their appearance in a few exclusive tobacco shops in Mayfair.

But they never caught on, for they were extremely expensive and not very nice.

Indeed, the only place where they were readily available was in her own house, where they were handed round by a footman, in a silver box after dinner, and duly inhaled with simulated delight, by guests who would greatly have preferred a "gasper." Within a few months they died a natural death.

Not unnaturally, the most fruitful subject of legend in the Melba story concerned her love affairs. Her early marriage had collapsed in total failure, and as a normal woman, with a passionate temperament, it was inevitable that she should seek consolation with other men. By the time that Nichols met her, this part of her life was a thing of the past. But the memory of one lover lingered on till the bitter end, and by an ironic chance Nichols was by her side when she learned of the lover's death.

THERE was only one great love in Melba's life — Philippe Duke of Orleans, Pretender to the throne of France — and it lasted for only two years, in the early 'nineties.

Because of the great difference in our ages it was hardly a matter which she would have discussed in any detail with myself, but little by little, from hints and casual allusions, I found myself building up a picture of him which was made more vivid when, in a moment of unusual frankness, she showed me a photograph which was normally kept locked in a drawer of her desk.

Although it was faded it revealed a face of virile masculine perfection that in these days would have made him a Hollywood star in his own right.

Even then she did not reveal herself. She merely passed her fingers lightly over the photograph, as though she were caressing his hair.

"Dear Philippe," she whispered. "I think you would

● Continued on page 34



Cottontails: 2 ounces of freedom.

So light, so white, so soft on you . . . feel free, stay smooth in 'Cottontails'. A mere two ounces of absorbent cotton, ready to slip on under to-day's sleek winter shapes. In Bond's quality cotton that comes up fresh and white again, they're cut out for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo rib' legbands that really keep their place! SSW-OS. Breezeweight 75c. Interlock 79c.

BOND'S

STRANDED IN MEXICO

..... and not able to speak Spanish

● Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, has a tropical beauty of its own. The three-mile-long bay, considered to be one of the world's finest natural harbors, is always dotted with motor and sailing boats and deep-sea fishing vessels. Sky-scrapers line its shores and crown its hilltops, enclosing the white beaches and calm blue bay. On the beach you can lie in a hammock amid the palm trees and sip cocktails from coconut shells.

THESE palms, the brilliance of the flowering trees and shrubs, the massive breakers pounding over the rocks, and the glorious sunshine all offer a total escape from reality—when the going is good.

But it's a different story when you suddenly wake up at 2 a.m. at the airport, all alone, with passengers boarding the plane for Australia, and you have lost your Mexican tourist card and the immigration authorities refuse to let you leave.

Which is what happened to me.

My Spanish is rather sketchy—"Donde esta correo?" (where is the post office?) and "Hasta la vista" (till we meet again)—which didn't help at all.

What a day.

It had begun well. Lyn and I had booked out of our hotel at 11 a.m. to make way for the crowds thronging to Acapulco for the current Film Festival.

We had left our cases at the hotel of the two friends with whom we were spending the remainder of the day—swimming and diving at Condesa Beach, and dancing barefoot in the sand as the yachts and skiers glided past.

Returning to the hotel, we were involved in a car crash. No one was hurt but the

damage to our car was—no lights.

My friend Carlos prepared me a margarita (a tequila based cocktail) and, my heart still pounding with the shock of the accident, and with my feet dangling in the private swimming-pool, I rang the airlines for a taxi to take us the 25 miles to the airport.

The voice at the other end of the phone seemed somewhat distraught when I vaguely mentioned that my Mexican tourist card had disappeared. It was already beginning to dawn on me just what I had lost.

Search

I had only time to hitch a ride back to our hotel on the other side of the bay.

It meant waking a weary traveller who had taken over our room, but I searched every possible place—in vain.

I hitched another ride back just in time to board the taxi.

After all, I still had my plane ticket, my passport, and my visa. Naturally, they would just ignore the matter of one small card!

But at the airport at 2 a.m. the officials could do nothing to persuade Immigration to allow me to accompany my fellow passengers to Australia. They

said, "How can you prove you are not an illegal entrant to the country?"

I just couldn't believe it. At first I was more concerned with the mosquitoes that bit my ankles—until I saw my friend Lyn preparing to board the plane.

In tears I pulled out every dress, handkerchief, and cake of soap from my case (for the third time) in front of the astonished passengers.

But to no avail. I was left alone. My friend was already one minute closer to Australia.

Only a few hours ago Mexico had seemed to be a most pleasant dream, but all too suddenly the dream had erupted into a nightmare.

I could not think what to do. The airport officials were concerned, but they could really do nothing at 3 a.m. on a Sunday and 25 miles from Acapulco.

I had no transport. I could speak no Spanish.

I had little money, and accommodation at a hotel, difficult to get because of the coming Olympic Games, was almost impossible at the beginning of the Film Festival.

Carlos and Paco were at the airport to say goodbye.

To them my predicament seemed no problem. Like many Mexicans, they lived for today and worried about tomorrow when it arrived.

They were simply two Mexican boys, dressed as any others in Acapulco, in shorts and gaily colored shirts in contrast to their vivid black hair and shining olive skin—two typical Mexicans, quiet and patient as only Mexicans can be, friendly, proud, and very patriotic.

They were enjoying the

unhurried holiday life in the university vacation.

We had known them three days. They had taken us on a guided tour of Acapulco (on one occasion to La Quebrada, a rocky crevice facing the Pacific where high divers, their skins gleaming in the reflection of the moon's rays, scale the treacherous rocky cliff and with lighted torches plunge into the sea below).

I had no choice but to accept Carlos' offer to spend the night with his family at the hotel.

We returned by taxi to Acapulco and at 4 a.m. I

By Margo Seagrim

telephoned Australia (reverse charges of course) to inform my parents that I just did not know when I would be able to return home.

The desk clerk was delighted to book the call "Australie," he said, "Ah, kangoorie," and there he was at 4 a.m. bouncing around the hotel foyer like a kangaroo and muttering "Booing, booing." I had made his day.

"How much kangoorie cost?" I'm sure he was more concerned about the price of a kangaroo than the fact that I was almost stranded in a foreign country.

But not even his cheerfulness or Carlo's concern made my sleep any more consoling.

In three hours a maid appeared at the door. Her arms were covered by the huge platter of melons and tortillas she had brought for my breakfast.

Later Carlos explained



AUTHOR Margo (long red hair) and friend Lyn in Mexico City. In background is the Mexico University Library.

the situation. There was no Embassy in Acapulco, and all alone with no accommodation or knowledge of the Spanish language, I had no alternative but to go back to Mexico City (280 miles) to stay at his home.

He would help me to get another card for he could speak fluent English, having studied it in the U.S.

However, with his family, there was no room for me in their cars, so he bought me a ticket on the first available transport to Mexico City—a local Mexican bus, with no air-conditioning (the temperature was in the high 90s and the humidity even higher), and appearing extremely "lived in."

I travelled all the afternoon and well into the evening, through the cactus-covered mountains, through humble villages where farmers toiled with the same methods used in pre-Columbus times, past the Mexican peasants playing happily in the sun, some at work, carrying their babies in shawls, wrapping them next to their hearts. (It is for this reason that the Mexican mother never uses a pram.)

Of course not a soul spoke a word of English, and as typical Mexicans, all they did was sing joyously when the bus veered to one side at the edge of a steep grading, with a flat tyre.

To arrive by night in Mexico City (I had already spent 5 days there) was simply breathtaking.

With its 6½ million people,

it has the elegance of Paris, the lights of Hong Kong, the traffic of New York, but a character that is completely Mexican.

Carlos met me at the depot and we hurtled through the scurrying traffic to his home.

Most striking

I can't say what I was expecting, but I was astounded when we stopped at a two-storey mansion set amid exotic flowering trees and shrubs, behind elaborate wrought-iron gates.

I felt strange and ill at ease in the company of this family, all with jet-black hair, their sympathetic brown eyes adding to the inherent beauty of their features.

Of all races in the world, the Mexicans seemed to me the most striking, the proudest, and the most beautiful.

I was greeted by Carlos' mother and sisters and led up the winding marble staircase. I clung to the wrought-iron rails and gazed at my bedroom and adjoining bathroom.

Instantly one of the maids unpacked my case and folded back my bed, while the other maid prepared me a cup of lemon tea.

Next morning I was awakened by Maria bringing the towels for my shower before breakfast—which I could more correctly name as a feast or smorgasbord.

It was quite different from

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HAMMOCKS amid the palm trees, Acapulco.



MARIACHIS (musicians) at Xochimilco.



the tea and toast I had been used to.

Sitting at this long and elegant table I almost forgot my woes.

In the almost insane traffic, where no one adheres to any form of lane but just tries his best to pass the vehicle in front of him, we eventually found the Australian Embassy.

I was really delighted to be greeted with the typical "Goodday, how are you?" welcome, and as the Embassy could not help me, I was sent on to an Australian airline company, where I was given an appointment with the "right" man at the Mexico City airport, for the following morning.

We returned home for the main meal of the day about 3 p.m.

After pre-dinner cocktails we sat down to a noodle soup, with tortillas (a type of pancake, the flour pounded from maize, that the Mexicans eat like bread) followed by a variety of vegetables and "chicharrones" (pieces of pork fat, fried until crisp), chicken and fish, spiced heavily with herbs and chilli, the sauce being either pure cream or something "hotter."

Fresh melon

This was followed by a variety of sweetbread and preserved fruit or fresh melon and coffee.

This meal never takes less than an hour, for it is an occasion when the family discusses their business affairs.

There are usually at least two or three guests, but they

never cause the least bit of concern. They may walk in at any hour, and the maid merely adds another plate to the table.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon at the beauty shop having my hair washed and set—and causing a great sensation with my head of thick, long, reddish hair.

For an evening snack, very often omitted in Mexico, we had tacos (strips of meat or chicken wrapped in a tortilla and fried until crisp) and tamales (cornpaste mixed with meat and wrapped in the yellow leaf that encloses the head of corn).

But I could not even attempt the delicacy of peeled cactus.

The next morning we took a local bus part of the way (at my suggestion). You pay

as you enter and all fares are the same—50 centavos (three Aust. cents).

What an experience.

I clung to the seat as the bus competed with the other cars. It was like a race-track.

We weathered a few bangs and bumps, but not an eyelid was blinked, for those buses have a type of all-round bumper bar.

Next, we hailed a taxi for another section of the journey.

It was an older type of cab, where the driver attracts attention by putting his hand, generally clutching a wad of one peso (seven cents Aust.) notes, out of the window, and indicating with his fingers how many places he has in the cab. In these communal taxis all fares are one peso.

I felt as if I had done

a day's work by the time we arrived at the airport.

The Australian airline directed me to another air company, where I eventually was given a letter confirming my arrival in Mexico City.

My passport had been stamped in a border town, which now had to be cable.

Then I had to go to Immigration. Because they only handled direct flights to Mexico City, the officer did not even utter one word when Carlos had explained my plight.

He merely shook his head, and eventually directed us back to downtown Mexico City to the Government Immigration.

We waited at the end of a great line, and after numerous translations I filled in a form for an interview with the official.

He told us to go to another office, and the gentleman there, seeing my flushed face after climbing three flights of stairs, said, "Come back tomorrow."

We returned on the following day to fill in all of the forms, answer all the questions, and sign all the documents.

With the end in sight we idly ambled along the broad plazas crowded with fashionable women in Paris gowns alongside Indians in Aztec mantles.

Many visitors expect to see the Mexican men sporting sombreros, embroidered trousers, and cummerbunds, but nowadays the cities of Mexico are very cosmopolitan.

Historic

With my friend, and staying at a modern and American-type hotel, I had already seen Mexico City as every other tourist sees it—as an historic, richly colorful, and truly unique land of eternal spring, the Indian-Spanish culture side by side with the sleek, modern skyscrapers.

I had visited the nightclubs and University City, a striking achievement in modern architecture—especially the library, elaborately decorated with mosaics—the deluxe and lavish houses of the wealthy, and the 1500 B.C. pyramids, the magnificent Ballet Folklórico de Mexico, and the ultra-modern developments for the coming Olympic Games.

Seated in the Plaza Mexico, the world's largest bull-ring, I had joined the crowd in roaring "Ole" as the brave matadors risked their lives before the onrushing bulls.

We had even visited the unique Xochimilco (the name means "land sown with flowers"), and drifted down the old canals in flower-decorated chalupas (punt-like boats), weaving among the lush islands.

An arch of flowers spells out the name of each boat, and vendors paddle alongside selling corsages and bouquets, foods and drinks, whilst other boats carry musicians who provide serenades (for a small fee), photographers, and souvenir salesmen.

But it was not the same. Now I lived as a Mexican.

I could travel along the broad plazas to ancient Aztec temples, along traffic-jammed streets, just minutes away from narrow pack trails.

I could listen to "Los

Monkees" on the radio or to Carlos playing "Donde Esta" on his guitar.

On the Thursday, I collected the card and all was settled.

But the next plane did not leave until midnight on Saturday, so I had two more beautiful days in Mexico.

The whole family shared my relief and in honor of the occasion, my Mexican "mother" took us out to celebrate.

We drank bacardis and tequila, and the mariachi surrounded our table and serenaded us with laughter and throbbing guitar music.

I had no office to visit on the next day, so I accompanied Mama, Estrella, Tidi, and Chata to the local market, sampling the cactus fruits, the varieties of melons, and holding hands with our little helper, a tiny Mexican boy carrying our basket that was almost bigger than he was. And all for one peso.

It was no wonder that we could not get any seats for the movies that day, for Mexico is one of the most movie-minded countries.

Most of the top European and U.S. productions are presented in their original language, with Spanish subtitles. Film-going usually costs from 30 to 40 cents (Aust.).

Instead we visited the shops and admired the high standard of Mexican craftsmanship—beautifully decorated and glazed ceramics; fine quality work in silver, copper, and gold; textiles, leather, glass onyx, basketry, and papiermache work.

But perhaps Mexico's greatest contribution to world art is in mural painting. The works of such artists as Diego Rivera and Tamayo appear in many public buildings, vivid in color and often violent in subject matter.

I spent my last day visiting the Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park.

It is one of the finest modern buildings in the world, housing an incomparable collection of the country's treasures, brilliantly arranged and superbly displayed.

Red roses

After dinner I was able to have my first but last siesta.

By sunset I was in tears. Carlos was bundling the four dozen red roses I had bought as a small token for his mother into the boot of the car on our way home for the last time.

I had said my "Hasta la vista" (not adios) to all of the friends that I had met—the ones that called me "Kangoorie."

My Mexican mother would not say goodbye. She was confident that I would return to "Mebico" for the Olympic Games, and maybe I would marry her son so she could have red-headed grandchildren with blue eyes.

She had learnt more English. I had learnt more Spanish.

We drove to the airport.

From the air I looked down, and from the ground my Mexican friends looked up, and we both murmured together "Donde esta."

It had all been caused by one little card. And I never did know where I lost it.



Palm Island fashions you'll certainly know, they're regarded as tops, and have always been so. Bradmill Lana-Knit fabrics they constantly use are also the tops—so you see you can't lose if you choose from the best and the rest you refuse. But whether you wear the top fashion or not or work in old jeans and don't give a jot. One thing is certain—common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

Palm Island fashions

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THE FIRST LIPSTICK THAT IS AS KIND AS IT IS BEAUTIFUL
— Innox Super Jewelfast



Lips that make lifelong promises, that unfold beautiful words.

Lips that whisper, kiss, sing and shout and pout. They are almost the most feminine thing about any woman and demand the very exceptional.

For such lips, your lips, Innox have created Super Jewelfast.

The first lipstick ever to combine fashion in colour and a texture in sympathy with the sensitivity of every woman's lips.

Lips are too sensitive to withstand the sensation of harsh lipstick contact (not always apparent in the beginning), and much too important to expose to experimentation.

Super Jewelfast is a new experience.

Soft and gentle and kindness itself.

It moves onto your lips all the beauty of pure

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The colour-true shades. All the protective care that you would expect from the Innox approach to formulation are apparent the moment Super Jewelfast touches your lips. And it's in a very dominant white and gold case.

The very natural way you apply a lipstick is a feminine, personal and intimate thing.

After all, lipstick is a very part, the very heart of being a woman. Make Innox a part of you this day. Remember the name.

Super Jewelfast. Once you've tried it, you'll never forget the name. From your appointed Innox retailer.

INNOXA



SUPER JEWELFAST LIPSTICK

THE DIFFERENCE IS:

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1 Exclusive new grilling method

Sizzling-crisp outside, juicy inside. That's how the exclusive Frigidaire grill cooks your steak and chops, because it gives more heat. Unlike conventional grills that waste up to 25% of their effective heat, the Frigidaire grill concentrates all its searing, penetrating heat on your meat... seals in juices that mean full flavour. Cook for the whole family at the same time, too. The Frigidaire grill unit is almost twice the size of others... a real time-saver.

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At last... automatic oven controls that are easier to use than any you've ever seen. With the new Frigidaire 'Cook-Master' automatic oven timer, you don't have to set the Start time. Just decide when you want to eat, how long and at what temperature you want your meal to

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Even the lowest priced Frigidaire models have a giant heated plate warmer, press-button interior lighting, pilot lights to tell you when surface elements are on, and a lift-up top for easy cleaning. With Custom Deluxe models you get this and a Rotisserie and Kant-Slide griddle, to name just two of the many ways Frigidaire builds-in more help. Why not see your Frigidaire dealer soon or write to Frigidaire Advertising Department, P.O. Box 163, Dandenong, Victoria, 3175, for further information. There's no obligation.



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY GMH RELIABILITY

● Continued from
page 29

have loved him. Everybody loved him." Then she put the picture away.

Philippe had every quality with which a romantic novelist might have endowed the hero of such an affair. He was tall, ardent, strikingly handsome, and, of course, an aristocrat to the tips of his elegant fingers.

Although she never expressed to me, in so many words, the depth of her feelings, his name was on her lips more often, perhaps, than she realised.

She boasted frequently of his daring and his gallantry, and contrasted it with the comparative mediocrity of the men of the modern generation.

She was unashamedly proud, for example, of the scandal he had caused in Russia when she sang with Jean de Reszke in "Romeo and Juliet" at the command of Tsar Alexander III.

"He followed me to Russia, Beverley, at great risk," she told me. "At great risk. He was not supposed to be in Russia at all. And then, to make matters worse, he went to the opera, and sat in a box by himself.

"And when it was over he stood up and led the applause, which, of course, was an unpardonable thing to do, because nobody was supposed to clap before the Tsar.

"All the same, I loved him for it, even though it meant that once again he was exiled."

SHE told me, too, of their trips to Paris, and once, when we were driving down the Champs Elysees together on our way to a dinner party, she stopped the car in order that we might have an aperitif at a little cafe where she and Philippe used to sit on April evenings.

To me it all seemed very unreal and far away, particularly as I was under the impression, for some unknown reason, that Philippe had long since been dead.

There was to come a day when I was to discover, with a sharp shock, that he was not.

It was in Scotland, and the date—which I have every reason to remember — was March 30, 1926.

At Melba's request I had gone to join her at a very grand house-party on the Scottish moors where nobody thought of anything but shooting grouse and stalking deer.

It was all, I suppose, extremely splendid; during dinner, for example, the family bagpipe players used to march round the baronial hall, blowing their heads off and making conversation impossible — not that there was much conversation at the best of times.

Melba seemed to enjoy it; I hated it and after a few days invented an excuse to return to London.

By then I was beginning to assert my independence, so she did not argue with me, but came down to Inverness

Memories of MELBA

by BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Station on the following day to see me off.

It was very early—not yet eight o'clock — and bitterly cold. As we paced up and down the platform Melba shivered in her squirrel coat. The up train had just come in and the papers were being laid out on the book-stall.

"Get me a 'Daily Mail,' darling," she said. (The "Daily Mail" was her favorite paper, for its proprietor, Lord Northcliffe, was a great friend of hers.)

I put the paper into her hands and she flicked it open. Suddenly she took a step back, as though she were stumbling, and for a moment I thought she was going to faint. She turned to me.

"Philippe!" Her voice was broken and her face was very pale. "Philippe!" She pointed to a photograph on the centre page. It was a picture of the Duke of Orleans in all the glory of

"That damned woman's got all my letters!"

For the rest of her life—to me at any rate—she never spoke of Philippe again.

For many years Melba had been called "The Queen of Song," but it was not till he joined her in Australia that Nichols realised how seriously she took the title. To herself she was, indeed, a queen, and she never forgot it. Here, with characteristic humor, Nichols describes some of the means employed to emphasise her royal status.

The nature of our relationship is best indicated by the fact that from the outset she asked me to call her "Madre," and though she was as unlike my own mother as any woman who ever walked the earth, this was how I always addressed her. To call Madame "Madre" was a privilege granted only

"Royal" status

his youth—the same picture that she kept hidden in her drawer. And underneath it was the announcement of his death.

I led her over to a seat, and as I did so my train thundered in. But I could not leave her now. We sat there in silence, and the train went on its way.

She wiped her eyes and read the paragraph again. Then she stared in front of her and over her face crept an expression of total hatred.

"That damned woman!" she muttered. I knew she was referring to Philippe's wife, the Archduchess Dorothea.

to the closest member of her family and I think that they rather resented the fact that it had been extended to myself.

To close friends she was "Nellie" or "Nellie darling" to acquaintances she was "Dame Nellie" to servants she was "her ladyship." Thereby hangs a characteristic tale.

Melba adored being created a dame, for though her life, by modern standards, had been comparatively decorous there had been — as we have seen — "bohemian interludes," and she felt that her damship — or should it be damehood? — conferred



● Tenor Jean de Reszke... Melba inspired a cigarette brand, too. It did not sell.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1968

on her an aura of respectability.

But that was not the whole of it. After a long correspondence with the Lord Chamberlain she established the fact that a dame was entitled, by law, to be addressed as "my lady." She discovered even more — that at social functions a dame takes precedence over a knight's widow.

This was indeed a moment of triumph.

"Dame" she might be by title, "my lady" she was by right, and there could be no doubt which appellation was the more romantic.

In her heart of hearts she knew — and so did I — that she should be spoken of as "your majesty." But "my lady" was the next best thing and thus she was addressed by her staff for the rest of her life. And woe betide any of them who forgot to do so!

Sometimes, when I have the pleasure of meeting the "dames" of the modern stage, such as Margot Fonteyn, Edith Evans, and Flora Robson, I have thought it would be amusing to address them as "your ladyship," if



• Melba and violinist Efrem Zimbalist in 1927. His son is the TV star.

caused a stir

only to see the look of astonishment that would pass across their faces.

Although I had every sympathy with this insistence on her innate aristocracy — for in the DeBrett of the Arts she reigned supreme — I sometimes wished that it could have been less flamboyantly expressed; it led to embarrassing episodes in which I was perforce included.

Of all these, perhaps the most bizarre concerned the Melba Order of Merit.

One morning while I was having my solitary breakfast Melba appeared, fully dressed for going into town, bearing in her arms a sheaf of papers which looked like legal documents.

She was in high spirits and her "Beverley darling!" was like a phrase from "Lo here the gentle lark."

"Beverley darling, I've something to show you. Something exciting." She spread out one of the rolls of paper. "What do you think of that?"

I BENT over the table. It appeared to be some sort of royal warrant. And as I read it I realised that this was indeed its purpose; it was an Order of Merit from the Queen of Song. The wording was as follows:

MADAME MELBA.
Having dealt for ... years with the House of

Is pleased to certify That she has invariably been served with Courtesy and Consideration.

Signed and dated
After the passage of so

many years I cannot swear that every word of this singular document is as I have transcribed it, but it is as near as makes no matter.

The lines were delicately engraved in copper script and at the top was a monogram formed from the letters N and M, which had been so designed that at a casual glance they gave the impression of a coronet.

"Well ... what do you think of it?"

I said that I thought it was wonderful. And then — somewhat hesitantly, "But what is it for?"

"What is it for?" The sound of the lark became suddenly rather shrill. "What could it be for? Really, Beverley!"

"Are you ... I mean are we ... going to give these away to tradesmen and ... people?"

"Not just 'people,' darling. Only very special people, who've deserved it. And I'm glad you mentioned 'giving them away' because they were extremely expensive."

Another pause. "Well?"

Further tributes, evidently, were expected, so I repeated that it was all quite wonderful and that the recipients would be very grateful. Indeed they would, or should, agreed Melba, with a faint suspicion of a snort, though in these days one never knew.

Then I said, "Should they not perhaps be framed?" To which she replied that of course they should be framed, but she hoped I was not suggesting that she should be responsible for the framing, after going to all this expense?

Certainly not, I agreed, but

they were so beautifully done that it would be a pity if the frames were not worthy of them.

This remark was received with approbation. How right I was! The frames must be worthy of them!

AUSTRALIANS were completely without taste, and the tradesmen would probably put them in something terrible. Now what did I think? Her own feeling — though she was open to correction — was that it should be plain black, with a gold beading, and that the documents should be set on mounts of pale grey parchment. Yes, that would be perfect.

And as she hustled me across the hall, toward the waiting car, thrusting the sheaf of papers into my reluctant arms, she repeated the injunction.

"Don't forget, darling — plain black, with a gold beading, on mounts of pale grey parchment. They're such fools that you'd better get them to write it down."

It was then that I realised, with a sinking heart, that it was to myself that the task of delivering the documents was to be entrusted.

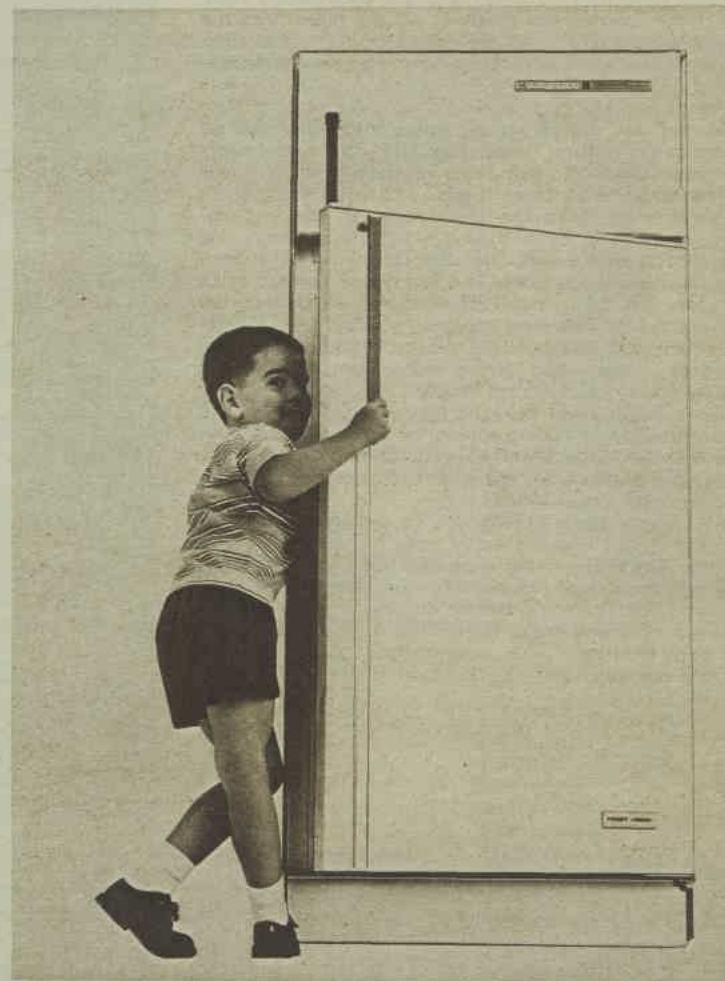
The next few hours had the quality of a nightmare. The first shop at which we called was a jeweller's in Collins Street, where Melba was accustomed to take her tiaras to be repaired.

As it was still early in the morning, the only assistant I could discover was a raw youth who stared at the document with the utmost

• Continued on page 38

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BUILT ON A BUDGET

WHEN 26-year-old Brisbane architect Desmond Biggs designed a house for himself and his wife, he aimed at a low budget without sacrificing aesthetic values. The house cost \$10,000 to build, and he believes for this price he could not have done much better. He saved money by sub-contracting the work himself.

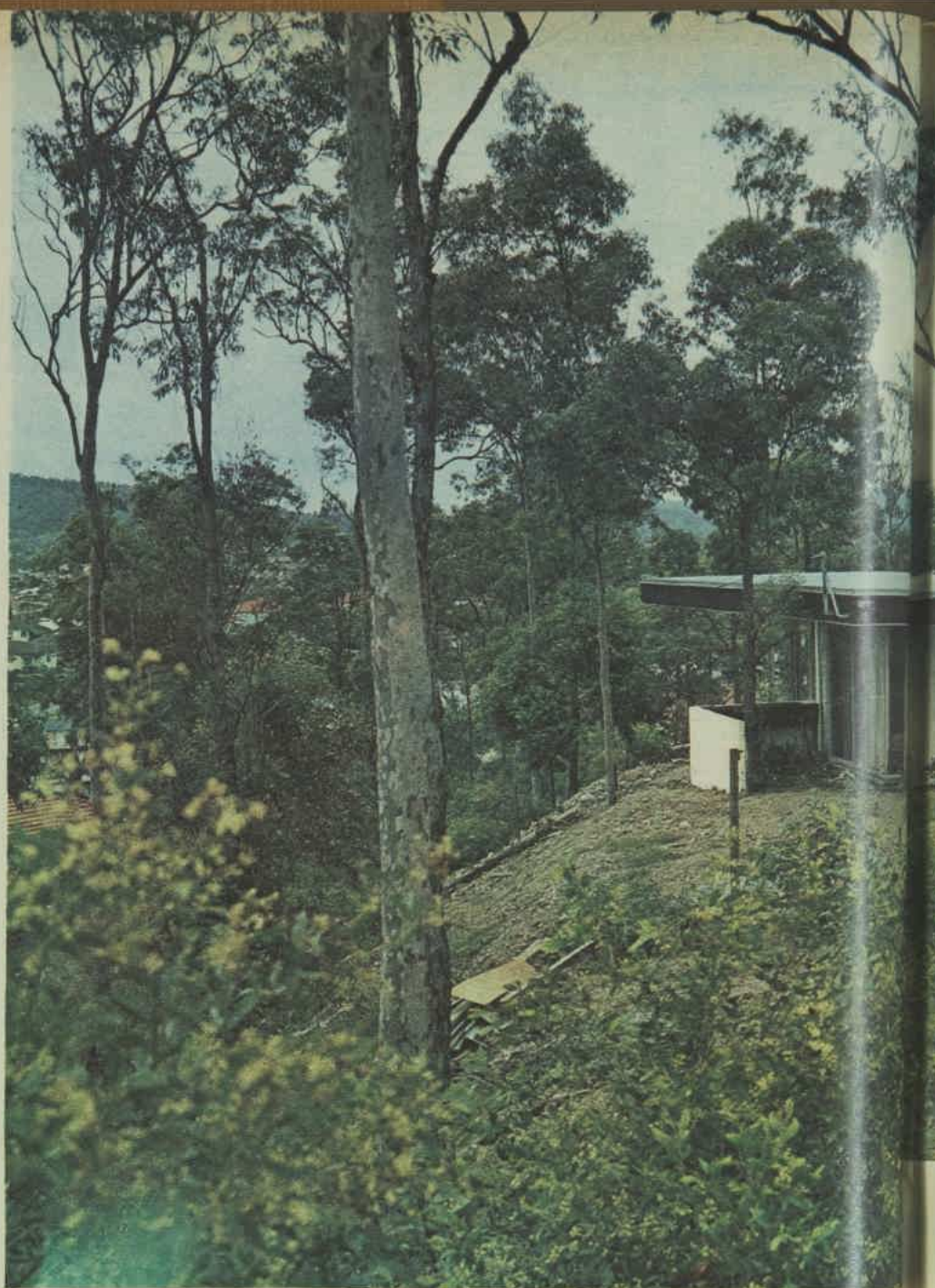
The site, at Everton Park, overlooking Brisbane and its surrounding hills, is rugged and steeply sloping. All the trees have been retained and site excavations have been minor, carried out firstly to set the house into the slope, and secondly to set the house on a concrete slab.

Simple materials and colors have been used throughout the house; the roof is a flat steel deck with generous overhangs of 4ft. to 8ft. where required; walls, both inside and out, are of white-painted brickwork, and all ceilings are of natural timber boarding; all internal doors are timber louvred to help cross ventilation.

The house is on three levels, with easy rises. There are three steps from the living-room to the kitchen-dining-room area, by way of a small passageway, and from that level there is one step up to the main bedroom. Just inside the house is a low, white-painted brick wall, 5ft. 6in. high and 12ft. long, which defines the different areas. This wall contains a 20in. deep flower-box filled with overhanging plants. Another low wall separates kitchen and dining-room from living-room.

Like many other young couples, the Biggses plan to get extra furniture of the kind they want, gradually, but have started by spending money on what they consider to be essentials—like wall-to-wall carpeting in the main rooms, and curtains for the wide expanses of glass sliding doors and long windows.

Mr. Biggs' main object was to design a house for open living, but retain a warm, cosy feeling throughout. For this reason the living-room has been set on a lower level and the carpet has been turned 18in. up the walls to form a pit. There is a beaten copper fireplace set into one wall; this wall stops 12in. short of the ceiling, and the gap is filled with uncurtained glass, allowing diffused natural light into that part of the living-room.



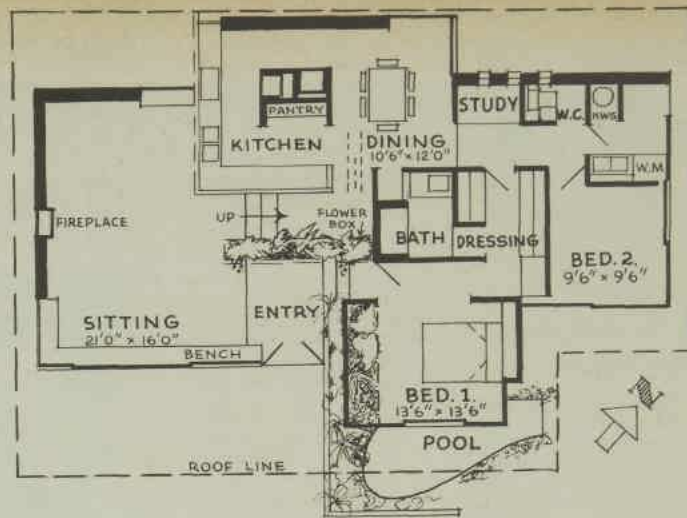
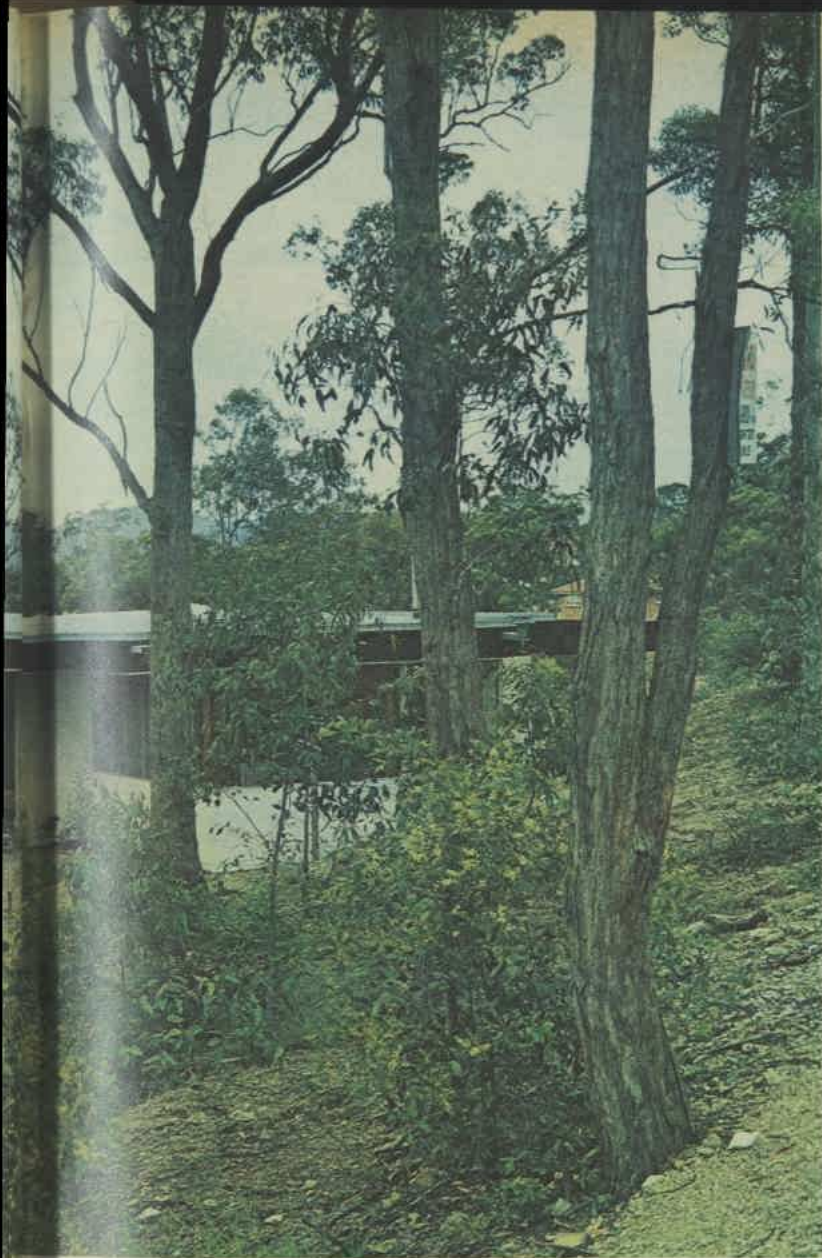
Story by Jean Bruce/Photographs by Bob Millar

Exterior (above) of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Biggs' house at Everton Park, a Brisbane suburb. Walls both outside and in are of white-painted brick, with wide expanses of sliding glass windows and doors. All the trees on the sloping site were retained.



HOUSE of the WEEK

A white-painted brick wall (left), 5ft. 6in. high and 12ft. long, just inside the entry to the house, separates the living-room from the kitchen, dining-room, and main and second bedrooms. Set into the wall is a 20in. deep flowerbox, filled with overhanging plants. Another wall (left of picture) divides the kitchen from the living-room.



The living-room (above) has ceiling-height sliding windows, a beaten copper fireplace set into one wall, and a 12in. high section of uncurtained glass above the white-painted brick wall, which allows diffused natural light into that part of the warmly carpeted room.



The kitchen (left) overlooks the living-room and has a view through tall windows out to the trees and hills. Deep brown Swedish clay tiles are on the floor, the cupboards are of natural black bean, and the electric stove and refrigerator are built in.



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... Margaret Merril

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Memories of MELBA

by BEVERLEY NICHOLS

● Continued from page 35

suspicion as, though I were serving him with a writ.

"What's this 'ere?" he demanded.

I endeavored to explain its purpose, and told him that it was a gift from Madame Melba, who was waiting in the car outside.

"Melba?" he ejaculated, peering through the door. "Oh, my Gawd!"

This was not promising, but I persisted in my errand. It was a present, I assured him, and Madame expected that the manager would wish to put it in a frame.

"A frime? What sort of frime?"

To this question, at least, I had the correct answer. Plain black, I told him, with a gold beading, on a mount of pale grey parchment.

Once again... "Oh, my Gawd!" Which roughly expressed my own feelings.

I made my escape and rejoined her in the car. Yes, I assured her, the testimonial had been received with the greatest enthusiasm.

And so it should be, she said, though she wondered why the manager had not come out of the shop to pay his respects in person.

This remarkable scene—part farce and part tragedy—was repeated a dozen times at various other establishments, and by the end of the morning I was a very exhausted young man.

WHAT happened to the certificates, or whether they were even framed, I do not know. I never saw them actually displayed in the shops and I have often wondered if any of them are still in existence.

One of the most moving gramophone records in existence—it is still available to the general public—was made on the stage of Covent Garden during the actual performance of her final "farewell" on June 8, 1926. It is in two parts: On one side is the music, on the other is her farewell speech, which Beverley Nichols wrote for her. Here he tells the story of the speech and its reception.

As the great day drew nearer, Melba became more and more restive. She knew, as I knew, and everybody in Covent Garden knew, that this was "it"—this was indeed farewell, for ever.

She had said "Farewell" so often in the past, in London, in Sydney, in Paris, in New York, that she could not risk saying it again.

It was not her voice that worried her so much—for even now it was rich in echoes of April bird-song—but the speech that she would have to make when the final curtain fell.

Great artists are almost invariably appalling speakers; they are so used to saying other people's lines that when they have to think for themselves they are lost; they stumble and stutter and make exhibitions of themselves.



● A rare picture of Melba—she hated being photographed outdoors.

Last farewell

This was what Melba dreaded. She was a superbly professional artist; she knew what she could do and what she couldn't. And she couldn't make a speech.

In desperation she sent for me.

I found her pacing up and down the room like one distraught. Her desk was littered with scraps of paper which had overflowed on to the floor. I picked up one of them and read, "Your Royal Highnesses, Your Serene Highnesses, Your Excellencies, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen..." Or some such flummery.

I said to her, "Is this the beginning of your speech?" She said yes, and that it was killing her, and what was she to do about it?

I knew that she was obliged to mention these people, so I asked for a list of the various royals and semi-royals, put it into order, wrote it out in block capitals, and told her, very firmly, to learn it by heart. And then...

"Do you remember something you once said to me about the word 'Farewell'?" No? You said that it was an old Quaker word meaning 'Fare thee well.' I want you to say that, and I'll show you how to say it."

Before she could interrupt... "And now, after all these royal highnesses, we want somebody quite different. Somebody very humble, somebody whom you can really thank, and mean it. Is there such a person?"

Immediately she said, "Austin."

"Who is Austin?"

"He's the stage door-keeper who has put me into

my carriage at Covent Garden for 40 years..."

She broke off, with a catch in her throat.

"Austin!" I repeated. "Austin's your man, and please, Madre, nobody else."

"Do you really think so?"

"I don't think. I know. And if you can say it exactly as you said it then..."

"I could say it in no other way."

"In that case, you'll bring the house down."

That was how the famous Melba Farewell speech was composed.

IT did bring the house down, as you will hear for yourselves, if you have the chance to listen to it. And those words of hers—and of mine—were the last she ever spoke at Covent Garden.

What sort of woman was Melba, when all is said and done? Here Beverley Nichols gives his answer.

To me Melba was a Voice. The fact that she was also a woman is of only secondary importance. For that voice, and its memory, I have fought all my life.

However, simply because the voice was unique, it is natural that we should wish to have a picture—a true picture—of the woman to whom God had given it.

Was she a great woman? A brave woman? A generous woman?

To only the last of these questions, perhaps, need we give a negative answer.

In matters of money Melba herself used to boast that she was "verra Scotch." From time to time, in a moment

of rare expansion, she would help a struggling artist with a cheque, but the proportion of her immense income which was extended in such a manner was negligible.

Nor, quite frankly, was she generous to other singers, at least, female singers, in the matter of their careers and their reputations.

It would have been very surprising if she had been. I know of no example in the whole history of opera where a great soprano has exerted herself to help another up the ladder of fame.

But that she was a brave woman but a fool would deny.

The whole of the latter part of life was a fierce battle to keep a position of supremacy when her only weapon—her voice—was slowly failing. Moreover, it was a battle that she had to wage alone, at any rate in Europe, where she was far from home.

Was she a great woman? That depends on how you interpret the word "great."

She was certainly a great egocentric, but then she had to be. She was also prone to fits of temperament, though compared with the ludicrous exhibitions which certain

modern prima donnas are inclined to make of themselves her tantrums were storms in teacups.

Intellectually, her equipment was mediocre; she seldom read anything but trash, and even her musical taste was second-rate. And yet I would venture to call her great, if only because she was so supremely herself.

She was Melba through and through, and it never occurred to her to be anyone else.

She may sometimes have fooled others, but never for an instant did she fool herself. And that, surely, is one of the characteristics of greatness.

But when all is said and done, it was only the voice that mattered, and to me it is a matter of astonishment and regret that in Australia, of all places, the memory of that voice seems to be dying away.

As far as the Arts are concerned, Melba's claim to have "put Australia on the map" is not so far from the truth. And yet, as far as I am aware, there is not a single monument to her in the whole of the continent. There are no Melba statues, no Melba squares, no Melba avenues; as for her old home, which one would have thought would have been a place of pilgrimage, the vast majority of Australians could not even give it a name.

This to me seems incomprehensible. And before the last echoes of the incomparable sound which she gave to the world have drifted into total silence, I pray that somebody, somewhere, will do something about it. ★

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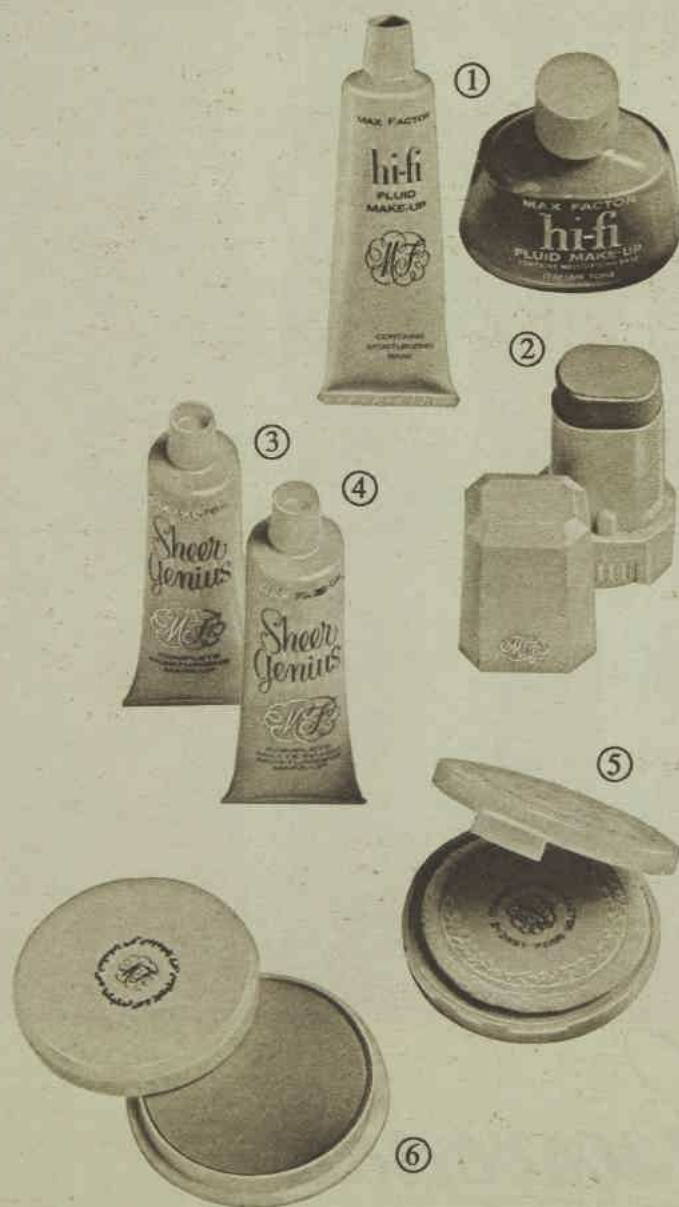
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Facts of wars

MANY young Australians seem happy to jeer at Britain because she is short of money and armies. One boastful boy remarked, "We had to do England's fighting for her." It is true that Australian contingents went of their own accord, and fought gallantly. But these forces were only a fraction of those of the British Isles. One does not like to think a man will sneer at his mother because of her losses. Schoolchildren should be taught briefly the facts of the two World Wars.

\$2 to Mrs. Olivia Barry, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Too independent?

I HAVE often wondered if women gain much by being independent. In recent years women seem to have become somewhat hard and ashamed of any feminine traits. I once heard a man say to his friend, "If a woman wants to be like me, God help her. She'll need it." Most men would prefer a real woman to a miserable caricature of themselves.

\$2 to "Rena" (name supplied), Cannington, W.A.

Cheery word in verse

THE class was told to compose a verse suitable to someone having an operation. This is what my daughter wrote, and I think it very appropriate: "You are sick, I have heard./So here's a cheery word. You are going to have an operation./And I know the opening will be a sensation, I suppose you will be worried before./In case there is an enore."

So don't./There won't."

\$2 to Mrs. N. F. Madden, East Ipswich, Qld.

Surprise for tradesman

DRIVING his repair van past his own flat, my newly married son couldn't resist stopping and going in to see the light of his life. She was sunbaking in the back garden. They were kissing, when round the corner of the building came another tradesman, who, from his expression, didn't know they were married. My son was too embarrassed to explain that he was kissing his own wife. My son later remarked, "I should have said, 'It's your turn tomorrow, mate.'"

\$2 to I.T. (name supplied), Charlton, Vic.

● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume her verse on her return.

No girl like Mum

AN elderly friend's only son, in his mid-30s, has no immediate intention of being married. "I'm looking for a girl like Mum and haven't found her yet," he explained. "And neither you will," retorted Mum. "It took me many years of growing up and experience to make me the mature person I am today."

\$2 to "How True" (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.

Such company

AFTER a whole day at the golf club, my husband came home and inquired, "Had any visitors today?" "Not one," I replied. "Never mind," said he, "you've got me for company now." And promptly fell asleep on the lounge.

\$2 to "Two of Us" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

MISQUOTED PRAYER

READING "Tabitha Twit-chet's" letter quoting a child's version of the Lord's Prayer reminded me of a neighbor's little boy who always held an arm out in front of him while saying his prayers. Asked why, he answered, "Well, that's what you've got to do, Mummy. You say 'arm in' at the end, so you've got to put it out first, haven't you?"

\$2 to "All Hail" (name supplied), North Mackay, Qld.

IT was not until I learned to read that I discovered the correct words were, "Lead us not into temptation," and not, as I had always believed, "Leila's not in temptation." Until then I had always believed that I must be someone very special, because my name was included in the Lord's Prayer.

\$2 to "Leila" (name supplied), Kilsyth, Vic.

WHEN my granddaughter was taught the first four lines of the Lord's Prayer,

she couldn't wait for bedtime to say what she had learned. This began, "Our Father in charge of heaven, Harold be thy name."

\$2 to "Gran" (name supplied), Claremont, W.A.

BEFORE going to sleep each evening, our four-year-old proudly recited her newly learnt Lord's Prayer. On the day of the departure of her father for Sydney, in search of a new home, she was about to begin as usual and then, after a slight pause, carried on in earnest with, "Our father who art in Sydney..."

\$2 to D.T. (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

THE little child and the Lord's Prayer brought back memories of my son, who, when young, used to sing the National Anthem as follows, "God save our gracious Queen, Long live our ovaltime," etc.

\$2 to "Constant Reader" (name supplied), Leopold, Vic.

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Everybody's

Ross Campbell writes...

K IS FOR KAT

ABBATOIR or Abbatoir? Embarrassed or Embarrassed? Extasy or Ecstasy?

Most people at times have to ponder over questions of spelling such as these.

There are some circumstances where a mistake does not matter much. If a young man writes to his girlfriend: "You looked exquisite in your new ponsho," she may be too pleased to quibble.

Less fortunate are those persons whose spelling mistakes receive publicity. Among these are shopkeepers who put notices in their windows. Unkind comments were made about a sign in Sydney that read: SPESHUL REMOVALS TO ANYWHERE YOU CUM FROM CHEEP.

Shorthand-typists are among the front-line fighters in the spelling battle. If they get words wrong, they hear about it.

I was told of a girl who began a business letter:

"Dear Mr. —, In reply to yours of 14 Febuerry, we shall be



glad to negotiaste the sail of your consinement of dedicated cocanut."

Hers was an unusual case, of course. Most typists do pretty well. When in doubt about a word, they look it up in a dictionary.

The snag is that looking things up in the dictionary takes time.

A Melbourne businessman has complained that some secretaries spend three-quarters of an hour a day in doing so.

The girls deserve sympathy. English is a notoriously difficult language to spell correctly, compared with, say, Italian or Spanish.

Italian and Spanish stenographers

can easily produce letters that make their employers shout "Bravo!" or "Ole!"

I think something should be done to ease the strain on English-language typists.

Why should business letters always be word-perfect? A tennis player, even a champion, is not expected to win every point.

It would not do any harm to allow a few minor spelling errors, like "superintendant" or "unnecessary."

Also, the men who give dictation could show a little thoughtfulness by avoiding tricky words.

I know a man who composes letters full of such traps. He had himself to blame when his new junior typist (who had mislaid her dictionary) produced this one:

"Dear Professor Jones. — I do not want to harrass you into sacrificing your leasure, but we would deem it a privelege if you would address our luncheon club on your phenominally successful studies of pnumonnia and gasteritis..."

Her employer made a fuss, but in my opinion his attitude was sheer hypocrisy. A man like that only uses dictation as a manoeuvre to show off his knowledge. He does not deserve to have a conscientious secretary.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Rambler roses are back— as weeping standards

● Grown on a 6ft. stem, the weeping standard in flower becomes a cascade of bloom.

FEW gardeners tire of growing roses, but they generally have an eye for something different.

They follow the new introductions in hybrid tea roses, and some take interest in miniature roses. Others like the old-timers, or grow polyanthus roses for generous splashes of color.

Back in popularity are the old-type rambling roses, now grown as weeping standards rather than over fence, pergola, or around the cottage door.

These standards are extremely graceful, and become a focal point of the garden. Slender arching canes weep from

By ALLAN SEALE

the central standard up to 6ft. tall, and by the time they are ready to flower a shower of glistening foliage almost touches the ground. In late spring, this foliage is hidden by a glorious drape of tightly packed blooms.

Weeping standards make attractive lawn specimens or centrepieces for rose-

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 246



● This weeping standard rose, Bloomfield Courage, was taken at Rumsey's Nursery, Dural, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

beds. Two or three, irregularly placed, could form part of the backdrop for a border of roses, or one could go, for emphasis, near the corner of a bed of low, shrubby roses.

Try placing one to cascade into a carpet of blue lobelia, alyssum, or violas; to give a subtle display of grace beside a small pool, or spilling nonchalantly into a rock garden.

A weeping standard could make an attractive tub specimen if kept moist during the growing season. The container, but not the rose, should have protection from direct summer sun, or the soil could be too hot for the roots.

Planting: Plant weeping standards as for other standard roses. Bush roses, grafted on to a short piece of rooted briar, are planted with the graft at or slightly below ground level, but standards are grafted to long briar canes at the point where they branch out.

So the graft at ground level rule certainly cannot apply, but standards should be planted with the root 8 or 9in. below the surface, in contact with soil less likely to dry out.

If the roots are only just above clay subsoil so much the better, but if this depth takes them down into clay, plant a little shallower.

Standards are top-heavy, so secure a stout hardwood stake in the hole before planting. Renewing stakes for a 6ft. weeping standard could be difficult, so a length of 1in. waterpipe is often used, as it is strong and long-lasting. Let it go 2ft. into the ground and come an inch or so above the graft.

Stakes are usually on the northern side of the standard, but the pipe would be better to the south, partly protected from sun by the plant, otherwise it may become too hot. Some gardeners fasten a strip of wood between pipe and standard to insulate against heat.

After planting, tie the plant firmly to its support in several places. Strong wire threaded through a piece of plastic hose or tubing makes a good tie that won't cut into the plant. The tie around the stem should be firm but not tight, and able to be loosened later if necessary.

Like other roses, standards can fail if roots are allowed to dry out at planting time, so have a bucket of water nearby where their roots can be kept while adjustments are made to the hole.

Soil should be damp but not wet. Half fill in around the roots, tamp down firmly but gently, then fill the remainder with water and allow it to drain away thoroughly before gently replacing the rest of the soil. Don't tamp or disturb while the soil around the roots is wet, or it will set hard, restricting roots.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 247

Make a moat or saucer-shape from surplus soil to hold water and direct it down to the roots. Then, before further watering, mulch the surface with a bucket or two of well-rotted compost. This will prevent the surface caking, and give the plant mild nutrition. Don't fertilise or feed until late September or October, assuming that planting is done, as usual, from late May to August.

Pruning the standards: Conventional hybrid tea and floribunda standards are pruned like bush roses, cutting out old canes and shortening back healthy new ones. Any growth coming between graft (top of the standard) and root will be briar and should be rubbed off.

Weeping standards or wichuraiana roses, however, produce only one crop of flowers from their canes. Next year's flowers come from new canes. Thus, the rambling wichuraiana rose isn't pruned in winter with the other roses, but canes which have flowered are cut away at ground level immediately the bloom finishes, usually in November.

This is a little drastic for a weeping standard, as it would temporarily spoil its appearance, so the flowered canes are usually shortened back half to one-third of their length. In winter, when new growth is well established, they can be taken back farther.

An exception to the one-flowering-a-year pattern is Bloomfield Courage, a rich red with white centre. This usually makes a second display in early autumn, and its after-flowering November pruning is a light one. Cut back harder after the second flowering.

Other varieties grafted as weeping standards include:

Excelsa, bright double crimson.

Dorothy Perkins, the delightful soft double pink once used so extensively as a climber; is sometimes budded with Excelsa, as they flower together.

Sanders White, a large-flowered pure white.

Emily Gray, golden yellow. Most of the best hybrid tea roses are available as upright standards.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



1775. — Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 1775, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● The two-piece dress, above, with its long-line jumper-top, is my choice for a reader who wishes to make a winter outfit combining lengths of mustard and black wool.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I want to make a simple but smart daytime outfit combining two pieces of wool—one length black and the other mustard. I like slim designs without waists. I am a young married woman. I go interstate a lot with my husband and we both like smart fashions."

Illustrated above is the design I have chosen for you. The easy-fit, unwaisted top is finished with long sleeves and a bias neckband. The slim skirt is attached to a camisole top. To order, underneath the illustration are details.

"I have bought a floor-length evening skirt made in red-and-yellow check wool to wear at home in winter. What type of blouse would be new to wear with the skirt? We have bitterly cold winters."

There's nothing newer than a long-sleeved shirtblouse worn

The closer he gets
the better you look

Hair colour so natural it invites close-ups Easy too!

This is our promise. We have a hair colour product to end all doubts you might have had about hair colouring. We call it Nice 'n Easy—because it is. Nice 'n Easy works like a shampoo. No fuss, no complications. You just pour it on . . . work it through . . . wait just minutes . . . rinse, shampoo. It's that easy! And the result is glorious, natural hair colour that lasts for a month or more. If you want, you can go lighter . . . brighter . . . or darker. Be the colour you've always wanted to be with Nice 'n Easy by Clairol.



CLAIROL
*Nice
'n
Easy*

*Regd. T.M.

neatly tucked in and belted. How about the blouse in fine red wool?

"Could you let me have a pattern for an infant's layette? Please quote the price and how I can obtain the pattern."

Our pattern department has a layette pattern that includes dress or nightgown, petticoat, panties, jacket, and bonnet. To order, quote Butterick pattern 400, the price 45c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Will you please answer a question for a teenager? What style of skirt is new to wear with a striped T-shirt?"

A flared or all-round pleated skirt is the latest skirtline from Paris.

"Please suggest a smart shade for a blouse to wear with a white wool suit. I am very keen on the newest in fashion."

Dark brown is one of the newest accent colors for white. If you want to be really with it, add brown stockings and white shoes.

"Would chiffon be suitable for an after-five dress made without a waistline? I was thinking of having a tent shape."

The tent is very suitable for chiffon. However, I must say that this silhouette is on the way out. Shape is returning to fashion—a belted waistline is very in. Design suggestion for your chiffon: a belted one-piece finished with a plunge neckline and long sleeves. Have the neck and hemline finished with self-ruffles.

"My daughter is being married in July and I have set my heart on wearing a

brocade suit designed on soft lines. My problem is I take a size 44in. bust measurement. Could you help me with a pattern?"

Our pattern department has a design for a soft two-piece suit in the size you asked about. The jacket is single-breasted, has three-quarter-length sleeves and slightly scooped-out neckline finished with a collar. The skirt is straight with easy fullness. To order, quote Butterick pattern 3621, the price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Jennifer Peters
wears a Berlei
Fancy Free bra
to shape her
party black...and her Trent...
and the shirts she
wears at weekends.



Fancy Free basic bra...gives firm support without bulk. Fits snugly, comfortably with stretch sides, straps and back. No. 200—\$4.50. Dress by Trent.



Fancy Free Party bra...low-cut, wide-shouldered,
dainty. Under-wired and gently supported to give a
soft, round shape.

No. 245—\$5.50. Dress by John J. Hilton.



Fancy Free Longline...controls midriff, defines waist.
Perfect for this year's slimmer, belted styles.
No. 209—\$7.50. Shirt and skirt patterns by McCall's

Fancy Free...by **Berlei**
The prettier basic.

(Jenny buys Fancy Free in boxes from the Berlei counter stand)



"Robbed any good banks lately?"

Happiness in a bark hut

What did she and her sisters care if they lived in the bush in a bark hut with a dirt floor? asks this Queensland reader. They were carefree and happy, and would ask for no better childhood than this simple life.

MOST young people these days have lots of lovely modern conveniences when they begin married life.

I am happy for them, but I often think how it used to be.

My parents selected land in the Upper Burnett area of Queensland. This land was part of a big station, which was cut up into 200- or 300-acre blocks.

These blocks were balloted for, but the people who missed out in the ballot could still go and select a block. Well, my father missed out in the ballot.

He was very disappointed, but was determined to take up a selection, and finally he got some land.

All the family were married at the time except my twin sister and myself, so, you see, he wasn't a young man.

People came from all over Australia, and that station provided homes for hundreds of families. It was during the Depression years, and no one had much money.

We had £40, and that had to last till our first cotton-crop came in.

Dad made a hut out of bark stripped from the trees, and there was a dirt floor.

On washing days, we would harness up Robin, the horse, to a slide and take the clothes to the nearest creek.

We always took a couple of kerosene tins to use as boilers, and the nearest fence acted as a clothesline. It was an all-day process.

Mum cooked over an open fire, but we were fortunate enough to have a camp oven to bake the dampers in. They took the place of bread.

Fish and honey

There was always plenty of fresh fish from the creek, and honey was robbed from the beehives in the bush.

If you couldn't ride a horse, you just had to stop at home, as the settlers had no money to buy sulkies or rigs.

Our first cotton crop was a good one, and Dad was able to buy a cart. Old Robin got promotion from the slide to the cart.

Now the family went to dances and tennis matches in style, a slab of wood being placed across the cart to provide seating. Dances were held in the old station homestead.

There was no electricity in our hut, and our light came from an old hurricane lamp. Food was kept in a safe, which had the privilege of hanging in the coolest spot.

I often think how hard it must have been on my then elderly parents.

My sister and I were young, and only cared about horses, swimming, and tennis. We didn't have much time to think of the hardships.

If I had my time again, I certainly would like the same sort of life. I am sure my parents were happy, too.

My sister and I married two brothers who also had selections in the Burnett. We are grandparents now.



Soups



Stews



MAGGI Stock Cubes
add extra meatpower
—extra flavour!

You'll get more rich beef or chickeny flavour in soups, stews and casseroles every time when you add the extra meatpower of Maggi Stock Cubes. Always sprinkle one or two (they crumble easily!) into the good things you're making. Extra meatpower means extra flavour—and lively good taste is a Maggi specialty.



TABLETS, TOO! You can buy Maggi Stock Tablets for extra-large soups, stews and casseroles

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ENJOY LAZY DAYS AT SEA

● Take an extended liner holiday in a famous P & O ship to the world's most exciting ports; add to it the delight of touring England and Scotland and eight European countries; top it off with exotic ports on a leisurely voyage home.

What you get for \$A.1835

Basic tour price covers:

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
- Escorted, full-board accommodation for seven-day tour of England and Scotland.
- Sightseeing tours in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.
- Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and return in the Himalaya to ensure an efficient tour operation.

THESE are the ingredients of our 1969 World Discovery Tour, a holiday of a lifetime which can be yours for as little as \$1835 (or \$N.Z.1900).

When it comes to enjoying a holiday abroad, nothing can match one by sea.

The leisurely voyages to and from Europe give you time to unwind from your nine-to-five schedule, time to make new friends and enjoy the sheer pleasure of living in a different world, visiting new places in an easy, relaxed, unhurried fashion.

When our tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., began planning our now famous World Discovery Tours (this will be our fourth) we asked for excellent ships and an itinerary of varied and beautiful ports and places.

So they have chartered P & O's Orsova for the voyage to Europe, leaving Sydney on February 9, and the Himalaya for the return trip.

Both these British-owned liners, noted for their excellent service and cuisine, will be available to our tour members as ONE-CLASS ships.

You will have the complete run of the comfortable lounges, swimming-pools, libraries, dining-rooms, and games decks.

Consider the advantages your floating hotel offers you.

Comfortable accommodation is available, from four-berth cabins without private facilities (on which the basic tour price is costed) right up to deluxe single cabins (for additional supplements) in the Orsova or twin-bed deluxe cabins in the Himalaya.

For the convenience of all passengers, special arrangements have been made for people from all parts of Australia and New Zealand to travel to Sydney for the beginning of the tour either in the tour ship Orsova (from New Zealand) or in connecting P & O liners Canberra (from Fremantle) or Oriana (from Melbourne).

From Brisbane, the Orsova sails to the duty-free Pacific island of Guam, before visiting Kobe and Yokohama in Japan.

Many travellers will want to disembark in Kobe to take one of the several optional overland tours through Japan (visiting the scenic former capital Kyoto and Tokyo) before rejoining the ship in Yokohama.

Across the Pacific to Hawaii and then on to Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa, through the Panama Canal, and to Cristobal.

Across Atlantic

From Miami, with its skyscraper-dotted beach peninsula, the Orsova crosses the Atlantic to Portuguese Madeira before arriving in England on March 27.

Your own Tour Director and his escort team will travel with you to and from England to arrange all shore excursions in the various ports.

They will also be resident in London to help you plan

any individual side tours you wish to make.

Included in your basic tour fare are 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, sightseeing tours in and around London, and a wonderful seven-day all-inclusive coach tour of England and Scotland.

Your ticket also covers the exciting 23-day all-inclusive coach tour through eight countries in Europe: Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, France, and Monaco.

Leisure period

Sometime between your arrival and departure from England (the operative dates of both your U.K. and European coach tours will vary from group to group) you will have 15 days "at leisure."

This is time you'll probably use to visit relatives or friends in England or do some of the low-cost supplementary tours to Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, or Ireland.

On May 21 your coach will call at your London hotel to take you to Tilbury to board the Himalaya, which sails that day.

Lisbon, capital of Portugal, is your first port of call, then it's on to exotic Casablanca, in Morocco, and Dakar, capital of Senegal, with its markets famous for Moorish silverware.

June 5 is arrival date at Cape Town. Many tour members will probably want to take the optional Overland Garden Route Tour to Durban, the next port of call, which the Himalaya reaches on June 7-8.

The Himalaya calls at Fremantle on June 17, Adelaide on June 20, Melbourne on June 21-22, and Sydney on June 23-24.

New Zealand passengers transfer in Sydney to the Canberra to travel to Auckland.

If you are planning a world tour and considering timing, length, and price, then consider this World Discovery Tour. It offers incomparable value. See your travel agent now.



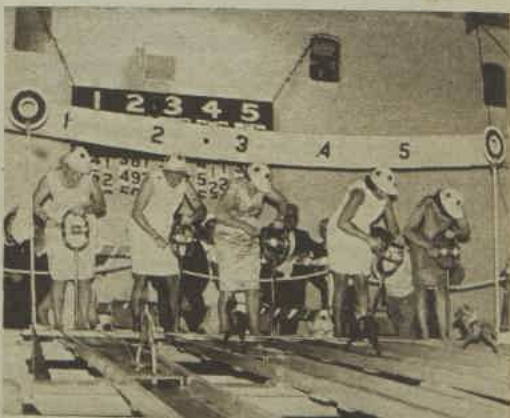
● After breakfast a swim, one of the pleasures of shipboard life our world tourists can enjoy on the voyages to and from England.



● Relaxation on deck, with time to chat and enjoy new-found friends. If you prefer to sit quietly by yourself, there's loads of deck space.



● Lunch — often a smorgasbord beside the pool or in the ballroom. It's also served in the restaurants, but many people prefer just to throw on shifts or shorts and serve themselves.



● Horse-racing, one of the many deck sports to be enjoyed. Deck sports competitions are organised—singles, doubles, and mixed doubles.

WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive tour brochure by calling in or writing to any of the General Sales Agents listed below:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers' Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191.

(All above are members of A.F.T.A.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 20-959.

London Offices: Milhanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1. Tele. HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

... OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

SOUTH PACIFIC TREASURE CRUISE

IF you can't spare the five months for our World Discovery Tour, why not enjoy our 17-day sun-filled cruise of the fabulous islands in the South Pacific?

For the first time ever, we are arranging through our

tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters, a relaxing shorter holiday for many of our readers and for travellers who have been on our previous world tours.

Make sure you are aboard the Himalaya, the comfortable one-class P & O liner, when she sails from Sydney on February 3. Some lucky

passenger must win our fabulous \$6000 treasure — a round-the-world trip for two with spending-money.

You'll visit Noumea, the capital of French New Caledonia, Lautoka and Suva, in Fiji, and Auckland.

Two-, three-, and four-berth cabins are available and fares for six-berth cabins

range from \$292 for the round trip from Sydney (from \$310 for New Zealand passengers).

Ask your travel agent for the exciting color brochure which outlines the low price and the convenient connections to and from all capital cities and Auckland. Make sure you get a copy.

PARTY

● Everybody loves a party – and throughout a year there are many occasions to celebrate: birthdays, a welcome-home, a shower-tea, a christening or a wedding. Good food is important to the success of the party, and, in this three-page feature, we give ideas for savories, main dishes, desserts, drinks – all delicious, guaranteed to make the party an outstanding success.

MANDARIN CREAM GATEAU

3 eggs
3oz. castor sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup self-raising flour
1 can mandarin segments
green glace cherries
chopped almonds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
sherry or fruit juice from can

Grease and flour 9in. square tin. Beat eggs and sugar until thick, like cream. Carefully fold in sieved flour with metal spoon. Pour into cake tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 25 minutes; cool. Cut

cake into two lengthwise, forming two oblongs. Moisten one half with little sherry or fruit juice. Chop up several mandarin pieces, mix with little whipped cream. Sandwich cake together, one oblong on top of the other. Spread whipped cream over cake and round edges. Press chopped almonds into sides. Arrange well-drained mandarin segments and cherries decoratively on top, pipe whipped cream round edge.

Serves 6 to 8.



AVOCADO DIP

1 large ripe avocado
4oz. package cream cheese
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
salt, pepper
1 teaspoon grated onion

Cut avocado in half, remove stone, scoop all the flesh into bowl, add the softened cheese and mayonnaise; blend together well. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper, grated onion; mix well. Use as a dip or a savory spread on toast or biscuits.

Makes approximately $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.



HAM SAVORIES

2oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
8oz. cooked ham
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons chopped parsley
3 teaspoons gelatine
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons water
salt, pepper
pinch nutmeg
pinch dry mustard
beaten egg
breadcrumbs

Soften gelatine in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons water. Mince or chop ham finely. Melt butter, add flour and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Remove from heat, gradually add milk. Return to heat, cook until thickened, stirring continually. Dissolve gelatine over hot water. Add ham, parsley, and gelatine to sauce, add mustard and nutmeg; season to taste. Spread on tray, refrigerate until set. Form into balls, about the size of large walnut. Dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs; do this twice. Deep-fry until golden brown.

Makes approx. $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.



CRAB TARTLETS

8oz. shortcrust pastry
2oz. gruyere cheese
4oz. can crabmeat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
approx. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream
1 egg
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
pepper

Roll out pastry to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds with $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter; line 24 tartlet tins. Dice cheese very finely, flake crabmeat. Put into pastry cases. Combine sour cream with mayonnaise, add cream to measure 1 cup of liquid. Blend in lightly beaten egg, chopped parsley, and seasoning. Pour into pastry shells. Bake in moderately hot oven 25 minutes.

Makes 2 dozen tartlets.

FOODS

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

WHITE WINE CUP

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 bottle dry white wine | 2 dessertspoons sugar |
| 15oz. can crushed pineapple | 1 large bottle lemonade |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ orange | maraschino cherries |
| cucumber strips | ice cubes |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy | |

Slice orange, put into bowl with pineapple and syrup from can and cucumber strips, pour over the chilled white wine. Refrigerate $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then add brandy and sugar. Just before serving add ice to bowl, pour in chilled lemonade. If desired, add a few maraschino cherries for pretty color effect.

Makes $3\frac{1}{2}$ pints.



More recipes on page 51



BEEF AND VEGETABLE CURRY

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2lb. chuck steak | 2 teaspoons soy sauce |
| 2 teaspoons turmeric | $\frac{1}{2}$ cauliflower |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chilli powder | 1 red pepper |
| salt | 1 green pepper |
| 4 onions | 1 cup water or stock |
| 2 cloves garlic | oil for frying |
| 2in. green ginger | |

Cut meat into small strips, chop onions and ginger, crush garlic. Heat oil, brown meat first, then add onions, garlic, and ginger. When these begin to brown, reduce heat, add turmeric and chilli powder and a cup of water or stock. Add salt and soy sauce, bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer until tender. Add parboiled cauliflower flowerets and strips of pepper, cook 5 minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Serves 6.



FLAKY CHEESE BISCUITS

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2oz. butter | salt |
| 2oz. cheddar cheese | good pinch paprika |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ egg-yolk | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour |

Beat butter until creamy, gradually add finely grated cheese, egg-yolk, salt, and paprika. Work in sifted flour. When well blended, refrigerate 1 hour. Knead lightly, roll out on floured board to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut out in 1in. plain rounds; bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Serve warm.

Makes approximately 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.



LOVELY STRAWBERRY TART

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 3oz. butter | 1 teaspoon water |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 packet strawberry jelly crystals |
| 1 egg-yolk | $\frac{3}{4}$ pint boiling water |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour | 1 punnet strawberries |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder | |

Cream butter and sugar, mix in egg-yolk. Mix in half sifted flour and baking powder on electric mixer, then knead in remainder by hand. Add water, if needed. Roll out pastry between two sheets of greaseproof paper, line 8in. sandwich tin. Prick well. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; cool.

Add boiling water to jelly crystals, stir until dissolved. Add one cup mashed strawberries; chill. When just beginning to set, pour $\frac{1}{2}$ of jelly into pastry case. Refrigerate until set. Cut remaining strawberries in half, arrange on top of jelly, coat with remaining jelly. Refrigerate until set. Serves 6 to 8.

IS MARRIAGE ON THE WAY OUT?

"DEFINITELY" say some sociologists . . .

"OBSOLETE," "A thing of the past," say others. Then why do truly happily married couples insist their marriages are exciting, rewarding, fulfilling?

One in ten marriages in Australia are about to end in divorce! What about YOU? Is your marriage destined to become another statistic? Just one more failure?

Divorce is like an iceberg. What is seen is only a small part of the total.

For every divorce, there are several married couples that are just "living" together—but their marriage has become an empty, hollow shell; a necessary condition of life; a convenient arrangement. Staying married is one thing—and even this is good—but staying happy, this is something else—and this is better.

There are obvious CAUSES that lead to divorce. CAUSES for heartache, wretched, miserable lives—with the unhappy children and shamed relatives. There are causes for family fights, arguments, and frustrations.

And, just as there are causes for divorce, there are causes for successful, fulfilling, HAPPY MARRIAGES.

What Are Those Causes?

For every right EFFECT, there is a right CAUSE. There are LAWS, KEYS to follow for a truly happy marriage. Simple—yet profound. Easy to understand—but so very, very difficult for the average person to put into action. What you need, regardless of whether you're considering divorce, or whether you're not even married—is to

read a truly revolutionary, new, free book called, *Your Marriage CAN Be Happy*.

This book goes behind the scenes to reveal the ugly truth about the new morality and its effect on modern marriage. It reveals the CAUSE for marital difficulties—but it also reveals the cause of marital HAPPINESS. It explains why some marriages are successful and why others fail. The book shows you *how* to SOLVE marital problems.

And it tells you how to find happiness in marriage!

The principles contained in this book were set down by an expert in the field of marriage counselling. He writes from many years of personal experience—counselling hundreds of couples on dating and marriage problems.

These principles are taught by him to university level classes in Principles of Living and Family Relations.

The book is backed up by the research and counselling staff of Ambassador College—with campuses and offices girdling the globe. Its representatives have counselled thousands of couples on their family relations problems for many years.

Graduates of Ambassador College have been personally instructed in these successful marriage principles. They now number into the hundreds and in over 20 years have NEVER HAD one single divorce after being guided and counselled toward a happy marriage.

These people ENJOY marriage!

Astounding Record

They are living proof that these principles work—if you apply them. And now, this information is available to YOU.

It sounds almost *unbelievable!*

Can our institution and counselling service really claim such a record? The answer is YES. And here's the reason why.

As mentioned, there is a *cause* for every effect. There is a REASON why one Australian couple is divorced every sixty minutes. There are laws and principles that govern marriage. These are being violated. And it's causing unhappiness in marriage—AND DIVORCE.

When you know and *apply* the principles of successful marriage, you can avoid marital unhappiness. And all the laws that have moulded the happy marriages mentioned above, are in this FREE book.

This book can change your life!

Many people write letters, thanking us for giving them these principles. Here is a typical example:

"I have just read... '*Your Marriage Can Be Happy*!' and I felt compelled to write and thank you for *saving our marriage*."

This book can also save YOUR marriage and make it brimful of joy. And the wonderful part about

it is, we can offer it to you FREE of charge.

You may wonder: "How is this possible?"

Our Free Offer

Of course, it costs money to produce such a fine piece of literature. But it has *already been paid* for by OTHERS.

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Please send me, at no obligation, the following FREE literature

☐ Your Marriage Can Be Happy

☐ The PLAIN TRUTH Magazine

Name _____

Address _____

PARTY FOODS

... continued

ASPARAGUS CRISPS

- 1 loaf sliced bread (about 13 slices)
3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs
mayonnaise
1 small can asparagus tips
grated tasty cheese
paprika

Cut eggs into slices. Toast bread and cut out 1 1/2 in. circles (there should be 2 circles from each slice). Place slice of egg on each, add pieces of drained asparagus, top with teaspoon of mayonnaise. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Place under grill and brown cheese lightly. Sprinkle lightly with paprika.

Makes 26.

PARTY SPRING ROLLS

- 1 cup cornflour
1 cup plain flour
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups water
oil for frying

FILLING

- 1 lb. pork fillet
4oz. prawns
1 tablespoon seasoned flour
1oz. butter or lard
1 onion
1 lb. cabbage
4 mushrooms
2 teaspoons salt
pepper
2-3 teaspoons soy sauce

Sift flour and cornflour, add beaten eggs and water to make a batter; strain. Brush 6 in. frying-pan with oil, and heat. Measure out 3 tablespoons batter, pour into pan. When set around edge, pour off excess batter. Cook just until dry and set; do not brown or turn over, cook on one side only. Remove pancake from pan; repeat until all batter is used.

Filling: Shred vegetables and pork. Roll pork in seasoned flour. Fry in 1/2 oz. butter 7 minutes, add prawns, cook further 3 minutes. Remove from pan, add remaining butter to pan, cook vegetables 5 to 7 minutes. Add pork and prawns, salt, pepper, and soy sauce; toss gently. Remove from heat, cool. Put a little mixture on each pancake, cooked side outside. Roll up carefully, dampen edges and seal. Fry in deep hot oil until golden brown.

Makes approximately 1 1/2 dozen.

QUICK PARTY PATE

- 1 lb. liverwurst
2oz. butter
1/2 cup chopped parsley
1 teaspoon dried thyme
pinch nutmeg
2 teaspoons grated onion
2 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons brandy

Beat together the butter and liverwurst until smooth. Add all other ingredients, beat again. Place in greased mould, chill a few hours or overnight. To serve, unmould on to serving plate, surround with assorted cracker biscuits or toast triangles.

CHICKEN WITH ALMOND RICE

- 2oz. strained chickens
2oz. butter
1/2 cup flour
1 pint chicken stock
1 pint cream
3 egg-yolks
1 lb. mushrooms
3-4 tablespoons sherry
2oz. pimento or red pepper
salt, pepper, paprika
1 lb. long-grain rice, cooked
toasted slivered almonds
chopped parsley

Remove skin and bones from chickens, cut meat into bite-size pieces. Melt butter, add flour, and cook gently until pale golden brown. Remove from heat, add chicken stock slowly. Return to heat, cook, stirring until thickened. Mix cream and egg-yolks together, add to sauce. Reheat gently, stirring, but do not allow to boil. Add finely chopped pimento and the mushrooms, which have been sliced and sautéed in a little butter. Add chicken, sherry, and seasonings, reheat gently.

Mix into the hot fluffy rice the toasted slivered almonds and chopped parsley. Serve with the chicken.

Serves 8 to 10.

EGG AND BACON TARTLETS

- 8oz. shortcrust pastry
1 medium onion
2 rashers bacon
1oz. grated cheese
pinch mixed herbs
2 eggs
1/2 pint milk
1 teaspoon salt
pepper

Roll out pastry to 1/2 in. thickness. Cut out rounds with 2 1/2 in. cutter, line tartlet tins. Grate onion and cheese, chop bacon, beat eggs and milk together. Combine all ingredients, add mixed herbs and seasoning. Spoon into tartlet tins. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes, or until lightly browned.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

Household hints from readers

● These useful hints sent in by readers will save mothers and housewives time and money. Each hint wins a \$2 prize.

MAKE a child's play apron of towelling material and line it with plastic. No matter how wet the apron gets, the child's clothes will stay dry.—Mrs. A. Britton, 29 Hope St., Dickson, A.C.T. 2602.

★ ★ ★
Restore yellowed white lace to its original color by first soaking it in tepid water, then putting into cold soapy water containing a teaspoonful of dissolved borax and gently simmering it; rinse thoroughly afterward.—Mrs. C. J. Tasker, c/o Sheralee Caravan Park, Bryant Street, Rockdale, N.S.W. 2216.

★ ★ ★
Keep the empty rolls from waxed paper and foil, slip your sharp knives into them, and keep them in a separate drawer. You will know where the knives are, and there will be no likelihood of cut fingers caused by searching through a drawer.—Mrs. M. Moffatt, c/o Mrs. Houghan, Sunderland North, W.A. 6208.

★ ★ ★
To hold plants such as sweetpeas and dahlias against supporting stakes, slip rubber

bands cut from old preserving jar rubbers over plant and stick. These will hold the plant firmly in strong winds and can be used time and time again.—Mrs. B. Ferris, P.O., Glen Aplin, Qld. 4381.

★ ★ ★
Use a tie-bar clip to fasten sunglasses to the interior sunshade of the car. They will be always available when you need them most.—Mrs. B. Anderson, 24 John Street, Moe, Vic. 3825.

★ ★ ★
A folding card table can be set up quickly to make a screen for a home movie projector. Open two of the table legs and set the table on top of another table in a vertical position so the two open legs will be horizontal braces. If the card table has a dark top, cover with a sheet or white paper.—Mrs. I. Raymond, 373 Kensington Road, Kensington Gardens, S.A. 5068.

★ ★ ★
When making little girls' dresses, sew a good-sized piece of the material into one of the seams. If the dress

should tear you will have a patch in exactly the same shade, because it will have been washed as often as the garment.—Mrs. J. Ivory, Box 575, P.O., Orange, N.S.W. 2800.

★ ★ ★
Prevent peg marks when washing children's stuffed toys, such as dolls, by tying an old stocking round the doll's arm or leg and pegging the stocking to the line.—Miss C. Slusarski, 10 Graeme Avenue, Ringwood, Vic. 3134.

★ ★ ★
An old nylon stocking pulled over a sunshade or umbrella when not in use will keep it always neat and free from dust.—Mrs. F. J. McCudden, 5 Wyangan Ave., Griffith, N.S.W. 2683.

★ ★ ★
When lemons are plentiful, squeeze juice into ice-cube trays and freeze, remove and store in plastic bags in the freezer. Each cube, in use, will represent the juice of a small lemon.—Mrs. D. A. Spicer, Dagun, via Gympie, Qld. 4570.

RUM TRUFFLES

- 9oz. cake crumbs (approx. 3 cups)
3 tablespoons cocoa
2-3 teaspoons rum
2 tablespoons water
3 tablespoons jam (sieved plum or apricot)
extra jam
chocolate sprinkles

Mix together cake crumbs, cocoa, 3 tablespoons jam, and rum until stiff paste is formed. Make into 26 balls. Warm 2 tablespoons jam with water. Dip the balls in jam, coat with chocolate sprinkles. Place in paper cake cases.

Makes 26.

RUM-BUTTER TARTS

- 6oz. shortcrust pastry
1/2 cup currants
boiling water
1 dessertspoon butter
1 tablespoon cream
1/2 cup brown sugar
rum
1 egg-yolk
whipped cream

Make shortcrust pastry, roll out to 1/2 in. thickness; cut out 18 rounds, using 2 1/2 in. cutter. Line patty tins. Cover currants with boiling water, leave until plump; drain. Melt butter, stir in the cream, sugar, and rum to taste. Mix in currants and beaten egg-yolk. Spoon into pastry cases, filling about 3/4 full. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, decorate with whipped cream.

Makes 1 1/2 dozen.

PARTY PUNCH

- 4 oranges
4 apples
4 bananas
1 large can pineapple pieces
1 cup sugar
1 bottle each lemon and orange cordial
1 bottle gin
8 bottles lemonade
6 bottles soda water
3 bottles ginger ale
crushed ice
1 box strawberries
4 passionfruit

Peel and chop oranges, bananas, apples; cut passionfruit in half and remove pulp. Combine in large basin with pineapple pieces, juice from can, and sugar; allow to stand. Mix together the lemon and orange cordials, gin, and two bottles lemonade. When ready to serve, mix in ginger ale, soda water, and remaining lemonade. Mix in ice, fruit mixture, and strawberries.

Makes approximately 20 pints.

GOLDEN HAM PUFFS

- 12oz. packet puff pastry
4oz. minced or finely chopped ham
beaten egg
bottled horseradish sauce
2oz. finely grated cheese

Roll out pastry thinly to oblong approximately 10 in. x 14 in. Mix minced ham with horseradish sauce to taste. Spread over one half of pastry, dampen edges, fold other half of pastry over filling. Seal edges, trim neatly. Brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with grated cheese. Cut into strips 1 in. x 2 1/2 in. Place strips on baking tray, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

SPICY FRUIT PUNCH

- 1 1/2 pints canned or fresh orange juice
1/2 pint canned pineapple juice
juice and rind 1 lemon
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon ground allspice
6 cloves
1 pint water
2 large bottles ginger ale

Mix together the fruit juices, lemon rind, and spices in large jug. Put sugar in the water, heat gently to dissolve; cool slightly, add to other ingredients. Chill and strain; add the chilled ginger ale before serving.

Makes approximately 5 1/2 pints.

QUICK SAUSAGE ROLLS

- 1 lb. skinless sausages
1 loaf sliced bread (about 13 slices)
2-3oz. butter
1 teaspoon mustard
melted butter

Grill sausages lightly. Mix butter with mustard. Butter bread, remove crusts. Roll one sausage in each slice of bread, cut in half. Put on baking tray, brush top of each roll with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes, or until crisp and golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce, garnish with parsley.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

PAVLOVA

- 2 egg-whites
1 1/2 cups castor sugar
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon cornflour
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons boiling water

Place all ingredients in basin, beat until mixture is of meringue consistency. Spread on lightly greased heatproof plate. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, then reduce heat to slow, and bake further 30 minutes. Allow to cool in oven.

Fill with fruit, top with whipped cream or ice-cream.



She learned this from her mother.

Stop and think. How many things about beauty and good grooming and behaviour and clothes has your mother taught you?

And as you come into your teens, she's the person to go to for another piece of information: the whys and wherefores of internal sanitary protection.

Chances are she has used Tampax tampons herself. For more than twenty-five years this brand has been the trusted name in its field. Tampax tampons are made of pure surgical cotton, chainstitched for safety, and protected by a silken-smooth applicator. It gives you freedom of action, freedom from chafing, irritation and odour, freedom to wear what you want, do what you wish.

But the Tampax tampon would not be the choice of so many teenagers today if it weren't for its prior acceptance by mothers. Thank you, mother!

TAMPAX
Tampons

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

DON'T BE MRS. MONOTONY

Do your glasses make you always look the same?

Pity, because you're only showing one facet of your personality. Fortunately, there's a second you. You'll look different... feel different.

Martin Wells have a distinctive range of fashion eyewear for every mood... every occasion.

Consult your optometrist or optical dispenser.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.



● Regency jug and French coffee set.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

CAN you give me some information about two articles (pictures at left) and sketches enclosed? The beer jug was brought from England to New Zealand in 1883. The jug measures about 5½ in. by 4½ in. overall. A fox, dogs, and the huntsmen all chase one another around the jug. The coffee set was bought as an antique at the turn of the century and has been handed down to us. It has no markings. The tray, belonging to the set, measures about 15 in. by 13 in.,

broadly oval, its area is only just sufficient for the articles on it.—Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Pritchard, Auckland, N.Z.

The rare Regency period pottery jug, with a hunting scene in relief, is a typical example of Fulham pottery. Similar examples were made in Staffordshire throughout the nineteenth century. The silver mounted rim bears the London hallmarks which include the head of George III as a duty mark; the maker's initial L.R. and the date letter mark represented by a capital R. for the year 1812-13 when the jug was made.

The coffee set was made about 1890. Without personal inspection I can only conjecture that it is of French origin and that it was made at the Limoges pottery. However, similar sets were made at various other Continental potteries.

I WOULD be pleased if you could give me some information about my vases (below). They are both marked on the bottom with the number 1007. I enclose a sketch of the other marking on them.—Mrs. Q. E. Gregory, Mildura, Vic.

The pair of gourd-shaped vases in pale turquoise were made about 1875 to 1885. The mark illustrated does not appear to be recorded. They are similar to



● 19th-century vases.

some Doulton wares made during the 1880s, but usually the Doulton pieces bear an impressed factory mark.

FIRSTLY I would like to thank you for your articles. As a result of reading them I became curious enough about a few of my own possessions to borrow "The Old Silver Book" from the local library. I was surprised and delighted to find I had some pieces of late 18th- and early 19th-century cutlery. The knowledge I now have of them has made them interesting even if they are of little value.

My query is about a silver-covered scent bottle which has a London hallmark. There is no Sovereign's head and the year is indicated by a small printed "E" which could mean 1783. The silver cover is actually a cylinder into which the bottle fits quite firmly, and as the stopper is cupped with silver only the neck of the bottle is exposed. The flask is thick, which I suppose is why it has endured all these years, but it makes me wonder if the bottle is sturdy because it doesn't show or if it was covered with silver because the English were unable to make glass of the quality of that made on the Continent.—Miss L. A. Wilson, Somerville, Vic.

Your scent bottle is Edwardian. English glass scent bottles mounted in silver were made in prolific numbers at the close of the nineteenth century and during the first decade of this century. Undoubtedly your example was made in 1903. The London date letter is indicated by a small "E".

The young adventures of



Pure New Wool

Part 4. The Wrap-up. When it's really cold, nothing beats the natural warmth of Pure New Wool. Because wool insulates against the cold...keeps warmth in, cold out. It's a wonderful, colourful way to keep warm this cold, cold winter. Pure New Wool.

Wool Award Winners. Left: Casual pants suit with cosy ear-warming cap, by Bamby, 1 to 5 yrs., around \$18. Centre (and inset): Swinging tartan cape and little matching cap, by Bamby, 8 to 10 yrs., around \$19. Right: Classic tweed coat by Little Star, for 4-yr.-old, around \$16. Available at better stores everywhere. (Prices are approximate.)



PURE NEW WOOL

HOME DELIVERY

MY first baby arrived with all the usual preamble of timing labor pains, and was it or wasn't it the real thing, thus giving Father time to get into a stew and pace the floor.

The second arrived inconveniently soon after I reached the hospital. I'd probably have made the labor ward on my own feet if Murray, my husband, hadn't insisted on turning back for his wallet when we were halfway there.

Perhaps he thought she was arriving POD, and they might send her back if he couldn't show them the right money.

The third very nearly arrived as they trolleyed me into the lift. I remember gasping out to all the other passengers, between floors and contractions: "Imagine Sister telling us to have a cup of tea and wait half an hour!"

The most precious thing in your home



Your new baby, and he has to be cared for as never before with a

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— actually controls feeding — prevents colic.

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YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

PERIOD PAIN PAIN PAIN
quickly, effectively relieved with

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HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell **Vaculoid**.

VACULOID

So, when I was nearing the end of my fourth pregnancy, the doctor warned that this one would come like a rocket. We began to live in a "ready-set-go!" sort of an atmosphere, the packed suitcase near the front door.

Each morning I would casually ask Murray where he'd be on the orchard, then promptly forget his reply. Past experience told me it would have no bearing on his actual whereabouts should he be needed in a hurry.

Each evening, if he were going to a meeting, I would just as casually ask where the fruit growers or fieldnut farmers or whatever were meeting this time, and did the Whacky West Hall have the phone on, by any chance?

My sister-in-law rang each day before venturing out, to say she was going to have morning tea with so and so, then a hairset, then lunch at her sister's, giving me the telephone numbers for each.

One family about half a mile along the route between our orchard and the hospital decided that that was as far as I'd get this time. They promised to have plenty of help on hand.

Quite unheralded, the night finally arrived. I woke at 3 a.m. with a faint twinge, and went back to sleep. Same thing happened at 3.05, and 3.10 a.m. I forced myself to get out of bed so I wouldn't go back to sleep and leave things too late.

Must put out the children's clean clothes for school, and write out lunch orders, I thought.

I paused at the foot of the eldest's bed, a pair of grey shorts in one hand, ready for the next twinge. It was no mild twinge. I tossed down the shorts. Let them wear anything.

"Sooner than you think!"

I decided to call Murray. I tried to strike a low note of urgency to wake him, but not the children.

At the fifth call the note of urgency was there, all right, and so was a note of panic. And bother the children.

Murray lumbered out, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, gasping, "Is this it?" and stuffing his wallet into his pyjama coat pocket.

"This is it," I replied, through clenched teeth, "and sooner than you think."

Murray had never wanted to be at the birth of our children, which disappointed me, although I had tried not to show it.

But now it was becoming

When baby No. 4 decided to arrive with practically no warning, in dead of night, before her mother could even get to the front door, there was some confusion — but very little, considering. Father was worried about a damaged irrigation pipe in the orchard, but, faced with his newborn daughter, he couldn't see to that until the doctor arrived. Mother just relaxed and let everyone else rush about, for a change. A Victorian reader relates the story. It happened to her.

evident that he was going to have no choice this time, unless he was callous enough to race outside and hide his face in the lemon trees.

He lifted me on to the daybed. Reaching for the telephone, he dialled the surgery number, and gasped out, "It's coming. I can see the top of its head!"

I let out a few heart-rending groans. Murray hung up just in time to assist in the final part of the delivery.

As our second little daughter slid out on to the daybed, nine months of depression, discomfort, and nausea melted away and I entered a trance-like state of satisfaction and joy.

"What should I do?" my anxious husband asked, dancing from foot to foot.

"Do?" With an effort I faced reality. "Pick her up by the feet, I think. No, it doesn't matter, she's crying beautifully."

For the next 15 minutes I lay still, feeling relaxed

By SUE COUPER

and clever while Murray fretted: "What if the doctor doesn't come? What if he's gone back to sleep? What if he's forgotten where we live?"

He added: "I wish he'd hurry. I think an irrigation pipe's blown off in the orchard and all the water'll be going to waste. I wish I could get out to turn it off."

At this I roused myself a little out of my trance-like state. "No you don't," I said, firmly. "Not until the doctor arrives."

At last the welcome yellow headlights came glowing down the lane. The doctor rushed in, not put out in the slightest by our predicament.

Meanwhile, Murray rushed about doing nothing very much while the doctor summed up the situation.

"Can't see very well," he said, squinting at me and the baby. "Got a torch?"

Murray heaved a sigh of relief when he was able to put his hand on the torch first try, but I knew by the way it leapt up into the air in his hand that it was lighter than it should have been. It had been a mistake to buy the boys a train set that used the same sized battery.

"Never mind," the doctor said. "My eyes are getting used to the gloom. Any cottonwool?"

My husband sprang into the bathroom, glad to be of use. I could hear an hour's work being undone at the bathroom cupboard.

"The kids have used it all for toy smoke and Father Christmas beards," I called out weakly. "Would a washer be any good?"

"Quite. Have you got a large basin?"

"Heck! It's full of frogs besides Jame's bed!"

Baby wrapped in a tartan bath towel

"Well, a mixing-bowl, then." Fortunately, the doctor has four kids of his own. A large mixing-bowl it was.

"Now towels." Towels, towels, and more towels. When I saw the carefully ironed visitors' towels being pulled out I knew we had just about exhausted the supply. I'm glad I won't be here to wash them, I thought.

Eventually, I was respectable, and the baby was all alone in the double bed, wrapped in a tartan bath-towel, a far-off wedding present from far-off Scotland.

Then, as though they belonged in another world, I remembered my three other children. By some miracle, they looked like all sleeping right through the night for the first time in their lives — no wet beds, no trips to the bathroom, no frightening dreams.

"I'd like to kiss the little darlings goodbye," I thought, out loud. It's amazing how wonderful they seem when you're about to leave them for ten days.

So, while the doctor showed the three sleepy-heads the new arrival and then dragged them away to kiss their mother goodbye, Murray rushed out to turn off the irrigation water so he could concentrate on running the house until the housekeeper arrived at 9 a.m.

Then, between them, these two usually such capable men managed to ring the ambulance with only one wrong number, and thus only one unfortunate man out of bed.

And do you know what all the boiling water expectant fathers traditionally make is used for? It's to make a cup of tea for the new mother, the doctor, and himself while they are waiting for the ambulance!



An exclusive accessory for the fashion-conscious woman. A lustrous cultured pearl set in delicate, filigree sterling silver. This exquisite brooch has been designed and hand-made by craftsmen for the unique collection of Originals by Simpson. \$17-70 at jewellers and leading department stores.

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Buy the most expensive nail hardener at the least expensive price.

Now you can discover Swiss Mavala, the superior nail hardener that nourishes your nails to a new super strength. New 59-cent Discovery Pack (2 months' supply) at chemists and department stores. Mavala prevents splitting, cracking and breaking, helps you grow long and beautiful nails.



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WOMEN OFTEN NEED KIDNEY HELP

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the Kidneys and Bladder may cause frequent burning, itching, urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CYSTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's



CONTINENTAL SLICES WIN \$10 PRIZE

● An unusual recipe for Continental slices with a rum-walnut filling wins this week's prize of \$10 in our regular recipe contest.

RUM SLICES (Picture at left)

PASTRY

2½ cups plain flour
4oz. ground walnuts
½ cup castor sugar
pinch salt
grated rind ½ lemon
7oz. unsalted butter
¼ teaspoons cinnamon

FILLING

8oz. ground walnuts
1 cup castor sugar
3 dessertspoons cream
2 dessertspoons rum
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon into basin, rub in butter. Add sugar, lemon rind, and ground walnuts, knead together on lightly

floured board to a smooth dough. Divide mixture into two. Roll each piece between two sheets of greaseproof paper to 10 x 8in. size. Place each piece on greased oven slide. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes or until golden brown. Cut one piece into neat 2in. squares while still warm; cool.

Filling: Mix all ingredients together well. Spread filling over whole piece of pastry. Cover with squares of pastry, cut through to make slices. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

Makes 20.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. N. Foder, 5 Hansen Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W. 2206.

POTATO ONION CREAM

1lb. potatoes
3 onions
2oz. butter or substitute
2 eggs
1 cup milk
salt, pepper
pinch nutmeg
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs

Wash, peel, and slice potatoes, boil until partly cooked. Peel and slice onions, saute in melted butter until soft; do not brown. Beat together eggs, milk, and nutmeg. Grease shallow casserole, fill with layers of sliced potatoes and onion, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Carefully pour over milk mixture, sprinkle cheese and breadcrumbs on top. Bake, uncovered, in moderately slow oven until golden brown and set (approximately 40 minutes).

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Hicks, Box 575, P.O., Orange, N.S.W. 2800.

CARAMEL NUT CAKE

2oz. butter or substitute
½ cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons milk
1 egg
1 cup self-raising flour
vanilla

TOPPING

½ cup brown sugar
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 tablespoon melted butter
1½ tablespoons plain flour
1 dessertspoon cinnamon

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk and vanilla. Place mixture into a greased 7in. cake tin. Mix all topping ingredients together, spread evenly over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss H. Brown, 12 Thirra St., New Town, Tas. 7008

SULTANA BISCUITS

4oz. butter or substitute
1½ cups self-raising flour
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon peanut butter
1 cup sultanas
1 egg
1 cup crisp rice cereal

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter and peanut butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Stir in brown sugar and sultanas, mix together with beaten egg.

Form mixture into small balls, roll in the crisp rice cereal until well coated. Place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until golden brown.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. Margaret Newell, 37 Courtman St., West Kempsey, N.S.W. 2480.



Deep Secret

When hair looks this beautiful who would ever know there was grey there last week? One shampoo with Decoré Oil Colour Shampoo Rinse and grey goes, hair takes on a new and younger depth of colour. Decoré is the biggest-selling permanent hair colourant in Australia—and yet no one ever talks about it! Neither will you. You'll be so pleased at the natural look, why would you tell anyone you owe it all to Decoré? Choose your natural colour or go dramatically darker—or brighter. There's a colour that is right for you, and Decoré Oil Colour contains lanolin to keep hair healthy, lustrous. If you are unsure which Decoré colour suits you best, clip a lock of hair and send it to the Decoré Advisory Bureau, Carlton Arcade, 55-63 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, Phone 28-8502.

DECORÉ OIL COLOUR SHAMPOO RINSE



What a clever way to keep them guessing.

Hints to keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests

Intensive scientific research into the most powerful insect killing substance known that is lethal to insects yet perfectly harmless to humans and pets, has led to the development of a powerful new insecticide which is completely safe to spray anywhere in the home, even near food in places where food is stored or in the presence of children and pets.



The danger of disease carried by flies cannot be stressed enough, especially to mothers of young children. To protect children and food from disease carrying flies spray with safe Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. Pea-Beu is guaranteed safe to spray near children and food because Pea-Beu does not contain any of the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons which can irritate and cause damage to delicate nasal tissues or the lungs. It is pleasantly perfumed and is recommended in the nursery or kiddie's bedroom.



As mosquitoes prefer shadows and darkened areas, always spray towards pelmets, curtains and the shadow sides of furniture and into dark corners. The wide umbrella-spreading fine action of Pea-Beu penetrates to all corners ensuring the quick elimination of all mosquitoes and other insects which are present.

* * *

Powerful Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide should be sprayed regularly into dog blankets and kennels to kill off all harbouring fleas. Pea-Beu can be used in the presence of pets safely. Pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is now available from chemists and leading stores.

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● Has it ever occurred to you that one of the results of computers taking over so much of the world's work is going to be... more dogs?

It hasn't? Well, that's what dog-breeders are predicting. Bad luck for dog-haters, but breeders are expecting a positive boom as computer use spreads.

More computers will mean more leisure for people, more leisure for people will mean greater absorption in hobbies, more time for hobbies will mean a demand for more dogs — and cats and rabbits and white mice and cage-birds and goldfish — and anything else that can reasonably be kept as a pet.

I don't know what the official figures are, but as a nation we must be pretty high on the list as pet-devotees. In harder times, when we were less affluent as a society, those households that had pets usually had a dog that was called "he" and a cat that was called "she," and one was supposed to keep down burglars and the other to keep down mice. They lived on scraps, and were firmly put out at night.

Now catering to their needs is an industry in itself — canned foods and dried foods, vitamin and mineral supplements, electric blankets, beauty parlors, jewellery, toys, collars, leads.

To many people — those who think animals are all right in their place but that their place isn't inside the house in the bosom of the family — this is a scandalous situation, a blot on our civilisation, and a further proof of our inhumanity.

"How can you," they say to some doting cat-lover, "keep that creature in luxury while there are children starving in other parts of the world?" Put like that, it's a daunting argument, and a horrifying one. I wonder if it's fair?

Generally speaking, people who like pets are people who put a high price on life, who have a tenderness for all living things. If you quote me the exceptions—the ones who use cats and native animals to "blood" dogs, who sell sickly and deformed stock, and so on—I can only say they are dollar-lovers, and outside the scope of this argument.

Dog-training clubs have sprung up everywhere

NO pet-lover would feel too happy about putting down that saucer of milk if there were a hungry Indian child standing by. Nor, I suspect, would the how-can-you-keep-that-creature-in-luxury person much relish his own loaded plate in the same situation.

Where our humanity and our civilisation has failed is in the fact that we can't move food about the world to get it where it's most needed.

At times we have to dump wheat and fruit, and there's no really effective way of getting Tom's daily six ounces of meat into a foreign child's stomach.

The money spent on pets is, in a sense, mad money — a little surplus earmarked to be spent on pleasure. It's purely a matter of individual choice whether you put it in a pet's stomach, on a horse, on your own back, or in a poker machine.

Along with the boom in pets and pet products, there's a tremendous increase of interest in Australia now in dog training. I've been watching a bit of it lately, and it

has lost its grim and disciplinary sound now I've seen it in action.

Dogs are nuts, anyway. They like learning, they long to do what you want them to do (unlike cats, which are immovably sane at all times and don't give a hoot about what you want).

I don't know how it all started — I suppose with specialists and breeders and show exhibitors — but it has spread way beyond that now to all sorts of dog-lovers who know that one's own untrained dog is a nuisance and anyone else's an abomination.

There are literally dozens of dog-training clubs which operate on Saturdays and Sundays all over the country. Sydney has a midweek club and for all I know midweek clubs may be operating in other States as well.

Whoever owns the dog, it's always Mum's responsibility

THIS seems to be a splendid idea, because it gives the mums a go. In most households where there's a dog that everyone loves and no one trains, the mums do most of the coping.

They have to keep it off the roads, put up with its hysterical barking at the doorbell, stop it chewing the family's treasured possessions, face the gasman when he complains that it has taken the seat out of his pants.

No matter whose name appears on the council registration form, the family dog is largely Mum's dog and Mum's responsibility, but the weekends are so full of sports fixtures and family outings that she can't do much about it.

Weekday clubs, which operate when the children are safely at school and she can organise so as to get a couple of hours in the open air to herself, are the obvious solution.

Anyone can teach a dog to do all sorts of useful things at home where there are no distractions — to sit, to lie down, to stay in one place until told to move.

But the only way to get a dog to behave decently in public is to train it in public, where it learns to ignore distractions, instead of turning a deaf ear to you whenever there's anything interesting going on.

What's fascinating in watching these classes is to see how quickly dog and owner, at opposite ends of the same lead, reach a new understanding with each other.

Beginners' classes are full of uncertain handlers and stone-deaf dogs who are so interested in what other dogs are doing that they don't hear a word their owners speak. Look again a fortnight later and the penny's dropped — at both ends of the lead.

It is wonderful to see the rapport between dogs and owners in the advanced classes. The dogs' pleasure in what they're doing is obvious, and they take not the faintest notice of anything or anyone else.

I like the sideline scenes as well — the picnic lunches, the playing children, the babies in playpens. Some of the mothers are planning to chip in for a babysitter to watch the littles while classes are going on.

I think they'll have an employment problem. Most babysitters, after a couple of weeks of watching, will be tempted to ditch the job, buy a dog, and join the fun.



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FIRST SIGHT

by Roberta Yates

Terry was literally swept off her feet when she met the fascinating visitor



TERRY BARNES was a romantic. She believed in love at first sight, and although she was a little tired of looking by the time she was 22 and had not yet heard the bells that first sight would start ringing, she still believed. Meanwhile, being otherwise a practical girl, she went out with other men, including Jim Kenney, the boy next door. As everyone knows, the boy next door doesn't even ring the doorbell. He walks in.

Terry had known Jim since grade school. At that time, being two years older, he had pulled her hair. Later, he condescended to take her to a high-school barbecue party.

Now, while Terry worked in a bank and he was learning to be an engineer, they usually went to the movies or to a dance once a week. Lately, Jim had worried her. He had tried to kiss her several times and he had even said: "I believe I'm falling in love with you."

Terry had laughed it off. She hoped he wouldn't ruin a perfectly good friendship, because it was pleasant to have an escort while she waited for Mr. "First Sight."

If she weren't so selfish, she'd try to interest Jim in Sally Hamlin, who was obviously in love with him. But Sally was so dull. Terry wondered what could be done about her. Sally had been through three different hair tints and six make-up changes and she remained dull.

"I can't see why Jim puts up with you. You treat him like an old shoe," Sally said disgustedly.

"He's yours for the grabbing."

"As though you'd really let him go."

Sally had been a little cool after that. Terry was surprised when, suddenly friendly again, she asked her to a party.

"A man I met when I visited San Francisco is here on business for a week," Sally said. "He's looking for a playmate and I'm sure you'll like him."

This wasn't like Sally, who was more likely to reserve a man for herself. He must be a washout. Then Terry went to the party, and she remembered hearing Sally say: "This is Dave Travers." That was about all she did remember, because the bells were ringing. It was love at first sight as she had always known it would be. He seemed to recognise it, too. He held her close as they danced.

"Imagine coming all the way to Indiana to find you," he said. "I'd have made it sooner if I'd known you existed. Tell me your program for the next week, because I intend to be part of it."

"You can write the program," Terry said.

So began an enchanted week. It made no difference to Terry whether they went to a nightclub or for a drive or simply sat at home in her own living-room. Every minute was breathtaking joy. It made no difference what Dave talked about, his job as a machine salesman or the view from San Francisco's Top of the Mark. Every word was of breathless interest. Every line of his face was etched on her heart. He was, she knew, good looking in a tall, lean way, but that wasn't really important. What was vital was the touch of his hand.

She knew, with surety, that before he returned to San Francisco he would tell her he loved her. No man, of his own choice, would spend every spare minute with a girl for whom he didn't care. She wondered what it would be like to live in San Francisco, and that didn't matter, either. With Dave, she would have gone cheerfully to Outer Mongolia.

These days there was a glow about her. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks glowed.

"You're in love," her mother said.

Terry laughed and didn't deny it.

"Dear, you've known him such a short time and you really know nothing about him."

"I know all I need to know," Terry said, and she thought she did.

So they came to the last evening. Once or twice she had wondered why he put off telling her. Certainly he loved her. That was evident in his eyes. He chose a quiet restaurant for their last dinner, but, of course,

it would not be the last. It would only be a temporary separation while he went back to his job and Terry prepared to go to San Francisco. She decided they would be married there quietly. She did not want the delay of an elaborate home wedding.

It was over the coffee that he said: "You're wonderful. I'll always remember you."

There was something strangely final in his tone, or did she imagine it? Her hand trembled as she set down her coffee cup.

"Why not tell your office you'll be a few days late?" she asked lightly.

He laughed. "My office might believe it, but not my wife."

Surely she had misunderstood.

"Your wife," she repeated blankly.

She did not know it, but her face was white and her lips trembled.

"But surely Sally told you," he said. "I was sure you knew. Sally is a friend of my wife's. Terry, it's been fun. Terry!"

She stood up and was groping for the coat on the back of her chair. She pushed him away as he tried to detain her.

"Terry, I never dreamed — what must you think of me?"

She was out the door. It was raining, but she trudged through it. After a time, she realised that she was heading for home. How Sally must hate her to have done this. But nothing mattered except that she had been a pitiable fool, a deluded idiot. Where her heart had been, warm and throbbing, there was now a black vacuum.

It was a long walk. She pushed the wet hair back from her face. The house was dark and she remembered that her parents had gone out and was glad. She couldn't answer questions. She stood there, clinging to a porch pillar, trying to find the key in her bag.

Jim Kenney was turning in the drive when he saw her. He stopped the car and ran up her front steps.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Terry said dully: "I can't find my key."

He looked in the handbag, found it, and opened the door. She went in and let him take off her wet coat. He pressed her into a chair near the fireplace and took off her soaking shoes, too.

"You're shivering. I'll start a fire in a minute," he said.

First he disappeared up the stairs and came back with a blanket, which he wrapped around her, and a towel, with which he rubbed down her streaming hair. Then he made the fire.

"Your father usually keeps a bottle of bourbon in that desk." The liquor choked her but relaxed the quivering tenseness. Jim knelt in front of her and held her hands in his.

"I don't know who or what hurt you, Terry," he said, "but remember this. You're too fine a person to be hurt, my very dear."

She looked at him and it was as though she saw him for the first time. She saw how kind his dark eyes were. He was someone a girl could trust for ever. It would take a while for the hurt to go away, but when it did she'd be thinking of this first sight of the boy next door. Was it possible to really see someone you'd known so long for the first time and to love him?

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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 10

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, silver.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ You're in your swinging cycle, but the zodiac doesn't co-operate much. There's a lot of muddle and unreliability that will last until the 21st. Best part is 15th-17th, so blast off. Cupid speaks often with a forked tongue, and a friend could be trying to steal your beau.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ An aura of deception and false glamor surrounds all to do with marriage matters 10th-11th. It's a bad time to form a new partnership or change career. Someone could be trying to tarnish your public image as well. The 15th-17th is a time for repairing any damage done, but no important letters, 1 p.m.-2 p.m., 16th.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, brown, red.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ You'll find chaos and double-talk increasing throughout this wide, wonderful world—and you'll also be caught up in intrigue and misunderstanding 10th-11th. Care travelling and be more than usually sceptical. However, 15th-17th is mainly favorable for home, job, and work conditions generally.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ Beware of the alluring blandishments of the love goddess and use that thrifty streak of yours to keep the purse zipped. Refuse the boyfriend a loan and treat all your dealings with the opposite sex with suspicious circumspection. The 15th-17th fine for the new, dividend-rich project, except p.m. of the 16th.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, black, grey.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ On 10th, 11th your personal life comes under nebulous and muddling influences and, if wed, your marriage is liable to the same smog. The zodiac repents, and 15th-17th should see a happy breakthrough and a fortunate move. It's also fine for speculation and to start a tropical cruise.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Virgoans usually have minds like filing systems and excel in clear, detailed analysis, but 10th-11th could fuddle judgment and blur outlines. Be careful travelling and in what you write or say. The 15th-17th is fortunate—perhaps good news through the post or a friend does you a marvellous favor.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Contemplating buying that dream allotment or home alterations? Or getting the house repainted? Well, hold horses until 15th-17th. The 10th-11th is confusing and treacherous and you could lose money. A big boost to career, ambitions, or status is seen and wonderful news about a loved one.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ You, especially if born at sign's end, will be subject to the muddle and mix-up of the 10th-11th. It's a bad time to begin anything or turn to a fresh chapter of your life. Conditions change 15th-17th. It's fine for new ventures and to try your lottery luck.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pink, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ You should come out of it best this week even though there's a lot of smog and smudge around. The 10th-11th could make you miss the bull's-eye. Be careful what you write or say—a lot of people can't take forthrightness. The 15th-17th is out of this world, romance-wise, but there could be a lover's spat, 16th.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ You might have to look out for a spot of family misunderstanding, 10th-11th. All to do with home and family is encompassed with confusion. A friend, too, could turn out to be unreliable. The 15th-17th compensates. It's wonderful for marital matters and partnership. A friend assists handsomely.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ If you're thinking of starting something new or of enhancing status and pushing career, don't begin 10th-11th. The 16th-17th is the ideal time. Besides, it favors the working woman. A short but fruitful trip is indicated, 15th. You might get the blues p.m., 16th, for a while. Care travelling.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ It's been said of Pisceans that they can be the vaguest people of the zodiac. If so, they'll have to be on the alert 10th-11th because confusion dominates. However, 15th-17th is splendid for finance and lottery. There could be a windfall for some, a legacy for others.

The Ledge

By LEONIE J. WALTHER

To jump across the chasm was only a game to the boys but a frightening challenge to Susie



WHEN I was twelve, Father took a summer-house at Powder Bay. It was a white bungalow built on the north headland, with a view over the ocean and the beach to the south. To the east, a smooth, green lawn ran down for twenty feet, ending suddenly in a sheer drop, a cliff falling nearly two hundred feet to the rocks below.

The cliff was pitted with holes where gulls nested, and stained by the constant dripping of an underground stream that ran under the bungalow. To the south, a steep path led down to the beach. It wound its way among heaps of rubble and fallen rock that had fallen from the cliff, coming out on the flat, grey sand.

There were five of us—Father, Mother, and the two boys, Michael and Tony. I was the only girl, and the youngest, and painfully aware of it.

When the boys explored among the tumbled rocks, I went, too, pretending I was every bit as good as they. I pretended I could climb as well, and shout as loudly, but I never climbed too high or ventured far from the twisting path.

The path, once every turn and double-back had become familiar, no longer held the boys' interest. Tiny rabbit tracks were discovered, hiding between the short tufts of beach grass, and overgrown ways that Father said had been made by birds-nesters.

Michael and Tony explored each of these in turn, hiding behind a pile of rocks or a dry, salty bush to spring out at me as I plodded laboriously in their wake.

These tiny tracks and the cliff itself were the boys' territory. They would stalk and trail each other among the stiff, twisted bushes, and wait in ambush among the great, fallen boulders. I would creep along the track, knowing my brothers had gone this way just a short time before, and everything would be quiet but for the far-off wash of waves against the cliff base and my own heavy, nervous breathing.

Then, without warning, the bushes and rocks would spring to life as my brothers leaped out at me, capering around like chieftains, brandishing sticks and fronds of papyrus. I would scream and run like a hounded fox, and they would leap after me, yelling war-cries, until I reached the safety of the bungalow.

It was Tony who found the new trail. It began to the north of the house and wound cunningly among the boulders and beach grass, littered with rabbit droppings and the footprints of rabbits. Suddenly the ground would slip away below and we would be standing on a bare, black rock.

Behind us, the path ran back toward the bungalow, innocent and sandy. To our right and left were huge, black slabs of rock which had, ages ago, slid from the towering, wounded cliff face. There was a space of perhaps six feet between the two slabs, and their lower corners rested five feet opposite, on the split half of the rock on which we stood.

Between the two halves was a black chasm, perhaps four feet wide, that had separated and tilted the lower half so that it was nearly six feet lower than where we stood.

It became the boys' favorite sport to jump from the black rock, across the chasm, to the other side, and continue to follow the path around the cliff. But I would never jump. I would sit on the edge, my brown legs dangling and kicking the stone—thump, thump, thump—and although I would tense myself to let go of the solid rock and fly into space, I could never bring myself to do it.

Michael would stand on the rock below me and look up, shouting:

"Scaredy cat, scaredy cat, sitting on a lump of fat."

And I would say: "I will jump. I will. Wait and see if I don't, someday."

Everyday we would go to the trail and the ledge. Michael would go first, launching himself fearlessly into space. In an unbelievably short time he would have landed, stood up, dusted himself off, and be making room for Tony on the narrow shelf. Tony would go then, landing on all fours, looking up cheekily:

"Come on, scaredy cat."

And I would hover on the edge, undecided, wavering before declaring:

"No, not this time; not now."

One day, when the boys had gone to the dentist's town, and I was left by myself for the afternoon, I found myself standing on the black rock, looking down at the abyss. I sat down on the warm ledge and watched the cold slit in the rock, where dark shadows courted spiders' webs and empty space.

It was not so wide, surely I could jump that. But it was different, that distance on firm land and with a black drop falling away below.

I sat all afternoon, arguing, debating, for and against. It was getting late when the car doors slammed up above, back at the far-off bungalow. There were shouts from Michael, and running feet, and I knew they were coming down to the ledge, to where I sat swinging my legs and arguing within myself.

Their feet were scrambling, sliding on the loose rocks at the start of the track, and then thumping hollowly along the sand, with seconds of silence as they jumped over rabbit droppings and tufts of beach grass.

I stood up and balanced on the edge of the rock, judging the distance. I heard the boys stop at the edge of the track, panting, but I didn't turn round.

"Susie . . ."

"Shhh," said Michael fiercely. "Leave her."

I swayed a little, looking from the ledge opposite to the dark drop, and back to the ledge. Then I took a deep breath and jumped.

I landed with a jolt, rolled once, and came up half against the left-hand black slab. By the time the boys had crossed the rock and reached the edge I was on my feet, grinning up at them, shouting:

"I told you; I told you. I could do it any old time I wanted, I just had to make up my mind."

Michael and Tony stood watching me for a minute. "I'm coming over," said Michael. He leaped and landed beside me, and Tony after.

"Come on," said Michael, pulling me away from the ledge. "You've never seen this side of the track, have you?"

I guess life's pretty much like that ledge. Now that I'm older I can see that. There are lots of things to do and see, lots of places to explore; all you have to do is take the plunge.

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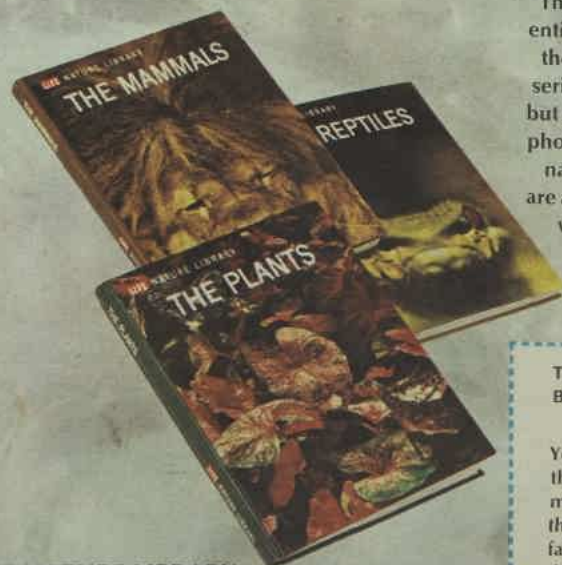
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Suddenly and tragically widowed,
Mrs. Prelude bravely carries on
in face of many nagging doubts

IN PIOUS MEMORY

BY MARGERY SHARP



AFTER some thirty years of marriage Mrs. Prelude's sole manifestation of independence was always, when travelling by plane, to sit in the tail. She and her husband flew a good deal; he was an authority on international banking, much in demand wherever his European colleagues gathered in conference, and he invariably took Mrs. Prelude along to look after him at the hotel.

He suffered from asthma. His giant intellect was housed in but an average body — indeed, rather below average. All the more startling, therefore, was the effect when on rostrum or at banquet board he suddenly rose to his feet and let his intellect loose like a lion from a mousetrap.

Mrs. Prelude never witnessed this transformation herself, she was always in the hotel bedroom sterilising his inhaling-apparatus with water boiled over a portable methylated-spirit stove; but other wives told her about it.

"Honey, you should have been there!" once cried Mrs. van Hoyt — a charming impetuous American whom Mrs. Prelude often met, so to speak, on circuit. "He just slayed even the French!"

"Arthur likes to find me waiting for him," explained Mrs. Prelude. "I guess it's a privilege in a way," said Corinna van Hoyt, "to have a man of genius so dependent on you."

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Prelude.

Besides the inhaling-apparatus and the methylated-spirit stove the Preludes' luggage regularly included two special anti-asthma pillows and

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Commencing our whimsical two-part serial



Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



a supply of special yoghurt to be deposited in the hotel refrigerator immediately upon arrival. What with Arthur's equally indispensable dinner-jacket and tails there would have been excess baggage to pay, if Mrs. Prelude put in evening-dress and wrap.

Fortunately she didn't need to; one thin silk dress (for Rome), or of light-weight wool (Stockholm) sufficed, and Arthur was very understanding when she had to buy an umbrella at The Hague.

Many another giant intellect (such as Mr. van Hoyt, whose wife always referred to him as the Prof) greatly envied Arthur Prelude. He had in fact married

recklessly early, while still a junior lecturer at the London School of Economics. His eye caught by a pale pretty student pencilling earnestly in the front row, as he left the dais Arthur glanced at the open page of her notebook; it was covered with sketches of rabbits.

Possibly he recognised at that moment a gentle, unambitious nature corollary to his own; in any case he married that pale pretty student, and even after the birth of two daughters and a son had never cause to doubt where her true allegiance lay.

All the same, whenever they travelled by plane Mrs. Prelude sat in the tail, even if Arthur

couldn't find a place beside her. She'd read somewhere that it was safer and events proved her right. When the jet taking them back from Geneva crashed into an alpine Mrs. Prelude, in the tail, was shocked and bruised, whereas of her husband there remained but the remains.

The next forty-eight hours passed to Mrs. Prelude in a sort of dream. Complete strangers were very kind; a nun — in hospital, in a nunnery? — brought her a tisane and advised prayer.

"How pretty," murmured Mrs. Prelude, "your white wings! Like the wings of a dove."

A doctor (presumably) gave her a tablet that made her sleep; then turned into a courteous, worried official of the air-line. "Madame has no one she wishes summoned?" inquired the courteous, worried official.

Mrs. Prelude distinctly recalled her daughters Elizabeth and Lydia and her son William, but couldn't for the life of her remember where they were holidaying.

"I suppose there aren't any bankers about?" she asked. "Do not for a moment trouble about money," reassured the official.

"I was thinking of the van Hoyts," explained Mrs. Prelude. "But of course they were flying on to Athens. But why should I summon anyone? I'm sure I can get home alone."

The official looked at her compassionately.

"There is first the matter of the identification, madame . . ."

AGAIN it was like a dream, as on the arm of the nun, shepherded by some other official — the British Consul? — Mrs. Prelude was led — in a hospital, in a mortuary? — toward one of a row of still, sheeted figures. Mrs. Prelude took one swift, agonised glance and looked away even as she nodded through her tears. Then she had to sign something, and everyone was even kinder, particularly the undertaker.

Mrs. Prelude paid the bill, appropriately, by traveller's cheque; and only then suddenly remembered William's address at a fishing village in Cornwall. He was beside her within a day of receiving her cable, and took her home at once — not by air, however, by rail and sea.

The death of such a man to Arthur Prelude naturally caused some stir. His obituary in "The Times" measured five and a half inches; telegrams of condolence, also unwieldy floral tributes, flowed in from heads of banks all over the world. There were fewer personal condolences, he had led too dedicated a life to have much time for private relationships; accordingly few mourners were expected at the funeral, which took place at Chesham Bois, in Buckinghamshire, on the morning of June the fourth. The table in the dining-room of the Prelude home was spread with but a dozen plates of ham and tongue and one of muesli for a vegetarian executor. "Thirteen," said Elizabeth easily.

She had just finished pulling down the blinds. She had remembered the blinds only just in time; now, in the sudden gloom, the dining-room had a ghostly look, like a stage-set without lights.

"Take one away," said William. "In fact, take two away. The Wilfreds won't come — not on Toby's last Fourth."

In family parlance this was explicit enough. The Wilfreds — the Wilfred Preludes — were Arthur Prelude's brother and sister-in-law, whose son, Toby, would leave Eton at the end of that term. He was no common youth, he was, in fact, Captain of Boats, and upon Eton's gala day not only enjoyed but reflected a prestige rarely enjoyed by Cabinet Ministers.

There had never been any expectation of Toby's attending his uncle's funeral, and William's guess that his parents wouldn't either was almost immediately confirmed by the arrival of a further telegram.

"Terribly distressed but quite impossible all love and sympathy," read William.

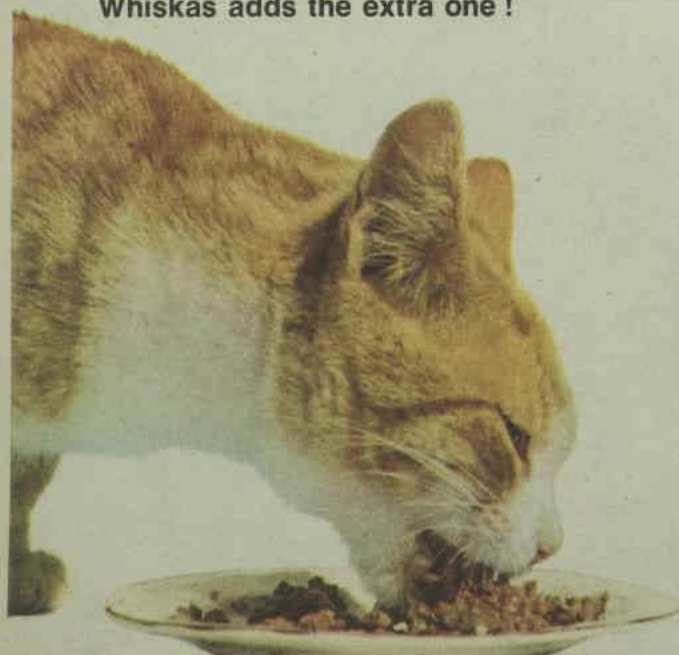
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8 out of 10 cats prefer Whiskas

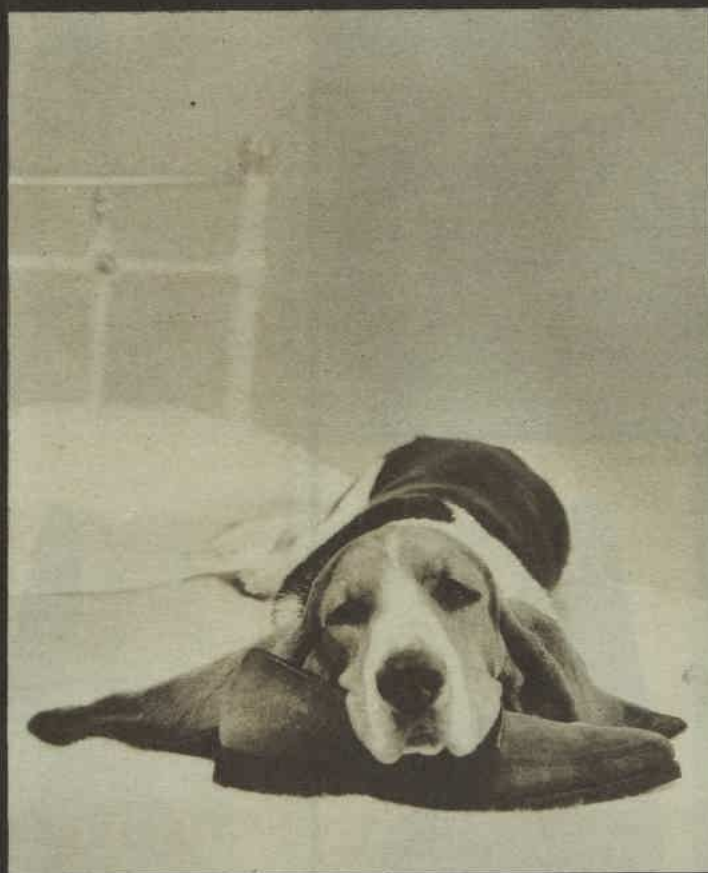
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Below: Georgia chose TULSA in Beetle glove leather to repeat the warm russet tonings of this red fox fur. Very versatile, these new season's Hush Puppies!



ANITA



TULSA



LEE



Left: Shown solo is RUTH in Tumbleweed breathin' brushed pigskin.

Far left: LEE in Rootbeer pigskin matches up with this French military style suit. Sparkly silver buttons march down the jacket and skirt — decorate the slash pockets and sleeves, too.



Above: Coffee coloured tomboy pants and zingy scarlet poorboy — terrific with PLYMOUTH in Scarlet pigskin. Start teaming carefree Hush Puppies with your winter casual clothes!

Left: Cute and kinky little citrus coloured dress with long zipper, long short sleeves from King's Road, London. Georgia teamed it with JENNY in Beetle glove leather.

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LULUBELLE



"But what's the use of having your own hair when everyone thinks it's a hairpiece?"

IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"Tell Mother," said Elizabeth. William hesitated. "She's still crying..."

"Well, of course," said Elizabeth. "Mothers of her generation. She behaved quite marvellously after the crash, and if she's been crying ever since it's only natural."

"As it's natural for us to remain dry-eyed?"

"I suppose so," said Elizabeth. "After all, we didn't know Father very well."

"If at all," said William, "apart from his appearance and his reputation."

"What I feel chiefly—" Elizabeth paused, considering her words; she had inherited something

of her parent's academic brain, and at 28 was a lecturer herself in Greek at a London women's college. "What I feel chiefly, apart from being terribly sorry for Mother, is a sort of anger that Father should have died so... wastefully, with years of good work left in him. What do you feel?"

William paused in turn. In him, too, the academic tradition was strong; though flitting out into the antique trade, he was engaged to the daughter of his tutor at Oxford.

"Very much the same. Lydia, on the other hand, has been crying."

"Lydia is 16 and dramatises," said Elizabeth rather sharply. "Mother crying very much?"

"Passionately," said Lydia from the stairs. She descended them with a slow and solemn step, but still looked even younger than her years. "How odd everything looks with the blinds down! It feels like being in an aquarium."

"Hush!" said Elizabeth. "Here's Mother."

Mrs. Prelude had indeed at last emerged from her room. She wore a black silk dress (Rome) under a black woollen jacket (Stockholm), and a small black international hat. But no crepe-bordered Victorian weeds could have made her state of widowhood more explicit; it was explicit in her face—puffy from weeping. Her hands were shaking, her feet on the stair stumbled.

Lydia turned back, William ran up to support her.

"Are you sure, Mother, you ought to come?" asked Elizabeth anxiously. "Even though it's Father's funeral, if William and Lydia and I are there—"

Mrs. Prelude pressed a handkerchief to her lips. Looking past her children her eye lighted upon an immense laurel wreath (misdirected, it should have gone to the undertaker's), inscribed upon a necessarily broad ribbon "Hommages de la part des Banques Industrielles de l'Indochine." It seemed to steady her.

"Of course I'm coming," said Mrs. Prelude. "I've never failed in my duty to your father yet..."

AT that moment the hearse arrived, and behind it a large black limousine (once the property of Queen Mary) for the family. Upon William's arm—as upon the arm of the nun—Mrs. Prelude took her place; Elizabeth and Lydia followed. A second car provided by the undertaker was empty save for two inexplicable Japanese, and actually no one but his immediate family and Arthur Prelude's executor came back to eat the ham and tongue and muesli.

It was wonderful what a difference pulling up the blinds again made. Only those of Mrs. Prelude's bedroom remained drawn; she had gone upstairs to lie down.

"You shouldn't have given me so much brandy," said Elizabeth.

"All through the funeral I thought she was going to faint," William defended himself.

Under the sun pouring in through opened windows the dining-table with its several untouched plates had now an almost raffish look. Elizabeth emptied the last of the Chablis into her glass. William picked up a slice of ham and ate it between his fingers.

"Who'd have thought," said William, "the old man had so much money in him?"

"Well, he was a banking expert," said Elizabeth.

"I must say he left a very fair will," mused William, picking up a slice of tongue. "I expected more sex-discrimination."

"Father was also a mathematician," said Elizabeth. "Four into eighty thousand goes with a certain beautiful classic simplicity. I shall spend a couple of months in Greece."

"I, you may as well know is now," said William, "shall get married."

"Alice?" said Elizabeth rather drily.

"Naturally Alice. Any comment?"

"Only that you'd better stop her driving that jeep," said Elizabeth, "before she either breaks her neck in it or rams a Rolls-Royce."

"Cat," said William without rancor. "Lydia of course can't touch capital till she's 21, but if there's anything she wants to transfer, funds will be undoubtedly forthcoming. I suppose it'll be drama school?"

Lydia nodded blissfully, already remote upon a balcony in Verona.

"The Juliet of the age," said William, not unkindly. "What about Mother?"

"Mother will go and live at Hove," said Elizabeth. "She's always had a hankering after

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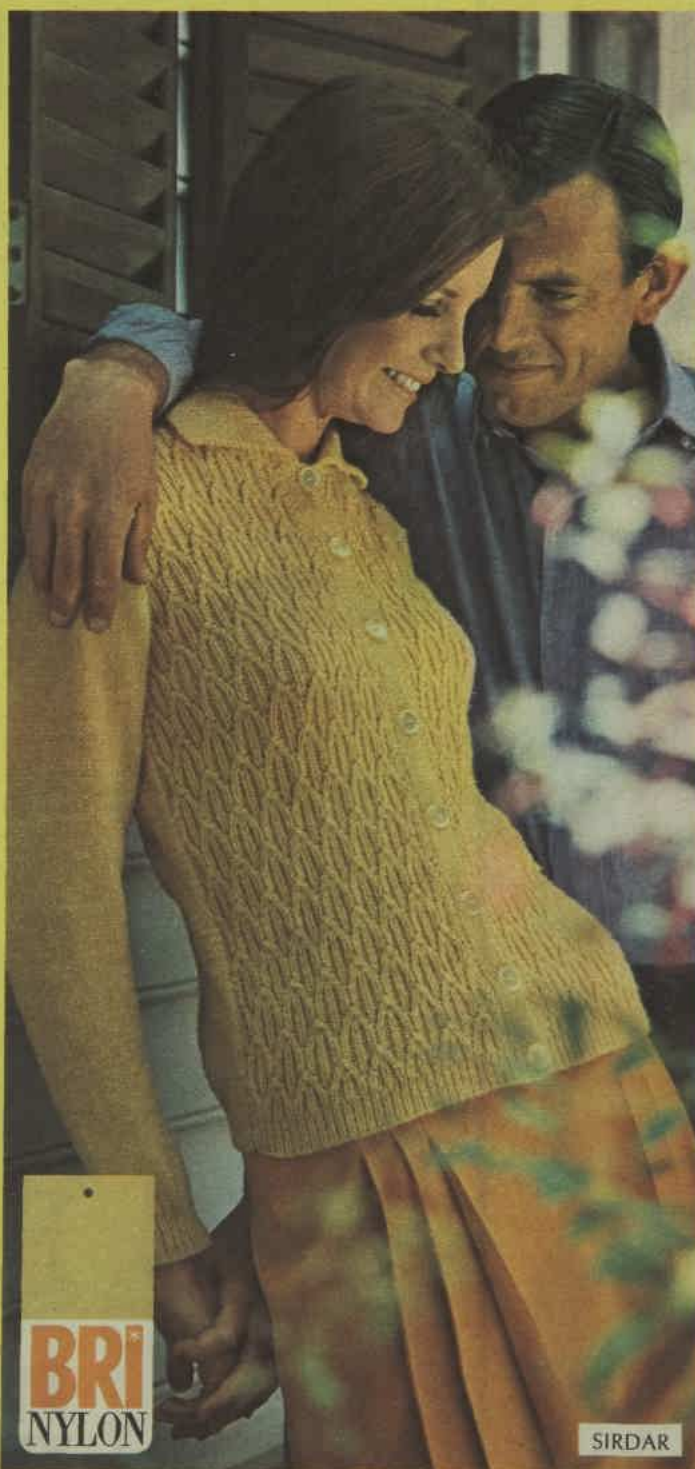
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

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Dear Polly,
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Dear Polly,
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"Hair spray is dulling the
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More, only Father thought it bad
for his asthma. If she takes a
nice big flat, and why not, you
and Lydia can go for weekends
and the Wilfreds and Toby in the
summer, and at other times her
old bids she went to school with
and Father couldn't stand."

William nodded. "I wouldn't
mind poking about Sussex a bit,
and dropping in for lunch with
Mother, by the way. I can see
myself and my wife quite fre-
quently dropping in for lunch
with Mother at Hove."

"And we'll be able to have
lobster," said Lydia, in much the
same dreamy tone. "Why was
lobster bad for asthma?"

"Why were oysters?" countered
William.

"Hush!" said Elizabeth.
As suddenly as she'd appeared
on the stair, in the doorway now
appeared Mrs. Prelude. She was
no longer pale, however, but
flushed, for William had indeed
given her too much brandy.

"What were you all chattering
about?" demanded Mrs. Prelude.
"I could hear you from upstairs."

Her three children exchanged
guilty glances. William and Lydia
could but hope that their mother
hadn't actually distinguished the
words "oyster" and "lobster."

"I'm very sorry, Mother," said
Elizabeth. "I know it must seem
heartless, just after Father's
funeral—"

ONCE again Mrs.
Prelude pressed a handkerchief to
her lips; but this time almost im-
mediately dropped it.

"If it was your father's," said
Mrs. Prelude.

There was a startled silence.
Elizabeth spoke first. "What do
you mean, Mother, if?" she asked.
"Of course it was Father's."

"Well, there was a whole row,"
said Mrs. Prelude.

Her manner, rather alarmingly,
was now far more collected. She
spoke reasonably.

"But, Mother, you identified
him," said William. "Before I
arrived, you identified him."

"I know," said Mrs. Prelude.
"So would you have."

"Then if William would have
identified him, too," said Eliza-
beth, "don't you see, Mother,
there can't possibly be any doubt?"

"I mean if William had been
me," said Mrs. Prelude. She
paused, briefly struggling against
fresh tears. "It was all so dread-
ful and pathetic—"

"Poor Mother!" cried Lydia.

"I just wanted to get away.
I'm not sure now that I really
looked at your father at all—if
it was your father. I can't re-
member looking—"

"That's the shock," explained
Elizabeth, "making you, a little,
lose your memory. We all think
you behaved quite marvellously,
Mother, but the shock must have
been appalling. But now you've
told us, and after a good night's
sleep—"

"I don't want to go to sleep,"
said Mrs. Prelude annoyed. "I
want to talk about it. And if
I have made this terrible, terrible
mistake, I feel I shall never sleep
again."

"Listen, Mother," William said,
"it's not possible. Just supposing,
theoretically, you did make a mis-
take, when all the other bodies
were identified there'd be Father
—well, left over, and someone
else a body short."

"Unless they didn't look
properly, either," said Mrs. Pre-
lude. "I'm sure I wouldn't be at
all surprised."

There was a certain logic about
this not easy to answer. Elizabeth
grasped the nettle.

"Listen, Mother—" (so every
sentence her children directed at
Mrs. Prelude now began: "Listen,
Mother")—"even if it is possible,
and that Father's buried some-
where in Switzerland—"

"One coffin was being flown to
West Point," recalled Mrs. Pre-
lude.

"—or even at West Point, does
it really matter? No one can say

he hasn't been paid every due re-
spect."

"He may even have had mili-
tary honors," co-operated William.

"He was a pacifist," pointed
out Mrs. Prelude, "and we fought
to send the wreaths back. With
little notes."

For an appalled moment Wil-
liam contemplated the enormity of
an undertaking so complex,
macabre, and multilingual. No
fewer than 27 floral tributes
heaped Mr. Prelude's grave; and
while Les Banques Industrielles de
l'Indo-Chine could presumably be
addressed in French, the tribute
from Saudi Arabia was national-
istically dedicated in Arabic, and
William felt pretty sure his father
wouldn't want to offend the Saudi
Arabians by replying as from the
grave in Queen's English. The

West Berliners, for that matter,
also the Dutch, Swedes, and
Japanese, had paid Mr. Prelude
the compliment of lamenting him
in their own tongues.

"Berlitz?" thought William
wildly. At the moment it seemed
the answer. A session at Berlitz
and a corps of Special Messengers,
each humping to appropriate Em-
bassy or Consulate what would
probably be but a skeleton of
florist's wire, might do the trick.

"William!" said Elizabeth
sharply. "Of course Mother
doesn't mean it!"

"You don't seem to understand
what I mean at all," complained
Mrs. Prelude. "I might be talking
to deaf adders. Haven't you
realised—"

"I have!" cried Lydia. "Dar-
ling, I have!"



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To page 68

William, taking, he hoped, a fresh grip on the situation.

"Perhaps he just wandered off," said Mrs. Prelude, "and some kind-hearted person took him in."

"Monks," said Lydia eagerly. "With St. Bernard dogs. Or simple peasants."

"They'd have to be more than simple, they'd have to be Yetis," said Elizabeth, "not to know about the crash and get in touch with the airline."

"Yetis?" repeated Mrs. Prelude — beginning to totter.

"Abominable Snowmen," said William.

At which moment Mrs. Prelude fortunately passed out and Elizabeth and Lydia were able to take her upstairs and put her finally to bed.

IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"Of course it's Father," said Elizabeth, returning.

"Also pure Freud," said William. "Even to forgetting where I was until after she'd identified him — and waiting, here, until after the funeral to unburden herself. Hence the guilt-complex."

"You are saying more than you intend," said Elizabeth, "at least, I hope so. You're saying Mother wanted Father to be dead."

"You've never packed his inhaling-apparatus," said William.

"I had to buy a gunny-sack. Hence, as I say, the guilt-complex, following on wish-fulfilment. We must all be very kind to

Mother, and find her that flat in Hove at once."

"You are taking it too lightly," said Elizabeth. "We may be certain it's Father, but until Mother is, she won't know a moment's peace."

William hesitated. "The only way I can see, for absolute proof, though naturally one flinches from it, is to get an exhumation order. Obviously one couldn't ask Mother herself to look again, but if you and I identify him—"

Elizabeth shuddered. "I admit to feeling sick just thinking of it. I want to remember Father alive — setting off with his briefcase, full of slightly ridiculous import-

ance — only it wasn't ridiculous, only to us, rather endearingly, because he really was a great man."

"I shall feel just as sick as you will," said William. "Also rather like a ghoul."

"I don't believe a word of either of you," Lydia put in suddenly, "and Elizabeth never remembered Father's briefcase before. I know why William would feel like a ghoul, and both of you sick. It's in case Mother's right, and it isn't Father."

"That child should be in bed, too," said William.

"Of course she should," agreed Elizabeth, "after so much emotion. Poor little Lydia, come and let me tuck you up!"

"If you and William won't get an exhumation order, I shall," said Lydia.

"You're still under-age," re-

sponded William. "If Elizabeth and I object — as we would, wouldn't we, Elizabeth?"

"Certainly," said Elizabeth. "I don't mind admitting that I've changed my mind again. The less horrible fuss that's made the better; we must accept, and help Mother to accept, the fact that Father died in an air-crash; it was tragic, as I've said it was a meaningless waste, but the fact remains. That Mother has a certain Freudian sense of guilt I agree with William is possible — actually it's the only explanation — but the best way we can help her get over it is by behaving completely normally."

"If necessary," said William, "I'm prepared to tell a thumpingly lie. I'll tell Mother, and say I didn't tell her before to spare her feelings, that as soon as I arrived in Switzerland, I went and identified him, too. — because obviously it's Father."

"Obviously," said Elizabeth.

"Do you hear, Lydia?"

"You and William," said Lydia doggedly, "are treating me like a child."

"Then stop behaving like one. Don't you see how absolutely essential it is," said Elizabeth, more kindly, "to set poor Mother's mind at rest?"

"Yes, I see that," said Lydia. She paused; it seemed to have been to choose a deliberately childish phrase in which to make the promise implicitly required of her. "All right; I won't tell."

"Then go up to Mother now, William," said Elizabeth.

H

ER son's confession indeed brought such comfort to Mrs. Prelude, she not only slept the whole night through but woke next morning with apparently no recollection either of having heard it, or of having needed to. Was it Freud again, or was it alcohol? Mrs. Prelude certainly had a headache.

"William gave me too much brandy," she apologized. "I remember coming downstairs, but did I talk too much, was I very silly?"

"You were just upset," said Elizabeth. "Weren't we all, after Father's funeral?"

She held her breath, ready to comfort and reason and reassure again; there was no need.

"How lovely the wreaths were!" recalled Mrs. Prelude.

"Another's just come in," said Elizabeth, "from Portugal."

"Banco Maritime y do Nova Zembla?" asked Mrs. Prelude eagerly. "We must have it put with the rest; your father always had a feeling, for the Portuguese."

Elizabeth's policy of complete normality proved a complete success. She stayed at home only a few days before returning to academic duty in London, and encouraged William, who was employed at Sotheby's, to do the same. Lydia, under protest, was dispatched to finish the term at boarding-school. But since Mrs. Prelude obviously couldn't be left quite alone, Elizabeth summoned two of the afore-mentioned old bids to bear her company and this turned out the wisest course possible.

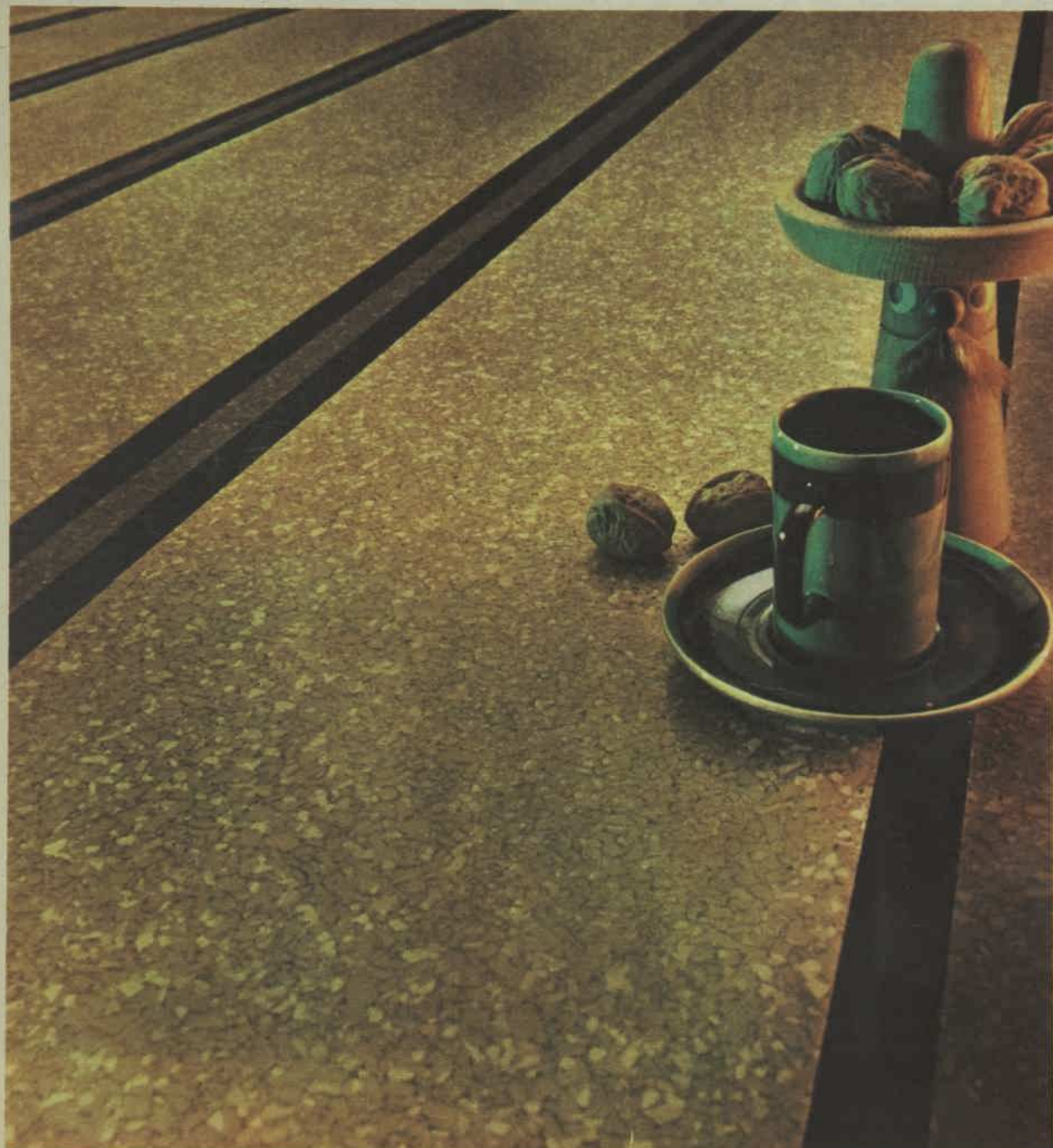
To both Miss Champney and Miss Hume (the one an unpaid political party worker, the other currently clipping poodles), the immediate comforts of Cheam Bois were scarcely less welcome than the prospect of free holidays at Hove; their reserves of sympathy were inexhaustible.

They could sympathise with Mrs. Prelude (as Elizabeth was perfectly aware that she and William could not) eight hours a day. Both also happened to have a taste for shellfish, and Mrs. Prelude was so grateful to them for coming to her in her wretchedness, not only the bill at the fish-monger's soared, but that at the wine-merchant's.

Miss Champney, the younger bid, had actually sat alongside Mrs. Prelude at the London School of Economics, and so was particularly qualified to sympathise.

"How well I remember him, your Arthur, on the platform!"

To page 69



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IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

sighed Miss Champney. "Could you keep up with him? I couldn't."

"I'm afraid I just drew rabbits," confessed Mrs. Prelude.

"But won his heart," sighed Miss Champney. (A phrase neither Elizabeth nor William, nor even Lydia, could have brought themselves to utter, but which was just what Mrs. Prelude needed.) "Barbara, you can't imagine the sensation! It was like — well, not exactly like King Cophetua and the beggar-maid —"

"But it was," said Mrs. Prelude earnestly. "I was as surprised as anyone. I couldn't believe my luck."

Her friends were not insincere enough to protest that the luck had all been Arthur's, and Mrs. Prelude didn't expect them to. All three had reached nubility at a period when after World War I the balance of sexes so severely dipped, the term "surplus woman" was a current phrase, and to marry at twenty luck indeed.

NO such luck had come the way of Harriet and Barbara even in their thirties and forties. Miss Champney knew she was far brainier than Mrs. Prelude, and Barbara had quite a standing in the dog-world; but their hostess was a widow, i.e., had been the chosen of a male when males were in short supply. The prestige was sufficient in itself, and they had no need to be insincere to pay their scot.

"And what an interesting life you've had," envied Barbara frankly, "going to all those conferences!"

"Arthur never left me behind," agreed Mrs. Prelude modestly.

"Weren't you terribly proud, when he made all those wonderful speeches?"

"At Geneva, he slayed even the French," said Mrs. Prelude.

"I always thought his most important speech was at The Hague," said Miss Champney, "on the metric system. Actually I know Den Hague quite well."

"Venice is my love," confessed Barbara.

For of course they'd both been abroad themselves. But Mrs. Prelude nonetheless retained a point of superiority; she had not gone, but been taken, abroad; and for all their independence, and strong-minded ways with foreign porters, both Miss Champney and Barbara in their heart of hearts knew that foreign travel was far jollier with a man.

"Greece, my dear?" suggested Elizabeth. "A couple of months in Greece? Rather bliss?"

She wasn't in residence, at her women's college, she had her own flat in Bayswater.

"In one sense," agreed Henry Alcott. "In one sense, I couldn't agree more, my wine-dark sea. But it's you who'd be paying the bills."

"And why not, now I've come into money?"

"Actually I read your dad's obituary in 'The Times,'" said Henry. He added, with a journalist's keenness, "I've been wondering whether I mightn't do a profile of him. It's quite extraordinary how little anyone knows about him, outside a conference room. I mean, how did he prepare those terrifically important speeches? Did he pace his study all night on relays of hot milk or ewig brandy in the bath?"

"I'll tell you one thing about him," said Elizabeth, making a really brilliant leap at her object. "Father hated money to be inactive. He'd have regarded your further education in Greece, my love, as a perfectly sensible investment."

In deference to her father's opinion Elizabeth so pressed the point, Henry was soon in full agreement—Fly to Athens first, they decided; then Delphi, then Rhodes.

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away," said William to his betrothed.

She was a lovely girl, as daughters of Oxford dons often are. William's Alice had bloomed like a primrose—sleek yellow locks descending from a centre-parting, smooth pale skin that tanned to biscuit without any intermediate stage of redness. Her eyes and eyelashes and eyebrows were brown. How William had induced her to become engaged to him—he still couldn't imagine, and lived in perpetual fear that she might suddenly meet someone handsomer, cleverer, richer, and change her mind.

"I'll have to talk to Daddy," said Alice.

William's expression of adoration instantly changed to one of ferocious dislike. He was used to these violent reversals of senti-

ment; after an hour in the company of his beloved he often felt as though he'd been ducked alternately into hot and cold water and then wrung out.

"You know perfectly well," he said furiously, "you've your daddy in your pocket. And if your mummy were alive you'd have her in the other. You're simply stalling me off, playing cat-and-mouse with me, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

It was the first time he had ever spoken so roughly to her. But he had the dutch courage of twenty thousand pounds in him.

"Don't bully me," said Alice plaintively. (Or interestedly? She cultivated a low, little-girl voice that gave nothing away.)

"I'm not bullying you. I am

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"Since you fixed it, it's not only giving me a shock, it's snarling at me!"

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simply," snarled William, "putting the reasonable proposition that since we are allegedly engaged, and since I am now in a position to support a wife, we should get married."

"But, darling, you're in mourning," reminded Alice.

"If you like, we'll have a black wedding."

"I'm making every allowance," said Alice, "but I hope you know you're being quite intolerable?"

By a deliberate effort of will William put his intelligence into gear; with the result that he suddenly realised that he understood as little of what went on in his beloved's mind as if she'd been a mermaid. Did she really feel any thought of marrying or giving in marriage in the circumstances intolerable, or was she simply playing cat-and-mouse with him? As she suddenly turned away, was the brush of primrose-colored hair against his cheek accidental, or deliberate? William hadn't a clue. He hadn't a clue, but he had an idea.

"I'll tell you something about my father," said William. "He always wanted me to marry young. He often told me—"

Here William had to pause, since so far as he could recollect his parent had never conversed with him on any subject of importance whatever, let alone matrimony. But like Elizabeth he could improvise when needed.

"—that marrying my mother when they were both practically under-age was the whole basis of his career. If there's any filial duty I owe," said William loudly, "it's to get married at once and not be strung along for another year or so while you eye the new entry. In fact, either marry me or don't next month."

The lock of hair brushed back; this time settled on his shoulder.

"A girl still has to collect her bits and pieces," murmured Alice. "Could you make it September?"

"Mother isn't going to like it," said Elizabeth.

"Mother likes Alice," argued William. "Mother dotes on her."

"Mother thinks Alice a very sweet girl," said Elizabeth. "Mother has a very innocent nature. She still isn't going to like your getting married within three months of Father's funeral. I do honestly think, William, you're being extraordinarily inconsiderate."

William felt suddenly alarmed. He hadn't expected this, so if after knowing Elizabeth all his life he still didn't understand her, how after a mere two years could he tell whether Alice was marrying him for his money, or because he'd bullied her into it, or because she truly loved him?

He supposed he'd just have to find out afterwards.

"You and Alice are going to get on better than you think," he said decidedly. "Whatever you say, I'm going to marry her at once and be hanged to Father's funeral."

He paused. The impulse to annoy Elizabeth further got the upper hand.

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IN PIOUS MEMORY

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"If it was Father's?" added William.

Mrs. Prelude, however, accepted the news with surprising aplomb. William's reminder of how young she had married, herself, undoubtedly weighed with her; the period of her own engagement, she fondly recalled, had lasted but one month; poor Alice, who had waited two years!

"She wouldn't mind it being a quiet wedding?" asked Mrs. Prelude. "Of course, white — and, of course, I'd come out of mourning — but really quiet?"

"Alice will agree to anything I suggest," promised William recklessly.

"I don't think you should ask Lydia to be bridesmaid," said Alice. "Alice won't want any bridesmaid."

"I wish I knew how your father would feel about it!" sighed Mrs. Prelude.

Panic seized William again. If his mother, who'd lived with his father half a lifetime, couldn't make even a shot at her husband's feeling about the marriage (admittedly in unusual circumstances) of their son, wasn't it possible that the masculine nature remained ever as impenetrable to the female understanding as the feminine to that of the male? And if so, into what emotional labyrinth of false clues and blind alleys was he rushing?

Mightn't he as well rush down a railway track into the path of an express? But rush he had to. He couldn't help himself.

"What you mayn't know, Mother, is that Father always wanted me to marry young — just as he did. He said it was the whole basis of his success."

"Did he really?" asked Mrs. Prelude wistfully.

"Only he wanted me to stand on my own feet first, and the trouble was he knew absolutely nothing about the antique trade. He simply couldn't grasp that all I needed was a bit of capital."

Perhaps now he does," said William reverently, "and in any case, Mother, the one thing I am certain of is that now I can stand on my own feet, he'd want me to marry Alice straight away."

The sophistry which Elizabeth would have pounced on at once passed over Mrs. Prelude's head. Besides, she was always easily swayed by anyone she loved.

"Then if you're really sure, dear, write and put poor Alice's mind at rest at once," said Mrs. Prelude. "Poor Elizabeth!" she added, to herself at least with perfect relevance. "Going off to Greece all alone!"

Fresh from scrapping with Elizabeth as he was, William was still loyal to his generation.

"Elizabeth has her career, Mother. Father often said how proud he was of her."

"Your father seems to have talked to you children far more than he ever did to me!" sighed Mrs. Prelude. "You must tell me everything you remember."

It was quite surprising how much they remembered. Elizabeth, down for the weekend, and alerted by her brother, was particularly fertile in sympathetic anecdotes.

"Don't you remember how pleased and proud he was, Mother," prompted Elizabeth, "when I made my first speech at the Union?"

"I thought we were in Holland," said Mrs. Prelude. "Yes, but how pleased and proud he was to hear about it afterwards!" said Elizabeth hastily. "Don't you remember?"

Mrs. Prelude actually didn't. What she chiefly remembered was that Arthur's inhaling-apparatus had gone wrong. Nor could she honestly say she recalled her husband greeting Alice with a kiss, as William said he did; the pictures were so pretty, however, Mrs. Prelude willingly, gratefully, accepted them.

Delving further back into memories of childhood, Wil-

liam and Elizabeth recalled gay bonfires on Guy Fawkes night made even gayer by their father's presence. Mrs. Prelude had always thought the gardener was simply burning rubbish, and that why Arthur went out was to stop him because of the sparks. It was a true pleasure to her to know that at heart he had been such a family man.

"We should have lied to Mother sooner," said Elizabeth.

"How could we, while Father was still alive?" countered William.

"Perhaps what we're pretending now was really the truth," said Elizabeth. "Perhaps when he came out to stop the bonfire he was secretly hoping we'd rush toward him with welcoming cries."

"Perhaps he really did kiss Alice."

"You'd better remind her," said Elizabeth.

"But he didn't," protested Alice. (Over a table at the Ritz: if she drove her jeep all the way to London just for lunch, the Ritz was where she intended to be lunched. William knew of several more exciting also less expensive venues round about Soho, but as Alice pointed out, a girl after having been so scared by horrible great horrors didn't want excitement: just peace in the Ritz.)

"He didn't," repeated Alice. "I was totally astonished. I mean, most old men simply jump at the chance."

"Heartless brat," said William — thus lightly concealing, or so he hoped, a pang of jealousy at once ridiculous, unworthy, and sharp as a serpent's tooth. "You will still, to please my mother, remember that Dad saluted you with a kiss."

To his surprise, Alice appeared to search her memory.

"Of course, I was terribly nervous — I mean, meeting your father for the first time. I expect I was too nervous to remember anything."

William, about to point out that she'd just perfectly recollected her astonishment at the lack of an embrace, perceived that he had better let her take her own line. Evidently, Alice, unlike himself and Elizabeth, preferred the deviousness of self-deception to a straight lie. What didn't occur to him was that Arthur Prelude's rebuff was something Alice genuinely wished hadn't happened. It spoiled her record.

"Did you see him kiss me?" asked Alice hopefully.

"On both cheeks," affirmed William. "Then he was so overcome he had to take the next train to town."

Again to his surprise, Alice nodded seriously. Her lovely face grew abstracted. William took the opportunity to order melon before she demanded caviar.

"It seems so tragic that was the only time we ever met," sighed Alice, "when he was such an old sweetie-pie..."

Mrs. Prelude's recovery was rapid. As week succeeded week the atmosphere in the house at Chesham Bois from being cosy became almost gay; why move to Hove at all, with Buckinghamshire so convenient to the comings and goings of William and Elizabeth, and the Wilfreds only ten miles off, and dear Alice often staying with friends nearby?

Mrs. Prelude felt well content where she was; and if she sometimes woke in the hours after midnight from a dream in which her Arthur had returned to her — if she sometimes, in those small hours, sat up in one half of a double bed and asked herself afresh whether she'd really been sure — by morning she was always quite happy and rational again.

"Dear Arthur! He'd always want it to be a happy house,"

explained Mrs. Prelude to Harriet and Barbara, "just as it was when he was still with us..."

"Actually, I never thought he spent much time at home at all," said Miss Champney.

"How could he?" returned Mrs. Prelude, "when he was so terribly in demand? Even when Elizabeth made her first speech at the Union he had to be in Holland. But how pleased and proud he was to hear about it afterward! It was a side of him few people knew."

"It was a side of him few people knew," rather apologetically Miss Champney.

"Outside his family," agreed Mrs. Prelude. "To be alone with his family was Arthur's one joy."

Miss Hume and Miss Champney accepted the revelation with pleasure. It explained, for instance, Arthur's barely concealed impatience to see them leave after a mere weekend; he wanted to be alone with his family. More enviable than ever appeared Mrs. Prelude, foreign travel but an intruder in domestic bliss; her friends never tired of hearing the details — which, in truth, interested them far more, though neither would have admitted it, than any accounts of international conferences.

"Arthur liked to give all his children pleasure," said Mrs. Prelude tenderly, "but I believe it was their long, serious talks with him they really enjoyed most."

"What an advantage it must have been to them!" sighed Barbara once to Harriet. "I scarcely remember my father talking to me at all. Did yours, dear?"

"Only to tell me I'd no brains worth educating," said Miss Champney bitterly. "I suppose it doesn't take much brains to clip a poodle," said modest Miss Hume, "but mine didn't think me capable even of that. The pomposity still take a good deal of concentration; some owners think even artistry."

"I misjudged him," said Harriet frankly. "I always, of course, immensely respected his intellect, but I never realised how; well, warm he was."

"Nor I," regretted Barbara, "while he was still alive." She paused. "Did you send a wreath, dear? I'm afraid I didn't."

"No," said Miss Champney. "I'm afraid I didn't, either."

"Then don't you think we might? I mean, even if it's a bit late..."

Thus on top of the decaying mounded tributes from Holland, Sweden, West Germany, Saudi Arabia, Les Banques Industrielles de l'Indo-Chine and Portugal's Banco Marítimo y do Novo Zembia, a simpler garland found place. The card, actually one of Miss Hume's trapezoids: but with the rubric Poodle-clipping a Speciality crossed out there was plenty of room for Miss Champney's name as well, also the brief inscription Out of strength came forth meekness.

"I must say I never thought she'd take it so well," observed Mrs. Wilfred, driving back with her husband from a second visit of condolence. Their first, immediate, pre-funeral visit had found Mrs. Prelude so distressingly blanched and almost speechless, only a certain guilt about their absence from that funeral had impelled them to drive over again so soon.

"Did you ever realise he was such a family man?" asked Mrs. Wilfred presently. "My late lamented brother," responded Wilfred Prelude, "so far as I know never had a thought in his head outside economics."

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Teresa

"Perhaps you didn't know him very well, darling."

Necessarily halting before traffic-lights, Wilfred Prelude was able to turn and scrutinise his wife's profile.

What he saw surprised him: down the carefully rouged cheek a tear trickled.

"Naturally I knew him," said Wilfred Prelude. "I felt the greatest respect for him. He had by all accounts one of the best brains in Europe."

The tribute was both sincere and unenviable; Wilfred Prelude's own intellect, though less gigantic than his elder brother's, had sufficed to make him to highly salaried an industrial consultant he could afford a bigger house and bigger car, also a butler. It wasn't he, it had been his wife, who felt Arthur might have remembered them in his will; but she'd got over it, so why was she crying now?

"We never had a bonfire-night for Toby," sighed Mrs. Wilfred.

"If Toby had wanted a bonfire," pointed out Toby's father reasonably, "he'd have suggested it."

"Yes, darling; but it was Arthur who suggested theirs; I've just been hearing. That's why the children enjoyed it so . . . I believe he was much more affectionate than we realised," said Mrs. Wilfred, "only too reserved to show it. Perhaps he wished we'd shown more affection to him; I rather reproach myself."

She was a worldly woman; a woman Elizabeth steadily disliked for her material complacency in a big house, a big car, an Italian butler. Never had Mrs. Wilfred envied her sister-in-law; she, too, thoroughly preferred under-floor heating throughout to any amount of reflected celebrity. Now, however, as a fresh tear trickled, she found herself envying . . .

FROM THE BIBLE

● For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments; and His commandments are not grievous.

— 1 John 5; 3.

"Sweetie-pie?" mused Professor Harvill. "Arthur Prelude?"

"You hardly met him," said Alice, answering her parent's tone more than his words. "He was a lamb."

"Actually only twice," said Professor Harvill, who prided himself on an un-donnish memory for the stray facts of life. "Once in connection with an appeal to endow a scholarship in memory of Maynard Keynes, once at an equally interested luncheon in aid of the Liberal Party Fighting Fund. On neither occasion did he subscribe."

"Did you either, Daddy?"

"Certainly not," said Professor Harvill. "I thought all the better of him for it."

"What I was working up to, to sort of prepare you," said Alice, "is why William has such a terrific loyalty it's making him absolutely inconsiderate. He says his father—"

"Arthur Prelude?" checked Professor Harvill. "William Prelude?"

"Darling, haven't I been engaged to him for years?" reminded Alice.

"You've been getting engaged ever since you were sixteen," reminded her parent in turn.

It was true; and Professor Harvill had long washed his hands of Alice's under-age fiancés, among whom William (remembered only from tutorials), in fact, still figured to him. Even more decidedly, ever since Alice got engaged to the son of a Greek shipping-owner, had her father avoided any encounter with potential relatives-in-law.

He'd rather looked forward to meeting a modern Greek, to discuss certain switches of accent and diphthongs. The scantily draped offer of a thousand pounds to call Alice off had sent Professor Harvill back from the Ritz to the

IN PIOUS MEMORY

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Athenaeum both affronted and perturbed. Mr. Xerxes, rather admiringly, suspected him of holding out for more, but Madame, with greater perception, had a heart-attack, and young Cyril, after being hastily called to her side, found himself on the way home to Athens. Oxford saw him no more.

Alice wept for a few days, her father hoped from blighted affection, then the episode was closed, but it was one Professor Harvill never forgot. It taught him to stay strictly on the sidelines. Thus he had paid scant heed to any mention of William, and was now genuinely astonished to realise

how long ago those tutorials had been. Before Alice could begin to cry (as she usually did at any reference to past loves), her parent had performed a rough calculation.

"He's over twenty-one?"

Alice had indeed a tear in her eye, but found it still appropriate.

"Twenty-five, darling. That's why again," grieved Alice. "He says his father always wanted him to marry young because he did himself and it was the whole basis of his career. I'm terribly sorry, Daddy—"

"If to that agreeable woman with him at the luncheon," put in Professor Harvill, quite warmly,

"I dare say he was right. I was struck at the time by her quickness in procuring him grapefruit instead of the lobster cocktail. It seems he had an allergy to shell-fish."

Like William and Elizabeth on the day of the funeral, Alice felt lobster (in any form) a jarring note. She allowed a few seconds to pass before she gently took her parent's hand and spoke again.

"What I'm trying to tell you, Daddy darling, is that William wants us to get married quite soon . . ."

Professor Harvill's eye brightened.

"How soon?"

"September," confessed Alice. "He says it's what his father would have wanted . . ."

Professor Harvill paused. It did occur to him that surely no filial

piety was needed to explain William's impatience. The havoc Alice played with a tutorial merely by putting her head round the door aroused in his academic mind a sympathy with the Spartans exposing female offspring on a hillside. Professor Harvill felt sorry for William as for one misled by filial piety.

Arthur Prelude had undoubtedly good grounds for his advice ("Without even offending the waiter!" recalled Professor Harvill, in admiring parenthesis), but reflecting upon his own early marriage he could only pause. The mother of Alice (though death softens all things) had been a mistake: deceptively, softly pretty, the late Mrs. Harvill had turned out demanding, extravagant, self-

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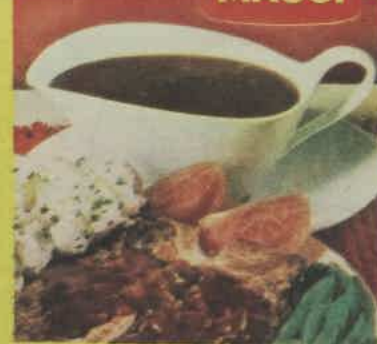
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centred, and irrational; Professor Harvill's much-admired Spartan demeanor on the occasion of her early demise in fact came easily to him.

The prospect of losing his daughter as well—not by death either—filled him with thanksgiving.

"God bless you, my child," said Professor Harvill, briskly. "Just see the date's in my diary and I'll be there to give you away."

As not infrequently at High Table when the Reader in English was present, the talk veered toward American infiltration speech-wise.

"Babe," stated the Reader, "has been, one might say, returned to us; with reference to any personable young female. 'Honey,' too, one could probably trace, if not 'honey-bun'."

"Sweetie-pie," offered Professor Harvill.

The Master regarded him with raised eye-brows.

Professor Harvill added swiftly: "Why the phrase came into my mind was actually in connection with Arthur Prelude. You remember him, Master, at that Liberal luncheon?"

"Certainly," said the Master. "You surprise me. Prelude's exposition of the Liberals' irretrievable financial bankruptcy may have been brilliant, and possibly well intentioned; but hardly a sweet-meat?"

"It seems one had to know him in his family," said Professor Harvill. "My daughter Alice is actually engaged to his son. What occurred to me, Master, is that a letter of condolence, University-wise, might not come amiss. He was obviously in line for an honorary degree of some sort, and I believe she'd appreciate it."

"Your daughter Alice would appreciate it?" inquired the Reader sceptically.

"His wife," corrected Professor Harvill. "She sat next to you, Master."

"That amiable woman Mrs. Prelude?" inquired the Master. "You know it as a fact?"

"Considering my daughter is about to marry her son, yes, Master."

"One certainly thinks better of him," said the Master.

"All the same, university-wise, I wouldn't care to put it up. Economics still hasn't forgotten how he bashed into Maynard Keynes. But if you care to write yourself, my dear fellow, I shall be happy to be associated with any appropriate sentiment."

After all, why shouldn't he write? Or one night even call? reflected Professor Harvill.

More from habit than religious faith he kept beside his bed, along with whatever detective-story he happened to be reading, the Book of Common Prayer. Idly fluttering its pages that night he chanced upon the table of Kindred and Affinity. There didn't seem to be anything about one's daughter's mother-in-law.

"How everyone appreciated Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, with tender pride. "The Master's asked Professor Harvill to write specially to send his sympathy."

So indeed had Professor Harvill a trifle disingenuously opened. "The Master asks me to convey to you."

"Which Master?" asked Miss Hume suspiciously. "I didn't know Arthur hunted?"

"Not of fox-hounds, College," corrected Miss Champney. "Try not to be such a fool, dear."

"His brilliant intellect," re-read Mrs. Prelude, "is his country's, and so I am told, probably the Common Market's loss; the amiable qualities displayed in intimacy I

IN PIOUS MEMORY

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dare say only his family can adequately mourn... It's so wonderful how Arthur's loveableness shone through."

"Indeed it did," said Miss Hume. "That's why I was so surprised to think he hunted. He would have been more likely to belong to the Anti-Blood-Sports League."

"How does it go on?" asked Miss Champney.

"Oh, just something about coming to call," said Mrs. Prelude carelessly. "I expect about the wedding. Poor man, how he must wish Alice's mother still alive!"

There was a second letter for Mrs. Prelude that morning, airmail, with a Greek stamp. Corinna van Hoy's sympathy, affection, and apologies for delay in writing filled three pages—admittedly she scrawled barely four words to a line—and ended, rather casually, with the news that she was getting a divorce.

Mrs. Prelude was so shocked and distressed, she felt glad there was no address to write back to. She could hardly have thought what to say, fond as she was of both the van Hoyts. Of course, Corinna was more specially her friend; but how kind and considerate, at any short encounter, Corinna's husband! Mrs. Prelude recalled his more than once coming up for a little chat at an airport or on a railway platform.

She didn't want to blame Corinna—Mrs. Prelude never wanted to blame anyone—but her sympathies were at least divided, and not to have to define them in writing was a true relief.

In any case, she soon had other thoughts to occupy her mind.

Lydia came home from school for her holidays looking like a ghost. There was no color in her cheeks, she had rings under her eyes; her long ponytail of black hair, in need of trimming, drooped like a mourning veil. She looked less as though she'd come to holiday in that happy house than to haunt it.

"Poor wee one!" murmured Miss Hume sympathetically. "The youngest, and I expect her father's pet?"

"Arthur never made favorites," said Mrs. Prelude—loyal, however worried; embracing Lydia had been like hugging a parcel of chicken-bones. "Still the youngest is always the youngest... I only made her go back to school because William and Elizabeth absolutely insisted."

"She would have been better at your side," said Miss Champney. "I've never seen a child so haggard."

"We must have everything she likes best to eat," said Mrs. Prelude. "Like fried chicken..."

Miss Hume and Miss Champney were fond of fried chicken themselves. With the advent of a series of meals based on this dish, preceded now by a lobster cocktail, now by an avocado pear (Lydia's other favorite foods), they, in fact, tucked in far more wholeheartedly than did Lydia.

"A little more, darling?" pressed Mrs. Prelude.

"No thank you, Mother," said Lydia politely.

She looked haggard as a young witch; and when one midnight, shortly after her return, an owl hooted in the orchard, she pulled a coat over her pyjamas and, like a witch, ran out to greet her familiar spirit.

Toby Prelude had propped his bicycle against an apple tree. It was a machine in the last stages of decrepitude: vintage. He himself wore

vintage knickerbockers, orange skiing jacket, and espadrilles. Owing to his extreme handsomeness, however, and in the moonlight, there was somehow the projected image of a young knight and tethered steed.

"I got your letter," said Toby. "It wasn't very enlightening."

"I couldn't be," said Lydia, "in case it fell into other hands. But thank goodness you've come!"

"Of course I came. I'm sorry I wasn't at Uncle Arthur's funeral," added Toby politely. "I still think my people should have been. Was it very harrowing?"

"Not the funeral," said Lydia. "Afterwards. That's what I couldn't write about." She paused. What she had to reveal was so tremendous, when it came to the point of utterance she almost dried up. "Oh, Toby," said Lydia, "it wasn't Father's funeral!"

SHE was finally saying some minutes later, "Elizabeth and William think Mother's just imagined everything. But William wants to get married to Alice—"

"He must be insane," said Toby.

"I didn't know you knew her?" said Lydia, momentarily diverted.

"Her dad coached me in Latin. Itsy-bitsy popsy-totsy, also teeny-weeny kitty-kitty."

"Insane," sighed Lydia. "And Elizabeth wants to go to Greece, and I think, and I think William thinks, she's taking some awful gigolo with her. Father'd never have stumped up for either of them; so they were both pre-disposed. I mean, what evidence have they, to think Father's dead?"

Toby broke off an apple twig and chewed on it.

"Well, you might say your mother's," he pointed out. "Then there's the airline; you can bet the airline was searching for survivors like mad, if only to keep the death-roll down. If Uncle Arthur's still alive, what's become of him? VIPs don't just disappear."

"Father could," said Lydia. "He never looked like a VIP. Even in the photographs while he was making a speech there

had to be an arrow pointed at him. He was flung out and lost his memory," said Lydia rapidly, "and wandered away into the mountains and was taken in by simple peasants; the airline never thought of asking."

Down streamed the moonlight (notoriously destructive of rationality), washing away the last of Toby's doubts. His imagination leaping to meet his cousin's—

"In which case," said Toby grimly, "he's probably hoeing away for dear life..."

Lydia shuddered. "Sleeping in an outhouse like a poor old watchdog..."

"Let's only hope they give him enough to eat."

"How Elizabeth and William can!" cried Lydia passionately. "Mother's forgotten everything she told us. But Elizabeth and William must remember, and how they can leave Father starving in a shed for the sake of a measly twenty thousand apiece is simply too macabre."

"I believe we all get mercenary with age," said wise Toby. "My own mamma was quite sick at being left out."

"It makes one ashamed of the human race," said Lydia severely. "But that's obviously why the others won't do anything and it's up to us."

The cousins never had need for many words with each other. They had been too long in league.

"To go and look for him?" said Toby at once.

"To go and find him. I've an absolute instinct," said Lydia. "I know we'll find him."

"It means getting to France first."

"Everyone's always going to France. Especially in the summer holidays. Whole crocodiles of schoolchildren go. The whole of our Upper Fourth's going."

"But with a free hand," said Toby, "which is just what our loving families won't want to give us—unless, of course, we tell why?"

"Definitely not," said Lydia. "It would be too cruel, to raise Mother's hopes and then leave her in suspense. Besides, William and Elizabeth would stop us."

To page 74

agony. ecstasy.



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"I agree with you," said Toby. "Until we can actually send a wire the less said the better. You've still got something with that crocodile."

Lydia waited respectfully. Though she would have scouted the charge indignantly, she had inherited her mother's esteem for the male intellect.

"Youth Clubs," pronounced Toby at last. "On bikes. Have you got one?"

"Brand new," said Lydia distastefully. "Mother gave it me—can you imagine!—for my last birthday. Why bikes?"

"To search on, in the mountains. We'll take our bikes by train as near as we can to where the crash was—"

"Chamberieu," supplied Lydia. "—and start from there searching yard by yard."

IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Only a few minutes more of colloquy ensued before he leapt on his own machine (or knightly steed) and pedalled off . . .

"But I thought you loathed Youth Clubs!" exclaimed Toby's mother.

"Cycling's still the best way of seeing a country," said Toby, "and they work out the routes jolly well. And as Lydia's going—"

"Lydia is?"

"It's a Mixed Youth Cycling Club," explained Toby.

His mother reflected a moment. She knew the cousins affectionate, but rightly believed them not dangerously so. In fact she thought Lydia's company no bad thing,

for so handsome a youth on the loose. And though the Youth Club's charge for a fortnight's tour struck her as high, she not unwillingly bought Toby travellers' cheques for forty pounds.

Toby had aimed at fifty; but when Mrs. Wilfred said she'd have to speak to his father, settled for forty. In this instance, however, perhaps a chance might have been taken; to Toby's astonishment, on the eve of his departure Wilfred Prelude spontaneously came across with an extra tenner.

"I must say it's nice to know you were really pleased with your

bicycle," said Mrs. Prelude. "I was afraid you weren't."

"Darling, I'm mad about it," said Lydia.

Though it was a pleasure to see the child looking so much brighter, Mrs. Prelude hesitated.

"I'm still not sure I quite like the idea, darling: cycling all about France with perfect strangers."

"Toby's going," said Lydia. "It was Toby," she added truthfully, "who suggested it."

Mrs. Prelude no more than her sister-in-law suspected any overwarm attachment; rather (again like her sister-in-law), welcomed a cousinly chaperonage.

"That does make a difference," admitted Mrs. Prelude, "if you'll have Toby to look after you . . ."

Lydia got a hundred. Mrs. Prelude, thanks to Arthur, was used to so far larger figures —

loans of fifty thousand here, a couple of million there. A hundred pounds struck her as just a nice little round sum.

Their finances thus assured, Toby and Lydia before they set out had still to suffer a good deal of advice from their elders and betters rather haphazardly assembled at Sunday lunch.

"For heaven's sake don't lose your passports," warned Elizabeth.

"Or get your bicycles stolen," warned William.

"Or your pockets picked, darlings," said Mrs. Wilfred, who had once lost a purse in Notre Dame.

"Steer clear of con-men," added William.

"Also questionable parties," added Elizabeth.

"Good gracious, you'd think the children were going quite by themselves," exclaimed Mrs. Prelude, "instead of with a Youth Club! And you're just off on holidays," she added, to Mrs. Wilfred, "and Elizabeth to Greece, so why don't we all meet here for lunch again in two weeks' time and tell each other everything that's happened?" All agreed this was a nice idea.

"I've promised we'll lunch practically the day we get back," reported Mrs. Wilfred to her husband. "Toby's dropping Lydia on the way home, and it seems a nice opportunity for us all to get together."

She was hardly surprised by Wilfred Prelude's ready agreement to visit his sister-in-law three within as many months: only felt a little sad because she couldn't in honesty attribute it to any burgeoning of family affection.

Wilfred Prelude took holidays solely on principle, as a preventive against ulcers; driving about the Lake District in a Rover at about forty miles per hour relaxed him.

A fortnight was as much as he could stand; actually the second week of this annual tour found him telephoning back each evening in case any captain of industry had been trying to make contact with him — in which event gladly he turned homeward.

His particular dislike was having no specific date by which his return was absolutely necessary, so that not to take an extra day or two, if his wife, for example, wished to visit Coventry Cathedral, couldn't be justified. Sadly but perceptibly, Mrs. Wilfred recognised her husband equating lunch at Chesham Bois with a board-meeting . . .

Then she was as surprised as Toby had been at his extra tenner. "We might bring her back some little souvenir," offered Wilfred Prelude. "Of spar, perhaps; I remember seeing miniature obelisks." He paused. "When we were boys, Arthur and I, we had quite a fad for minerals. He used to take me to the National Geological."

"Two little boys in knickerbockers?" prompted Mrs. Wilfred. "One just big enough to take care of the other?"

"Certainly it was always Arthur

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who handled the bus-money," acknowledged Wilfred Prelude, "and somehow always produced a penny over to buy me a penny bun." Young Wilfred had, in fact, been almost walked off his young legs to save a twopenny-stage, so young Arthur was still threepence up, but memory (into which the adult Wilfred so rarely dipped) was kind.

"He must have been an affectionate little fellow, I dare say you're right about him."

Thus even Arthur Prelude's brother came to subscribe to the new image of him (dead), just as the Master had come to subscribe to it, and Mrs. Wilfred, and Alice, and Professor Harvill, and Miss Hume, and Miss Champney, and, of course, Mrs. Prelude herself. Dead, Arthur Prelude's domestic virtues outshone even his financial-wise ones.

A follow-up letter from Professor Harvill quoted from Burns the bit about a happy fireside clime; Mrs. Prelude, tenderly paper-clipping it to his file, was gratified but unsurprised. She still thought the children might like to see it—especially Lydia.

Toby and Lydia, according to plan, should have entrained straight for Chamberieu on the borders of Switzerland and Haute Savoie. Why they found themselves instead cycling along a route nationale in the Limousin, was because (as all children know, only they'd forgotten) if you tell a lie it is likely to come true. In brief, they encountered a Youth Club. Or if not precisely a Youth Club, even worse. The Chamberieu train was lively with almost the entire Upper Fourth from Lydia's own school in charge of the games-mistress. She spotted Lydia at once.

"Prelude!" exclaimed the games-mistress delightedly. "Lydia Prelude! I never knew one of our seniors had put down!"

"Actually, I didn't—" began Lydia.

"Never mind!" beamed the games-mistress. "There's always an extra bed at a host—Who's the lad?"

"My cousin," said Lydia.

"So long as he's related," exclaimed the games-mistress, "why not? We'll find him a bed with the Boy Scouts!"

So Lydia and Toby got out at the next stop. Obviously there was no alternative. Furiously they hauled their trunks from the luggage-van, furiously watched the train draw out, then bought themselves a hard-boiled egg apiece at the station buffet.

"We've only to catch the next," said Toby.

"Here!" asked Lydia.

Toby consulted the timetable. He had a timetable, he had a map; carefully stowed along with their passports and money in the inside pocket of his skiing jacket. He was as much in charge as Arthur Prelude had always been in charge. It was he who'd thoughtfully cashed their travellers' cheques at once, lest their search took them into wilds where banks were unknown.

"Actually from here there isn't another till tomorrow morning. But if we bike about five miles back down the line we can pick up the nineteen-fifty from Villeneuve-le-Duc."

So another lie came true; far sooner than they expected they were seeing the country. "I'd still see more without a rucksack," complained Lydia, pedalling between the rows of poplars. "It makes me wobble."

"Actually there isn't much to see yet," said Toby.

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IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Actually I don't think it has anything on Bucks," panted Lydia. "What's a jube?"

A sign at crossroads suddenly indicated: *Eglise St. Emilien, beau jube.*

"It's a carved screen, placed to separate the choir from the nave," said Toby knowledgeably. He knew everything.

"Anyway, we can sit down while we look at it," said Lydia. "We can't have much more than a mile to go."

So they turned and pedalled up a lane, and propped their bicycles outside a churchyard, and Lydia, with her mother's international good manners, pulled a scarf from her jeans pocket to tie round her head.

The beau jube was so huge it almost filled the small edifice dedicated to St. Emilien: in the dim religious light it

flattered, and showed it, that he'd squeezed her in between Zurich and Amsterdam.

"To come all this way just for an hour!" murmured Mrs. Prelude. "But then Arthur really was, wasn't he, in his way, great?"

"The greatest," said Mr. van Hoyt solemnly.

He didn't fail to notice how swiftly, instinctively, she transferred the compliment from herself to her husband. It was a sort of womanly modesty Mr. van Hoyt found both becoming and unusual. As for Mrs. Prelude, she was additionally gratified to hear Arthur's praises from one who truly knew how to value him—that is, in his public character: it was naturally impossible for anyone who'd met him only at conferences to know about the bonfires and kissing Alice.

band with a wife available wouldn't on such a visit have brought her with him? Sadly, Mrs. Prelude had to conclude the breach unhealed.

Her next mental question was whether he knew she knew. If he did know she knew, wouldn't he be expectant of sympathy in return? Of course, Mrs. Prelude could never tire of hearing Arthur eulogised, but by the time Mr. van Hoyt at last paused (having spoken completely without notes), she found she knew just what she was going to say, to give him at any rate the chance to open his heart and be sympathised with himself.

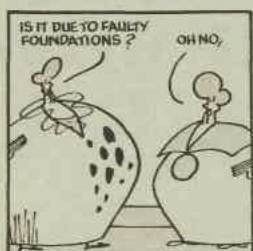
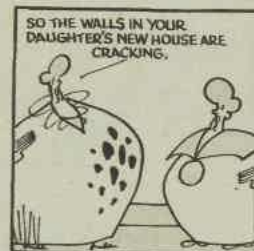
"You put it all so beautifully!" sighed Mrs. Prelude; and added, "Corinna wrote."

There was a brief silence. Mr. van Hoyt's expression changed.

"You know?" His voice was low, but well under control. Mrs. Prelude nodded. "I couldn't believe it!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



observed both choir and altar. There were a great many figures carved upon it, including two that looked like the Virgin and a Roman soldier; the rest, in the dim religious light, anonymous. It was wonderfully impressive.

Touched to solemnity, the cousins knelt side by side. There was no one else in the little church.

"O Lord," prayed Lydia, "let me find my father..."

At that moment, as not infrequently happens just before sunset, a last spectacular ray suddenly penetrated. Through the west window behind them light so flooded, the whole jube started to life. The Virgin leaned forth in blessing, the Roman soldier, and even Pontius Pilate (revealed low down on the left), seemed to signal encouragement. Lydia felt like Joan of Arc hearing voices in the bells.

In Buckinghamshire, at just about the same time, Mrs. Prelude was receiving a visit of condolence not from Professor Harvill but from Mr. van Hoyt. She felt extremely

Eagerly Mrs. Prelude listened to Mr. van Hoyt's judicious summing of Arthur's expertise, experience, and special flair. It was as good as a lecture; if Mrs. Prelude had had paper and pencil handy she'd have been drawing rabbits. Nothing could have distracted her attention for a single instant except the knowledge that Corinna was seeking a divorce. It was naturally the first thought to enter Mrs. Prelude's mind the moment Mr. van Hoyt walked in, and she couldn't get it out again.

So far, he had made no mention of Corinna. No doubt the subject was too painful, the wound still too fresh? Yet Mr. van Hoyt didn't look wounded. On the contrary, the second thought to strike his hostess was that he looked unusually well.

"Perhaps they've made it up?" thought Mrs. Prelude. But the hope died as soon as formed: Corinna would have been there. Friendship apart, there was nothing Corinna liked better than jumping on and off planes; also what hus-

"She's in Mexico this minute."

"Mexico?"

"I divorce faster, in Mexico," explained Mr. van Hoyt wryly.

"But how she can!" burst forth Mrs. Prelude. "Her letter upset me for days! You know I love Corinna dearly—but how she can!"

"I guess I was always too old for her," said Mr. van Hoyt.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Prelude, impulsively pressing his hand. "Why, at every single conference I always thought you, except for Arthur, looked the youngest there!"

"You did?"

"Indeed I did!" affirmed Mrs. Prelude quite sincerely. "And you took her everywhere—"

"I did hope," recalled Mr. van Hoyt, "foreign travel might compensate."

"I meant, to the parties as well," said Mrs. Prelude. "Why, whatever more could she want?"

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Like Joan of Arc, Lydia knelt hearing voices in the bells. She left the church so elevated and bemused, it took Toby several moments to convey to her the fact that her bicycle had been stolen.

Where two bicycles had been against the gate, now there was only one. There stood Toby's decrepit machine inviolate; Lydia's brand-new chromium job had vanished.

"I suppose we'd better go to the police," said Toby uneasily.

"But won't it hold us up for hours?"

"More like days," said Toby. "Better write it off and push on," decided Toby. "You can always hire another and buy gear at Chamberieu. At least we've plenty of cash."

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Toby had literally to push. Obviously, he couldn't accommodate Lydia on his crossbar; faithful as his steed might be, the double burden would simply have sent it to the knacker's. But at least, as he began to sweat, he could pile his jacket on top of his rucksack, and they made not bad progress.

"Has the station at Villeneuve a proper restaurant?" asked Lydia.

"If not, there'll be an auberge in the village a mile away," said Toby.

They had cheerfully completed the full necessary mile before they realised that they were lost. It seemed impossible, even in the swift-falling dusk, on a route nationale. The only explanation was that at some point they must have turned off again. In any case, where should have twinkled

IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

before them the red and green lights of a railway station's signal-boxes gleamed lancet windows high up in what was evidently the turret of a chateau. They halted in dismay beside a tall iron gate ajar between pillars with grifins on top.

"We'd better take a look at the map," said Toby.

Fortunately one thing efficient about his bicycle was the lamp. It was an excellent lamp, adequate to read any map by down to smallest place-names and roads unfit for automobiles. That it now proved useless was simply because Toby's jacket which had the map in the pocket had fallen off.

"I'm extremely sorry," apolo-

gised Toby. "It's entirely my fault. I should have lashed it on."

"Considering besides the map it's got all our money in it," said Lydia, rather clearly, "I really think you might."

It was extraordinary how quickly darkness had become complete: the moon not yet risen.

"Actually what bothers me more," said Toby, "is our passports."

"One does, doesn't one, feel slightly naked without them?" agreed Lydia politely.

Somewhere in the distance, probably in the chateau grounds, an owl hooted.

As they stood there, trying to decide what to do, suddenly,

somewhere to the right, a dog bayed.

Toby let his bicycle fall, Lydia clutched his hand, and together they raced for whatever sanctuary the chateau offered.

Fortunately there was no difficulty in gaining admission. Even as they panted toward a great historic porch, light through an opening door streamed to meet them; some sort of manservant accepted their dishevelment un-surprised, and wordlessly led the way across a great historic hall to the historic saloon beyond.

To Toby and Lydia it seemed crowded. In fact, no more than half-a-dozen merry-makers delightfully converged upon them — the males in white tuxedos, the three females exquisitely if somewhat fantastically attired in gold-bordered sari, pyjamas of thin

Liberty silk, and shift sewn with pearl paillettes.

Above the sari rose the head of a pig, above paillettes and Liberty silk the heads of sheep and goats; above the white tuxedos those of boar, wolf, and ram — Mrs. Armadale, who rented the chateau for the summer, having decided to give a special fun-party for her intimates with the aid of a box of most ingenious rubber masks specially imported from New York.

"Come in, come in!" cried Mrs. Armadale — thrusting up her rubber snout to reveal features scarcely less plump. "How sweet, how young."

After a quick, shrewd study of the revellers, none of whom could be less than forty, Toby appreciated the whole set-up pretty accurately.

None of these looked like the ducal owner of the chateau. But he knew that chateaux were frequently rented to fun-loving foreigners. So although this fun-party struck him as rather unsavory, because it was dark, and they had no money —

"I'm afraid we've rather boomed," continued Toby apologetically. "We hoped this was the home of a Duke, actually the grandfather of a friend of mine, and that he'd put us up overnight. But of course we'll just move on."

"Don't think of it!" cried Mrs. Armadale warmly (and just as Toby had anticipated). "You'll stay as long as you like! — In Lalage, and these are Babs and Cecile and Bobo and Peter and Blimps. What are your names, you babes in the wood?"

"Susan and Harold," said Toby. "Blackwood. We're cousins — on a tour of France to improve our accents."

MRS. ARMADALE'S

fat white countenance creased in a delighted, conspiratorial smile.

"Which I for one don't believe a single moment!" she declared. "I believe you're eloping!"

Instantly, the whole fun-party took up the idea with enthusiasm.

"So obviously, so tremendously in love!" yearned Babs. Cecile had an arm around Toby's neck.

"I tell you what," giggled Bobo. "Let's have a wedding! Darling Lalage, wouldn't it be rather fun?"

"It certainly would," beamed Mrs. Armadale, tears of pleasure in her eyes to see her guests all enjoying themselves. "Only what about a minister?"

"Then just a bedding — a *dix-huitieme siecle*!" giggled Blimps. "Let's bed them in the bridal suite!"

It was the cue for Peter and Blimps: uttering the most *dix-huitieme* cries they could think of — such as "*Hola!*" "*Vive le roi!*" manhandling Lydia up a broad stair before Toby could extricate himself from Cecile.

"It really was the king's bedroom!" gasped Mrs. Armadale joyfully. "Now it's the Duke's, but some king or other really did sleep there once — the letting-agent in Paris swore it on my Gold Card. What luck for you darling babes you came here!"

Outside, across the width of the hall, Toby heard a chain rattle, bolts jar. The off-hand, dishevelled manservant evidently judged the fun-party complete. Toby took the stairs two at a time, scrambling past Peter and Blimps, pushed Lydia in through a door and thankfully discovered a bolt on that, too.

"Let us in, let us in!" chanted the fun-party.

Toby drew Lydia to a window seat on the chamber's further side. Muffled first by the door, then by the breadth of the room, the graceless racket now scarcely penetrated. They had time to draw breath; to look about them, at the great bed, curtained above a head-board carved with a coat-of-arms; at the shining wardrobes and tall boys and straight-backed chairs. They had time to look out of the window, across a formal garden and stretch of lawn toward wilder parkland beyond. The moon was now up, and almost full. Out ceasing to hoot, dog to bay, all was silent.

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RAZZLE DAZZLE DRESS?

MATCH UP YOUR SHOES! EASY! WITH MELTONIAN COLOUR CHANGE.



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LOOK

IT'S THEIR GEAR

with
KERRY YATES

SWIM fashions will really cater for the "beach babes" in Europe this summer. London and Italian designers are featuring "nappy-kinis" — tiny white towelling swimsuits with the pants parts folded diaper-style and caught with maxi-safety-pins.

WHEN Jack Frost breezes along it will be goodbye to those sheer, glittered, and lacy legs of summer. Stockings will go absolutely opaque in danskins (60-denier tights) of inky-black, chocolate-brown, and elephant-grey.

BOYS are buying white cooks' pants for the wide-legged look, which is replacing the tight blue jeans trend on the surfer fashion scene.

WHITE tennis shoes look just as jazzy as imported sneakers when worn with jeans and shorts — French teens adore them. For cleaning, just scrub and rub them with soap and hot water.

CONDUCTORS' change bags make swinging shoulder purses — and hold more than other "mini" ones do.

BEFORE you say "I won't be wearing maxis," remember when chisel-toes began to threaten pointed pumps? Boasting of being "the pointiest-toed nation in the world," Australians vowed they would never go square!

LABORATORY coats — dyed orange, claret, and egg-yellow — make great coats-over with jeans for boys and girls. Team with white jeans and skiivies and they look really super for colder nights.

For teenagers



Watch out, New York, Nerida Piggins has arrived with her marvellous maxi-wardrobe. One of Australia's best known young fashion models, "Red Ned" (as friends call her), arrived at Kennedy Airport in this stunning outfit of black elephant corduroy, trimmed with black fox, and a matching hat. She plans to visit the model worlds of New York, Paris, and London during her year abroad.



★ Corkscrew curls look soft and feminine on singing star Dinah Lee, who has grown her hair long to wear this style.

★ There was a little girl, who had a little curl... and then she decided she'd like more. And more, and more, and more!

And so the Curly Cut arrived.

Suddenly it was goodbye to the short, straight Sassoons, and hello to a burst of cute curls.

Even girls who have been having their hair straightened for years are joining the queues for the pincurl perms.

Here are some curly styles by Barry Livingston...

★ Bonnie-inspired, Maree Haslam's hairstyle has a definite 1930s flavor with a deep centre part and pincurl "ear-muffs" like the ones girls then sported.



★ Bobby Nicholas' wild hairset, tightly permed and then teased out all over, shows that pop star Jimi Hendrix has effect on girls' styles.

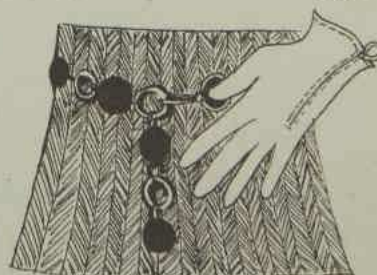


CHAINS

• Available in gold, silver, tortoiseshell, brass, and plastic — I even discovered one made of wood and leather — link belts look "tres beau!" with fitted coats, dresses, and slacks, or worn over skinny jumpers and shirts.

Really bright teens will find other roles for them, too. They look super as necklaces (with a few links removed), and made into mad drop earrings or bracelets. Try one as a shoulder-strap on a mini-handbag or pop one around the crown of a floppy felt hat.

Why don't you make your own chain belt? Just stitch velvet ribbon strips between brass curtain rings.



Under one flag



• Our generation, in almost every country of the world, is accepting almost the same set of values. Surely by looking at these values, and finding out how alike we really are, we will be able to make an international government in the future—our only nationality being that of earthlings. We will then have no use for weapons or for war. Modern travel has already reduced the size of the world geographically.

—JOHN FENNELL, Concord, N.S.W.

Open-fire

TO prevent delinquency among teenagers, youth clubs and church halls could be opened on Sunday afternoons. This would prevent lots of young people from aimlessly roaming the streets or aimlessly driving around in cars. They could listen to

records, play chess, or table tennis, etc., and occasionally be entertained by groups of singers. — A. Collier, Moorabbin, Vic.

Fashion wise

TODAY the trend in fashion is to be different. That is, to have no dress or

LETTERS

outfit similar to another's. But as every fashion-conscious girl is striving to be more unusual and different than her neighbor, isn't she (having the same ambition) being the same? Perhaps it would be different to dress the same as someone else! — Merran Fisher, Yaapeet, Vic.

From all points

MANY of us criticise and ask ourselves, "Why wasn't I born beautiful?" Well, wake up to yourselves. What is the use of living in a dream that one day you will wake up beautiful? You cannot change your face. But you can make the most of your good points — which usually seem to outnumber the bad ones. — "Born Ugly," St. Marys, S.A.

I DON'T think parents' restrictions on teenage girls are so much a lack of trust as the desire for their safety. Car-loads of boys speed around the streets in hotbed cars, ready to pick up any girls who may be about. It is in order to guard their daughters against this that parents restrict them. I strongly feel that it is the boys who should be restricted and taken in hand by their parents. Towns and cities would then be much safer places for girls, and our parents would have much less reason for restricting our freedom. — Angela Rycroft, Geelong, Vic.

Self-expression

I FEEL that it is of great importance in our modern world to be able to express ourselves. More teenagers should take an interest in current affairs and attempt to form their own opinions. Most of them seem to accept the opinions of the daily newspapers and do not bother to investigate any further. We should not be content to remain ignorant and follow the crowd, but should find out as much as we can about what is going on around us. I am 16 and look forward to the day I have the right to vote. — "16-year-old Student," St. James, W.A.

GO-MANGO

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

DON'T SNIFF AT SCENTED PAPERS

I SEE that a Spanish daily newspaper recently published a perfumed edition.

This happened in Barcelona, but it's not as nutty as it sounds.

For, actually, the newspaper industry has long had many links with perfume and smelling.

Indeed, I am well qualified to write this. I have been in the game since I was a little squirt.

Editors demand that reporters have noses for news. Owners like their papers to have "high" circulations. Some stories incense people and they turn up their noses.

Even when he has to go through Chancels (and they can number five), a good reporter will never be thrown off the scent.

Of course the Spanish idea might tend to over-emphasise these links.

Will editors now want reporters to have news for noses?

It could be embarrassing for a man to say, "I'm on 'The Bugle,'" and hear the retort, "So was your paper this morning."

And the highest praise of a good man on a perfumed newspaper might be to say: "He has stink in his veins."

By the way, perhaps you are wondering how you perfume a newspaper, technically.

Well, some papers have their names on the top of page one, with little advertisements on each side.

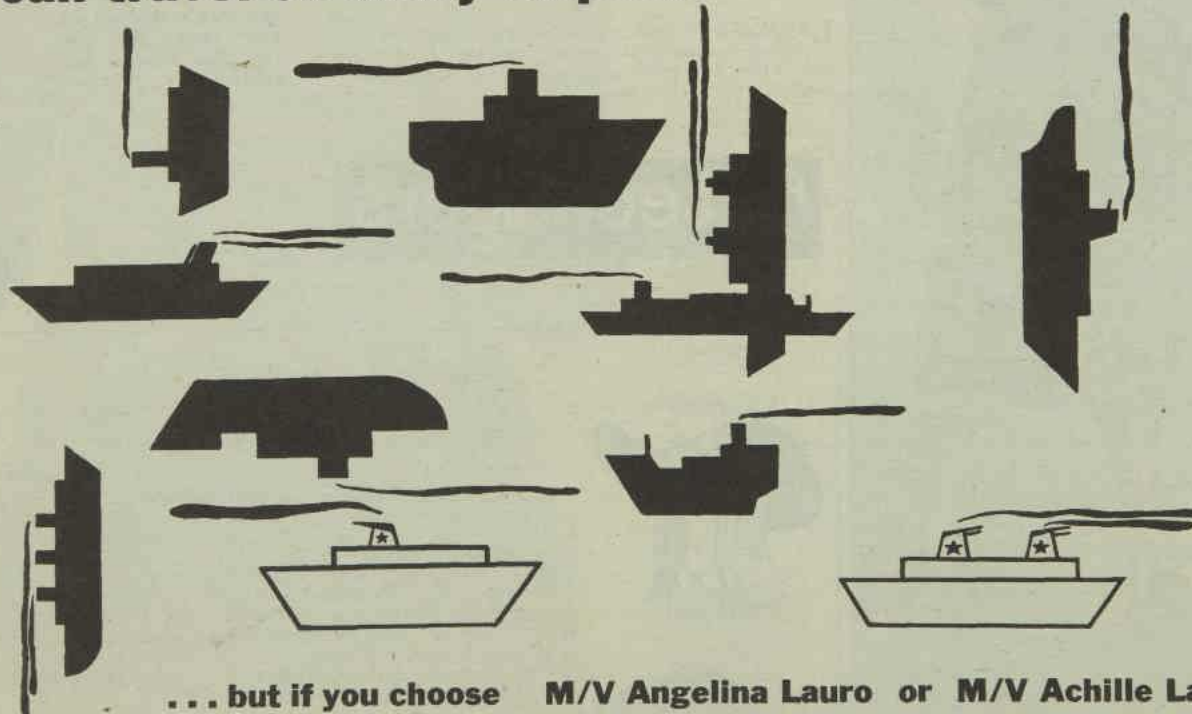
These spaces are known in the business as "ears."

So there you are — you just put a few dabs behind the ears!

Well, that's the end of this story. Or, should I say that this is the end of the nose?



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for Europe or New Zealand ask your travel agent to book with



FLOTTA

LAURO



Dinner is eggs!

It's an old Spanish custom



Make a Spanish omelet for a change—like this:—

1. Assemble the ingredients:—

2 tablespoons oil, 1 cup cooked diced potato, 1 clove garlic chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 6 "SUNRISE" EGGS, 3 tablespoons water, 1 level teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter (makes enough for 3 people).

2. Heat oil and cook all vegetable ingredients until soft, together with salt and pepper to taste. Keep hot. 3. Beat together 3 eggs with 3 yolks, the water, salt and pepper. Stiffly beat remaining 3 egg whites and fold in. 4. Melt butter in a large omelet pan, pour in beaten egg mixture. Cook until set underneath then finish under griller until puffed and brown. 5. Now carefully place the cooked vegetable ingredients on the top. Cut into wedges, serve to a background of Flamenco music. Olé.

SUNRISE EGGS



17 1018

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 17, 1968

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On a sigh, Lydia turned back toward the room. Somewhere below a clock struck twelve with the peculiar impressiveness of a clock that has the house to itself.

"Have they all gone?" whispered Lydia. "It's so quiet now."

"More likely they've just passed out..."

Both listened intently, but there wasn't a sound from outside.

"Bolt the door behind me," ordered Toby, "and don't open till I hoot."

He was gone about ten minutes. When Lydia let him in again, what immediately struck her was the fistful of notes he carried: both French and English.

"I was right," reported

Toby, "they're absolutely strewn all over the place."

"Where did you get that money?" she demanded. (Like all Preludes she took money seriously: whence obtained, what collateral, what interest.) "You don't mean to tell me you went through their pockets?"

"Only the chaps," reassured Toby. "And, of course, I left IOUs. Now pull yourself together and let's push on."

Half scandalised, half admiring, Lydia tiptoed after him down the great stair.

They found Toby's bicycle where he had dropped it, but he had wheeled it no more than a yard or two before both pedals fell off (he had dropped it rather hurriedly). So after collecting his ruck-

sack, he abandoned the machine on the grass beside the drive.

Their youth and fatigue were better than barbiturates; both slept like logs in a ditch and under the early sun woke fresh as daisies. The sensible decision to retrace their steps to the station where they originally got off, not only because they knew they could catch a train there but also on the chance of finding Toby's jacket, involved some four miles on empty stomachs, but neither flinched.

By daylight they saw easily how they'd lost their way: the

elbow from the *route nationale* toward the chateau gate was almost as broad, if less well maintained between ditch and hedgerow, as the highway itself.

"I've been thinking," said Toby. "I'm pretty sure it happened after we turned off."

"After it got dark," said Lydia, with a shiver.

"Exactly. Before, we'd have noticed. Unless the locals hereabouts get up extraordinarily early, it's even we'll find it."

"Then we'll have to go back and redeem those IOUs," said Lydia. Her sharp eye was suddenly caught by a patch of

orange protruding from a rabbit-hole.

It was Toby's jacket, all right; but though their passports were still in the pocket, their money wasn't.

"I must say whoever got up early was pretty decent," said Lydia gratefully.

"A simple peasant," observed Toby, "probably hasn't any use for passports."

"No, but he might have for a jacket," said Lydia.

If it crossed Toby's mind that an expensive orange skiing jacket on the back of a simple peasant would be a highly questionable object he didn't say so.

Again they didn't go to the police. As Toby pointed out, they had absolutely no proof that the money was ever

there. In any case, they weren't short: at an inn outside the station the cousins consumed an enormous breakfast. Toby tipped the waiter lavishly, so that returning to his wife in the kitchen he rejoiced that there were still a few milords left alive—even if in beatnik attire.

In London, Alice was letting William buy her an engagement ring. Hitherto she'd always refused one, she said she hated wearing rings, but William, with twenty thousand pounds behind him, was masterful. He still wasn't prepared to sink a quarter of his capital in a square-cut emerald, and felt annoyed with the assistant at Cartier's who encouraged Alice to try one on.

Only the besotment of love could have induced him into Cartier's at all: he had, in fact, already arranged for a delightful little antique job, a sapphire surrounded by rose-diamonds, to be awaiting Alice's inspection at a lesser jeweller's farther on. Alice now docilely followed William, and made him happy by approving his choice.

Over lunch at the Ritz she allowed him to place it, with some slight tender ceremony, on her finger, and exclaimed how perfectly it fitted.

"The ladies of the *Ancien Regime*," said William, tenderly, and forgetting how Alice was accustomed to hurtle her jeep about, "had useless little hands, too..."

"Please, can I have been a Marquise?" smiled back Alice...

SHE was still rather quiet; pensive. The occasion was of course in a way solemn, and William was glad, again, that she evidently felt it so. The ensuing silence disturbed him only on account of the waiter. Many who lunch or dine at the Ritz feel a need to sparkle, at least while being served. It takes the regulars—the Greek shipowners, the American art-dealers—to sit unperturbed in total silence.

William seeking some topic of conversation pitched on a telephone-call from his mother received that morning.

"D'you know what?" said William. "You may well be going to have a millionaire step-papa-in-law."

Alice looked interested at once. The waiter was naturally too well trained to, but William sensed a heightened respect.

"Tell me more, darling," said Alice.

"It seems that Mr. van Hoyt, a colleague of my late father's, flew in for an hour's chat between Zurich and Amsterdam. Mother described it as a visit of condolence, but, of course, they chatted about this and that as well, such as the van Hoyt divorce. He's to call again before he leaves Europe. I honestly don't believe Mother has a clue," added William, "but one can't help suspecting intentions on the part of Father's pal..."

"Then I think it's perfectly dreamy," said Alice, "when your mother's such a sweetie-pie." She paused. Again the besotment of love stopped William from noticing the keen, speculative look that had come into her eyes. "Really and truly cross-your-heart a millionaire?"

"Multi," said William—the waiter again at his elbow. "I dare say he owns half Bermuda."

"Bermuda must be beautiful," sighed Alice. "All those luxury hotels with their own swimming-pools..."

For a moment William actively disliked her.

To be concluded

IN PIOUS MEMORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76



Style 11631 Short sleeve spencer. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.45

Style 11019 Short leg pantee. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35

Style 11506 Sleeveless vest. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35 XXOS \$1.55

Style 11005 Bloomer. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.25 XOS \$1.45



Style 11630 Long sleeve spencer. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.65 XOS \$1.85

Style 11008 Long leg pantee. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35 XXOS \$1.55



Style 11507 Brassiere vest. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15

Style 11019 Short leg pantee. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35

Pretty soft beneath. Pretty smooth on top.

Of course, Tru-size, the undercover stuff that is proportioned to fit. Multiple sizes makes sure. Tru-size is pure, silky cotton, knitted with little tiny stitches. The freshest thing you can wear, in pretty peach mist or white. Consider the spencer beneath the suit. The leggy pants under slacks and skirts. Some women won't wear anything but Tru-size. Understandably.

TRU-SIZE means what it says;
thank **BOND'S**



DOG STAR

By ARTHUR
C. CLARKE

Between Laika and her devoted master, who on Earth were rarely apart, there existed an uncanny bond that spanned not only Time but limitless Space

WHEN I heard Laika's frantic barking, my first reaction was one of annoyance. I turned over in my bunk and murmured sleepily, "Quiet, you silly thing." That dreamy interlude lasted only a fraction of a second; then consciousness returned — and, with it, fear. Fear of loneliness, and fear of madness.

For a moment I dared not open my eyes; I was afraid of what I might see. Reason told me that no dog had even set foot upon this world, that Laika was separated from me by a quarter of a million miles of space — and, far more irrevocably, five years of time.

"You've been dreaming," I told myself angrily. "Stop being a fool — open your eyes! You won't see anything except the glow of the wall paint."

That was right, of course. The tiny cabin was empty, the door tightly closed. I was alone with my memories, overwhelmed by the transcendental sadness that often comes when some bright dream fades into drab reality. The sense of loss was so desolating that I longed to return to sleep.

It was well that I failed to do so, for at that moment sleep would have been death. But I did not know this for another five seconds, and during that eternity I was back on earth, seeking what comfort I could from the past.

No one ever discovered Laika's origin, though the Observatory staff made a few inquiries and I inserted several advertisements in the Pasadena newspapers. I found her a lost and lonely ball of fluff, huddled by the roadside one summer evening when I was driving up to Palomar. Though I have never liked dogs, or indeed any animals, it was impossible to leave this helpless little creature to the mercy of the passing cars.

With some qualms, wishing that I had a pair of gloves, I picked her up and dumped her in the baggage compartment. I was not going to hazard the upholstery of my new '92 Vik, and felt that she could do little damage there. In this, I was not altogether correct.

When I had parked the car at the Monastery — the astronomers' residential quarters, where I'd be living for the next week — I inspected my find without much enthusiasm. At that stage, I had intended to hand the puppy over to the janitor; but then it whimpered and opened its eyes. There was such an expression of helpless trust in them that — well, I changed my mind.

Sometimes I regretted that decision, though never for long. I had no idea how much trouble a growing dog could cause, deliberately and otherwise. My cleaning and repair bills soared; I could never be sure of finding an unravaged pair of socks or an unchewed copy of the "Astrophysical Journal."

But eventually Laika was both house-trained and observatory-trained; she must have been the only dog ever to be allowed inside the two-hundred-inch dome. She would lie there quietly in the shadows for hours, while I was up in the cage making adjustments, quite content if she could hear my voice from time to time.

The other astronomers became equally fond of her (it was old Dr. Anderson who suggested her name), but from the beginning she was my dog, and would obey no one else. Not that she would always obey me.

She was a beautiful animal, about 95 percent alsatian. It was that missing five percent, I imagine, that led to her being abandoned. (I still feel a surge of anger when I think of it, but since I shall never know the facts, I may be jumping to false conclusions.) Apart from two dark patches over the eyes, most of her body was a smoky-grey, and her coat was soft as silk. When her ears were pricked up, she looked incredibly intelligent and alert; sometimes I would be discussing spectral types or stellar evolution with my colleagues, and it would be hard to believe that she was not following the conversation.

Even now, I cannot understand why she became so attached to me, for I have made very few friends among human beings. Yet when I returned to the observatory after an absence, she would go almost frantic with delight, bouncing around on her hind legs and putting her paws on my shoulders — which she could reach quite easily — all the while uttering small squeaks of joy which seemed highly inappropriate from so large a dog.

I tried to leave her for more than a few days at a time, and though I could not take her with me on overseas trips, she accompanied me on most of my shorter journeys. She was with me when I drove north to attend that ill-fated seminar at Berkeley.

We were staying with university acquaintances; they had been polite about it, but obviously did not look forward to having a monster in the house. However, I assured them that Laika never gave the slightest trouble, and rather reluctantly they let her sleep in the living-room. "You needn't worry about burglars tonight," I said.

"We don't have any in Berkeley," they answered, rather coldly.

In the middle of the night, it seemed that they were wrong. I was awakened by a hysterical, high-pitched barking from Laika which I had heard only once before — when she had first seen a cow, and did not know what on earth to make of it. Cursing, I threw off the sheets and stumbled out into the darkness of the unfamiliar

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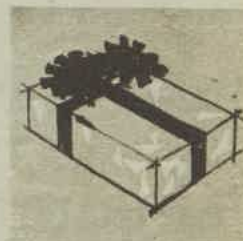


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Page 81

Kellogg's
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house. My main thought was to silence Laika before she roused my hosts. For a moment I stood beside the switch at the top of the stairs. Then I growled, "Shut up, Laika!" and flooded the place with light.

She was scratching frantically at the door, pausing from time to time to give that hysterical yelp. "If you want out," I said angrily, "there's no need for all that fuss." I went down, shot the bolt, and she took off like a rocket.

It was very calm and still, with a waning moon struggling to pierce the San Francisco fog. I stood in the luminous haze, waiting for Laika to come back so that I could chastise her. I was still waiting when, for the second time in the twentieth century, the San Andreas Fault woke from its sleep.

Oddly enough, I was not

frightened—at first. I can remember two thoughts passed through my mind, in the moment before I realised the danger. Surely, I told myself, the geophysicists could have given us some warning. And then I found myself thinking, with surprise, "I'd no idea earthquakes made so much noise!"

It was about then that I knew that this was no ordinary quake; what happened afterward, I would prefer to forget. The Red Cross did not take me away until quite late the next morning, because I refused to leave Laika. As I looked at the shattered house containing the bodies of my friends, I knew that I owed my life to her; but the helicopter pilots could not be

expected to understand that, and I cannot blame them for thinking that I was crazy.

After that, I do not suppose we were ever apart for more than a few hours. I have been told that I became less and less interested in human company, without being actively unsocial or misanthropic. Between them, the stars and Laika filled all my needs. We used to go for long walks together over the mountains; it was the happiest time I have ever known. There was only one flaw; I knew it must end.

We had been planning the move for more than a decade. As far back as the nineteen-sixties it was realised that Earth was no place for an astronomical observatory.

Even the small pilot instruments on the Moon had far outperformed all the telescopes peering through the murk and haze of the terrestrial atmosphere. The story of Mount Wilson, Palomar, Greenwich, and the other great names was coming to an end; they would still be used for training purposes, but the research frontier must move out into space.

I had to move with it; indeed, I had already been offered the post of Deputy Director, Farside Observatory. In a few months, I could hope to solve problems I had been working on for years. Beyond the atmosphere, I would be like a blind man who had suddenly been given sight.

It was utterly impossible, of course, to take Laika with me. The only animals on the Moon were those needed for experimen-

tal purposes; it might be another generation before pets were allowed, and even then it would cost a fortune to carry them there — a. to keep them alive.

The choice was simple and straightforward. I could stay on Earth and abandon my career. Or I could go to the Moon — and abandon Laika. After all, she was only a dog. In a dozen years, she would be dead, while I should be reaching the peak of my profession. No sane man would have hesitated over the matter; yet I did hesitate, and if by now you do not understand why, no further words of mine can help.

In the end, I let matters go by default. Up to the very week I was due to leave, I had still made no plans for Laika. When Dr. Anderson volunteered to look after her, I accepted numbly, with scarcely a word of thanks. The old physicist and his wife had always been fond of her, and I am afraid that they considered me indifferent and heartless — when the truth was just the opposite. We went for one more walk; then I delivered her to the Andersons, and did not see her again.

Take-off was delayed almost twenty-four hours, until a major flare storm had cleared the Earth's orbit; even so, the Van Allen belts were still so active that we had to make our exit through the North Polar Gap. It was a miserable flight; apart from the usual trouble with weightlessness, we were all groggy with anti-radiation drugs. The ship was already over Farside before I took much interest in the proceedings, so I missed the sight of Earth dropping below the horizon.

Nor was I really sorry; I wanted no reminders, and intended to think only of the future. Yet I could not shake off that feeling of guilt; I had deserted someone who loved and trusted me. The news that she was dead reached me a month later. There was no reason that anyone knew; the Andersons had done their best, and were very upset. She had just lost interest in living, it seemed. For a while, I did the same; but work is a wonderful anodyne, and my program was just getting under way. Though I never forgot Laika, in a little while the memory ceased to hurt.

Then why had it come back to haunt me, five years later, on the far side of the Moon? I was searching my mind for the reason when the metal building around me quivered as if under the impact of a heavy blow. I reacted without thinking, and was already closing the helmet of my emergency suit when the foundations slipped and the wall tore open with a scream of escaping air.

Because I had automatically pressed the General Alarm button, we lost only two men, despite the fact that the tremor — the worst ever recorded on Farside — cracked all three of the Observatory's pressure domes.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not believe in the supernatural; everything that happened has a perfectly rational explanation, obvious to any man with the slightest knowledge of psychology. In the second San Francisco earthquake, Laika was not the only dog to sense approaching disaster; many such cases were reported. And on Farside, my own memories must have given me that heightened awareness, when my never-sleeping subconscious detected the first faint vibrations from within the Moon.

The human mind has strange and labyrinthine ways of going about its business; it knew the signal that would most swiftly rouse me to the knowledge of danger. There is nothing more to it than that; though in a sense one could say that Laika woke me on both occasions, there is no mystery about it, no miraculous warning across the gulf that neither man nor dog can ever bridge.

Of that I am sure, if I am sure of anything. Yet sometimes I wake now, in the silence of the Moon, and wish that the dream could have lasted a few seconds longer — so that I could have looked just once more into those luminous brown eyes, brimming with an unselfish, undemanding love I have found nowhere else on this or any other world.

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DOG STAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

3651—Collarless, V-necked kimono robe with patch pockets, elbow-length sleeves, tie belt. Short version included in pattern. Sizes: Small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44) in. chest or bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.



4348—Semi-fitted, A-line dress has oval neckline, shaped or standing collar. Sleeve variations included in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

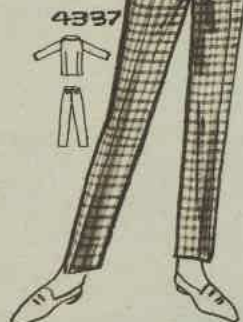
4337—Double-breasted, semi-fitted long jacket has full-length sleeves. Pants are darted into waistband. Skirt pattern included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



3658



4348



4337



2907



4386—A-line dress with front inverted pleat has contrast or self yoke, elbow-length bell sleeves or sleeveless. Button or bow trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4433

4433—Matchbox skirt has edge-stitched seams giving squared effect, inside waistband, and optional saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30in. waist. Price 50 cents includes postage.

2907—Raglan-sleeved shift with self-cord belt, cowl collar, above-elbow-length sleeves or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 57 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 17, 1968

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

NARDA is offered a lift home by Baron Chance. But he takes her to the wharves and drives her on board his yacht, which moves off. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

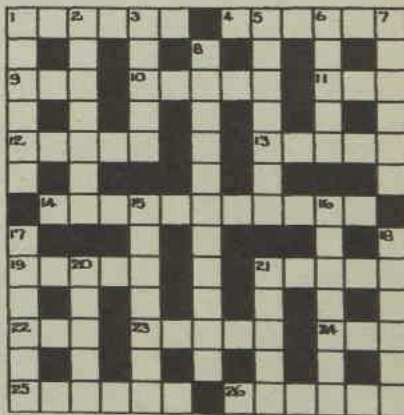
ACROSS

1. Farmers and soldiers (6).
4. Fish on a piece of colored chalk (6).
9. Meadow ale is changed (3).
10. Seasons for sailors (5).
11. Peculiar drink (3).
12. Think of wood (5).
13. Offspring is the girl in 3 down (5).
14. Question closely bury or back gate (11).
19. A palindrome part of a dynamo (5).
21. Vehicle at a measure of weight (5).
22. Wood case for the driver's seat (3).
23. Large numbers of tavern landlords (5).
24. Fuss under rent in 16 down (3).
25. Time and place for a boxer's helper (6).
26. A prop on dry land (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

1. Not a valiant color (6).
2. A formal speech with nothing on a daily allowance (7).
3. Follow directions to prosecute (5).
5. Lying about an insect bite (7).
6. Enclosed pieces of ground for broken drays (5).
7. Count a telephonic address (6).
8. Zero organ distort a Dickens character (6, 5).
15. A part of the head therefore is made of baked clay (7).
16. A whirlwind rent 24 across (7).
17. Closely examines a gown in the public service (6).
18. A blow for an oarsman (6).
20. Poisonous steer in a spasm (5).
21. Moulds sets of actors (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



**Big enough
to build
a meal on!**
...crispy-fresh Sao biscuits



Arnott's famous **Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality

In this issue:
AUSTRALIAN designers
choose the designs
they like best in their 1968
autumn-winter collections.

Norma Tullo's
favorite design for
after-six: black vel-
vet long-line top
and a white ribbon
lace hipster skirt
with a scalloped
hem. XXSSW - SW.
About \$62. (Avail-
able Sportsgirl.)

The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News

THEIR FAVORITE DESIGNS



Joy Nilsson's favorite design — a silk taffeta high-waisted belted dress with a full skirt gathered into a tiny cut-away bodice. In black, cream, pink, gold, emerald, or blue. XXSSW-SW. About \$35. (Farmer's, The In Shop, Imperial Arcade, Chanel Gowns, Kings Cross.)



Above: Ricki Reed's favorite — a multi-striped Donegal tweed dress in green, brown, and rust. Sturdily belted and gold-buckled. Culotte-type skirt and cossock collar. XSSW-SW. \$21. (Apparel Art, Goulburn, Pearl's Boutique, Wyong, Boutique, Bowral.)



At right: Jonathan Crawford's military-look coat in black plush new wool velour boldly edged in gold braid on the collar, pockets, and cuffs. XXSSW-SW. About \$38. (Farmer's, Mark Foy's, Georges of 323 George St., La Scala, Kings Cross.)



At left: Kenneth Pirrie's favorite design for winter, 1968 — a muted pastel checked English tweed suit with a long-line jacket and cone-shaped skirt, tab-belted with a gold hardware-look chain. XXSSW-SW. \$46. (Available Farmer's, Georges of 323 George Street.)

Chosen by Australian designers



Above: Trent's cream gabardine suit pin-striped with black is a trend-setter from their 1968 winter collection. Semi-fitted long-line jacket is double-breasted with flap pockets. About \$51. (Corina, Kings Cross.)

At right: Prue Acton's maxi-length one-piece dress in black-and-white duchess satin has a two-inch diamante-buckled black belt. XXSSW-SW. \$40. (Available Sportsgirl, Georges of 323 George Street.)

Fashions in the SHOPS



Thomas Wardle's hip-swinging dress has low pleats falling from long welts. High-line bodice has a square neckline. In soft pure new wool French flannel in black, camel, pale blue, red, or brown. XXSSW-SW. \$15. (Available Farmers, Grace Bros., Levis's, 149 Elizabeth Street.)



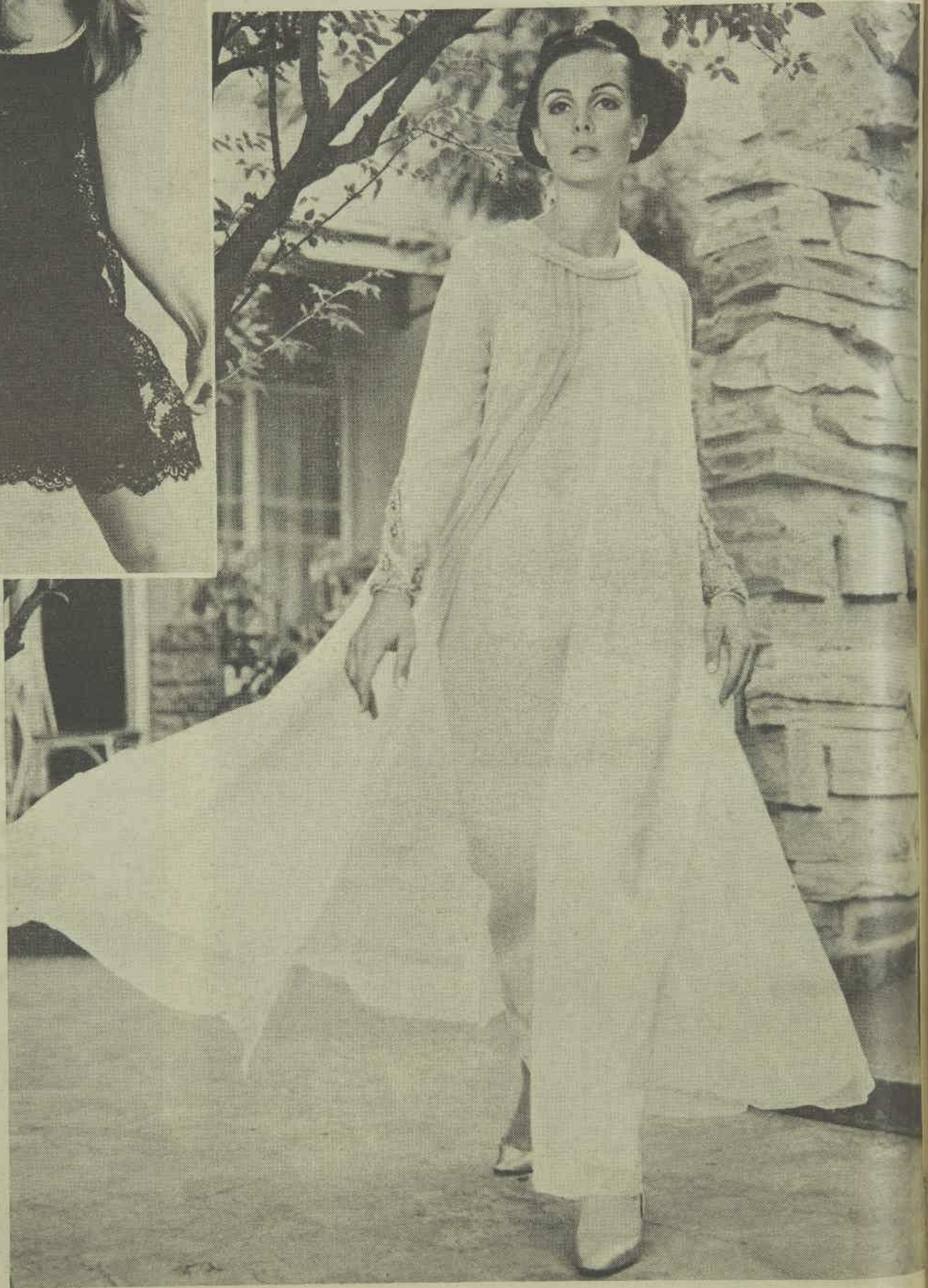
LUXURY IMPORTS



Above: Little black dress in French chantilly lace is edged at deep front and back neckline with two rows of diamante and pearl beading. The soft fall of lace is worn over a fitted silk sheath. Individual model. About \$130. (Loys, 74 Castlereagh Street.)

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At right: An American import, this aqua chiffon coat gown with long beaded sleeves has back-tied roll collar. XSSW. About \$135. (Mark Foy's Castlereagh Street "Little Shop.")



At right: Classic after-five style in printed silk and lurex by Emilia Bellina of Italy. Rouleau edging on neck and around hemline matches tie belt. Sizes 34 to 38. About \$95. (Mark Foy's Castlereagh Street "Little Shop.")



Above: Italian knitted three-piece suit in white wool overchecked with silver and black. The jacket is worn over a sleeveless silver top and there's a broad silver clasp on the belt. 10-14. About \$136. (David Jones' 6th Floor.)



At left: Smart and trim Italian pure wool knit suit. Box-pleated white skirt is topped with a white trimmed, double-breasted turquoise jacket. 10-14. About \$126. (David Jones' 6th Floor.)



At left: From New Zealand, a coat and dress of imported English tweed. The coat is checked sea-blue and green on white with a welted belt for a slightly fitted look. The color carries through on the fine wool frock. 10, 12, 14. About \$83. (Loys, Castlereagh Street.)



At right: Charcoal-grey wool day dress from Switzerland has large square collar back and front, a grey leather bodice inset and belt placed just above the waistline. Size 12. About \$109. (Farmer's Boutique, 2nd Floor.)



For the OLDER WOMAN

Brown organza coat-dress for after-five has front and back yoke detail, a stand-away collar, and full, cuffed sleeves. Diamante buttons are a sparkling finish. XSSW-W. About \$26. (Horderns Mid-City.)



Smooth, understated fashion look in beige ribbon lace is a good choice for the older woman. The wide neckline and slightly A-line styling are flattering. Fully lined. XSSW-W. About \$50. (Horderns Mid-City Store.)

At left: Late-day elegance in larger fittings. Italian suit knitted in wool-and-nylon blend is gold-and-beige-striped. 12-18. About \$137. Black crepe frock with beading on neck and sleeves. SW-OS. Also in cherry, blue, white. About \$51. (Farmer's New Specialised Fitting Dept., 2nd Floor.)



At left: White wool, long-sleeved frock imported from Switzerland is cleverly seamed on the bodice, has unusual tab collar and flap pockets. Size 12. \$102. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, 2nd Floor.)

At right: Smart cape style in camel wool and mohair is yoked and welted. Sizes 10, 12, 14. About \$40. (All McDowell's Stores.)



At left: Classic wool dress and jacket is rich brown with aqua trim. Sleeveless dress may be worn straight or belted. 10-18. About \$36. (Farmer's Town and Country Shop, 2nd Floor.) Three-piece wool slacksuit (matching skirt not shown) comes in red/olive, pink/camel, blue/camel. 12-16. About \$37. (Farmer's Fashion Co-ordinates Dept., 2nd Floor.)



Delightfully different braces-style evening gown in red-and-white spotted cotton worn over a red blouse was the choice of Pat Sullivan when she was a guest at Angela McSweeney's party. She designed and made the dress.



"See-through" dress over a body stocking was a trend-setting style worn by Toni Rendall. In raindrop voile with a pale blue spot, the dress had a matching trim down centre front and around the sleeves.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

At left: Black silk evening trousers with a white satin shirt and pink moire taffeta belt was worn by Angela McSweeney at the party which her brother, John, gave for her at the El Camino Real restaurant. Angela and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tony McSweeney, will spend five months travelling in Europe.



Among the guests at the party given by John McSweeney for his sister, were Dianne Darke, at left in a striped silk V-necked gown which she wore with bare gold sandals, and Gabriel Russell in a full-length skimmer of apple-green silk beaded in white at the high neckline.



Mrs. Peter Chambers looked chic in a white embossed cotton A-line dress with tiny covered buttons and loops at the champagne opening of John Lane's boutique. Gold square-toed shoes, textured stockings, and a crystal handbag were fashion accessories.

Below: Host John Lane with Mrs. Patti Edwards, one of the guests at his boutique opening. Mrs. Edwards wore a blue-and-white spotted voile dress. Mr. Lane wore a black-and-white-striped blazer with a khaki turtle-neck shirt and white trousers.



At left: Original Castillo dress from Paris looked charming on Mrs. Michel-Henri Carriol, wife of the French Commercial Attache. In heavy white lace with organdie collar and cuffs the dress was highlighted with a wide black leather tie belt.

What people are wearing



Actress Zeno Marshall, after she had attended a court in London in connection with her divorce from Mr. Alexander Ward, looked chic in a brown-and-white checked suit with fur collar and cuffs and a matching beret.



Arriving at True Heller's Patio, in Palm Beach, Florida, U.S.A., are, from left, Princess Mary Obolensky, James Rich, Prince and Princess Nikolaus Toumanoff. Princess Toumanoff wore a "cage" dress with an outsize bow, and Princess Obolensky a slim gown of gold Thai silk, belted and with floating panel at either side.



Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, leaving a church in Palenque, Mexico, wore a white lace mantilla with her casual shirtmaker dress. With her is Mr. Boswell Gilpatrick, the former Kennedy Administration Deputy Secretary of Defence.



In London polo-necked shirts have caught on. Reporter James Perry, at left, wears his with a suit and bowler hat; Bobby Darin adds a black bow tie, and Abi Ofarim goes casual in navy-and-white spots. But in New York, Lord Snowdon was refused admittance to a restaurant for being "unsuitably clad" in a polo-necked shirt.

OVERSEAS

At right: Governor Nelson Rockefeller, of New York, and his wife leaving a reception in Washington. Mrs. Rockefeller wore a short-sleeved high-necked dress in heavy white crepe with high-fashion detail in the wide belt and gently eased skirt.



At left: Arriving at the Royal Poinciana Playhouse, in Palm Beach, Florida, U.S.A., Miss Cynthia Phipps wore a hostess culotte suit in paisley-patterned textured cotton with a matching fringed stole.



At right: Two award-winning actresses in London—Dame Edith Evans, 80, and Carol White, 24. Dame Edith, in a black wool coat and felt beret, was named Film Actress of 1967 for her performance in "The Whisperers," and mini-skirted Carol White was named the Most Promising Star of 1967 for her role in "Poor Cow."





Jewellery goes to the head. Mexican silver-leaf clasp bracelet of Aztec design about \$18. Lightweight silver-wheat earrings about \$6. (Angus and Coote, 500 George Street.)

GLAMOR FROM HEAD



Imported Mexican silver bracelets. Plain silver style, upper left, about \$17. Design with turquoise and lapis-lazuli inlay, lower left, about \$17.60. Top bracelet, at right, has inlay of soapstone, about \$16. Lower bracelet with abalone inlay about \$9. (Angus and Coote.)

Fashionable designs in Mexican silver jewellery with an exotic flavor. Aztec-design bracelet about \$17. Circle-design bracelet about \$18. Antique Spanish cross pendant about \$10. Drop silver earrings with turquoise inlay about \$5. (Angus and Coote, 500 George Street.)

TO TOE



Two new trends in evening shoes by Meschell Faris. The nude-look, at left, in no-color nylon mesh, also in gold and silver kid. The crystal-look, at right, in gold kid, new high-cut with a fall of crystal on in-step. Both \$21.50. (Francine, Double Bay.)

The Australian
Women's Weekly

BEAUTY BOOK

GIVES THE KEY TO FIGURE,
FACE, AND HAIR GLAMOR.



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 17, 1968

BEAUTY BOOK — Page 1



● FACE THE MUSIC and DANCERCIZE

HERE'S a new way to find a slim figure — tune up and have fun by exercising to music.

Debbie Drake, author of the "Dancercize" method of exercising, is one of America's most popular beauty and health personalities and a television star.

In this fascinating guide to glamor, Debbie gives you the know-how to figure improvement, looks, posture, complexion, pretty hair — in fact, just about everything.

"At 18," says Debbie, "I was about the most shapeless thing anyone ever saw."

She eventually discovered that simple exercise done to music for 15 to 30 minutes each day, with proper diet, could give her the 38½-22-36 figure she has now.

The proof is illustrated in the picture of Debbie Drake at left and all the way through this book.

Here's a health and beauty program every girl and woman can follow and enjoy in her own home.

To get the most out of the dancercize method, the first thing, of course, is to establish what your perfect figure should be; what you should weigh and measure, taking into account your basic body structure, height, and so on.

It is also essential to know something about the food you eat and diet. In a way, it's a kind of arithmetic — adding the nutrients and subtracting the so-called "dead" foods taken for taste appeal only.

You must realise from the beginning that this is not a temporary program; you've got to be

consistent and keep at it. But, according to the author, the benefits you are going to receive — and the fun — will lift you out of the dull everydayness of your past routines.

And now — six weeks to a more beautiful you. Now you are ready to get down to the action, but before you start to dancercize, it is important for you to know how to breathe correctly.

1. With teeth together and lips open, make a sssss sound until you are out of breath.

2. Now close your lips and feel your rib-cage expand as air rushes in. Put your hands on each side of your rib-cage. Repeat the above exercise five times.

When you inhale, your hands should be closer together; as your lungs fill with air, your hands spread apart. This will help you to know if you are breathing correctly with the lower chest, rather than with the upper chest.

Practise this method of breathing with all the dancercizes, inhaling on the starting position and exhaling as you leave the second position.

Do each dancercize only the number of times called for in the explanation, and practise in front of a full-length mirror if possible. Music is a must, and you should have some good 4-4 music on when you do any of the dancercizes.

First week: Do basic dancercize of each section **ONLY**. **Second week:** Do beginning dancercizes only. **Third week:** Do intermediate dancercizes only. **Fourth week:** Do advanced dancercizes only. **Fifth week:** Do combination for co-ordination only. **Sixth week:** Select your favorites from any section.

GET in the swing with Debbie Drake, physical-fitness expert, whose new dancercize method is a complete self-help program.

● "Dancercize," by Debbie Drake, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., U.S.A.

● HEADS UP, GIRLS!

Nothing tells your age like a double chin and a loose throat. Most double chins come from overweight and faulty posture. These dancercizes will take care of the first. Holding head high and shoulders down will help correct the second.



The Swan. Starting position 1. Place your hands crossed at the base of your neck. 2. Stand like a regal swan, pulling in stomach and tightening the buttocks muscles.



3. Sustaining your movement, pull your shoulders down with pressure in your muscles and bend your head back as far as you can. Five times, no more.



The Flirt (above). Starting position 1. With shoulders down and arms at side, facing straight ahead. 2. Tilt head to right until you feel a pull in neck muscles, raise shoulder to meet head. 3. Return to starting position and repeat to other side. Do five times to start, work up to ten daily.

Seductive Puppet (below). Starting position 1. Keeping shoulders pulled down, place hand on crown of head. 2. Pull up as straight as you can, like a puppet on a string. 3. Repeat with hands at sides. 4. With hands at sides, keep body rigid and bend head forward as far as possible. A good tension-reliever. Do five to start, work up to ten daily.



Tantalising Tilt. Starting position 1. Place your arms down at your sides, face straight ahead, keeping your shoulders down. 2. Tilt your head to the right until you feel a pull in your neck. 3. Return to starting position and repeat the tilt of your head to the left. 4. With shoulders remaining down, tilt your head back as far as possible. 5. Return to starting position. Do this five times to start, and work up to ten times.

● THE BOSOM

THE bosom should certainly be an attractive part of the whole feminine figure — and this means not just a well-formed bust but the whole set of the shoulders, the rise of the throat and neck, and the line of the arms.

So take good heart if your bosom isn't a naturally curvy 36. Although you cannot develop your bust or, indeed, reduce it to order (your figure type, like the color of your eyes or your hair, is basically inherited and cannot be changed), a lot **CAN** be done.

The ways and means are at everyone's disposal. They include exercise, an awareness of posture, and the choice of the right foundation garments to improve the line of your bosom.

There are some simple exercises which will help to strengthen the muscles that lift the breasts. If they do not appear to have any immediate relation with the breasts, this is because there are no muscles in the bosom itself, and the exercises are planned to firm and tone the bust, not change its size.

Undoubtedly, the best prettifying exercise for all busts, whether underdeveloped or overdeveloped, is swimming — especially the backstroke, whether you actually swim in water or exercise on land.

Backward arm-swinging, which is, of course, a variation of the swim-stroke, aids the bustline as well as the contour of the upper arms. These exercises must be done each day to achieve the objective.

The best plan is to try several types of exercises and do them at a set time each day, slowly and carefully.

Simple basic exercises such as these are normalising, and therefore can be done by the overweight, underweight, or normal-weight person.

Bust posture generally can make a tremendous difference to any figure.

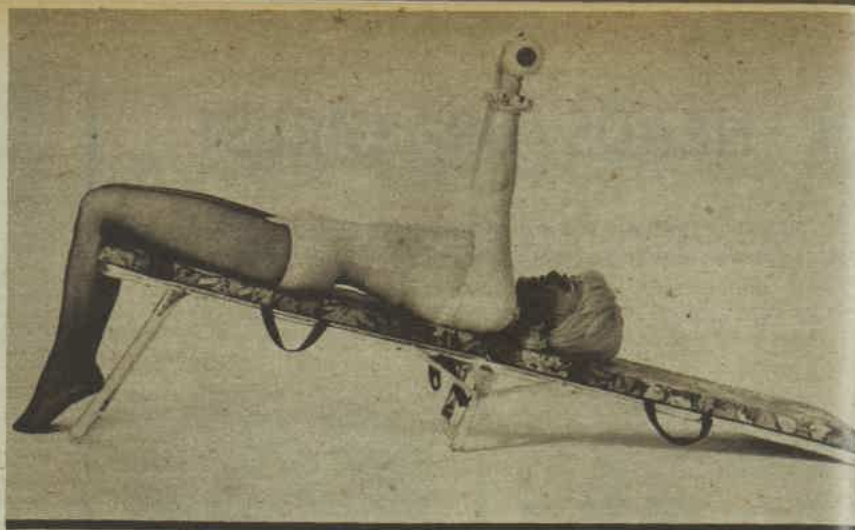
Try an experiment. Stand in front of a full-length mirror, sideways on, and let your arms hang loosely in front of you, your hands so that they are about where the front suspenders of your girdle are. Notice how a small bosom looks caved in and flat-chested, how rounded your shoulders become, and a heavy bosom looks even heavier in this drooping line.

Now straighten your whole figure, pulling back your shoulders and bringing your arms to your sides. Straight away the whole line of your figure changes.

Good posture doesn't mean forcing your shoulderblades back and standing stiffly to parade-ground attention, but it **DOES** mean keeping your shoulders back and down, your knees relaxed, and your tummy taut.

Pulling your abdominal muscles up, instead of in, also raises your rib-cage, which, in turn, improves the bosom line.

Debbie Drake's dancercise exercises for bosom beauty are illustrated at right.



SINGLE PULLOVER (beginning). Starting position 1 (above). Lie down on your back, using either a slant board or something that will raise legs and lower portion of body higher than head. 2. Hold a book or bell weights in each hand. Keeping arms straight, raise weights to ceiling. 3. Extend left arm straight out toward left knee. Extend right arm (at same time) back over head, reaching as far back as possible. Return to starting position. Arms remain straight at all times. Repeat ten times. Work up to 30 times.

THE BARREL (intermediate). Starting position 1 (below). Lie down on back on your slant board. Raise arms above chest as though you were holding a barrel. 2. Open curved arms widely, pulling them way back. 3. Return arms to front of chest. Repeat ten times. Work up to 30 daily.



Debbie Drake says . . .

A LOVELY bustline is the trademark of a perfect feminine figure. Increasing the bustline calls for patience. The exercises given do not bring immediate results. They must be repeated regularly for a period of several months before an increase occurs.

It will encourage you to know, however, that you will increase circulation of blood in the pectoral muscles under the breast immediately.

It is important to pause after each ten counts of any bust exercise in which weights are used. (See illustrations at left.)

The two exercises described below are basic and warm-up.

FINGER PRESS (basic and warm-up). Starting position 1. Bend the elbows at chest level. 2. With the palms outstretched, let the fingers of one hand touch those of the other. 3. PRESS the fingers together as hard as you can. You will feel the pull as you press. Repeat 20 times or more.

This is an easy exercise that can be done from a seated or standing position. It firms and lifts the bust and tightens the upper arm. It is good for you whether you are trying to increase or decrease.

For best results do this exercise in the following manner: Push, hold, count slowly 1, 2, 3. Relax 1, 2, 3, breathe deeply. Repeat 10 times daily, work up to 20 times daily.

WRIST PUSH (basic and warm-up). Starting position 1. Seated or standing position. Bend the elbows at chest level. Hold the left wrist with the right hand, the right wrist with the left hand. 2. Push the hands vigorously toward the elbows. Here, again, you will feel the action on the bust muscles as you push. Repeat 10 times daily, work up to 20 times daily.

These dancercizes with bell weights are described as intermediate and advanced:

DOUBLE PULLOVERS (intermediate). Starting position 1. Lie down on your back on slant board. Hold your weights in both hands. 2. Extend arm straight out toward knees. 3. Raise the weights over the head, reaching as far back as possible until they almost touch the floor, behind the head. 4. Return to starting position. Keeping arms straight at all times, repeat 10 times. Work up to 30 times daily.

THE BIRD (advanced). Starting position 1. Lie down on your back on your slant board. 2. Keeping arms straight, raise arms and weights up to ceiling. 3. Bring weights down to chest, pulling elbows back as far as possible. (Your elbows are the bird's wings.) Repeat 10 times, working up to 30 times daily.

THE CIRCLE FLIES (advanced). Starting position 1. Lie down on your back on a slant board. Extend arms to full length downward, hands touching. 2. Keeping elbows straight, raise the hands up to the sides of the head, as though you were drawing an arc. 3. When weights get up to head, turn the hands back to back. Return to starting position, bringing your arms downward in same cycle. Repeat 10 times, working up to 30 times daily.

BEAUTY HINTS

- To give the bust the appearance of being larger, buy a cotton stitched bra and do not iron after laundering.
- If you have a heavy bust, change bra-strap style so that you don't acquire indentation in your shoulders.
- It is better to wear a bra a little bit big than too small. It makes you look larger and allows more air to pass through your clothing, especially a padded bra. The principle is not to girdle down your bust.
- During pregnancy and while you are nursing, never go without a bra. Your bust may look and feel firm, but once it is down to its normal size, if you have gone without a bra, you might find it sagging.



ELBOW PUSH (beginning). Starting position 1. Be seated. Sit with legs crossed in front of you. 2. Hold a pillow between the elbows. 3. Push the elbows together and release. Push with stamina so that you feel the power of the bust muscles as you push. Repeat ten times, and work up to 30 times daily.

5 new creamy pearl lipsticks from the London Look Collection

So you love the shimmer and pearly sheen of today's modern lip slickers, but you need the colour and lip flattery of a lipstick. Yardley have the perfect answer for all ages with their new Girl Pearl lipsticks. A rich pearly effect and the creamy texture of Yardley's famous lipsticks, in five dreamy colours.

The trend nowadays is to co-ordinate your lipstick with the colour of your dress or accessories. The Girl Pearl colour range will do just that. There's pretty Pink and Peach Pearls—fluffy and light. Or hot, vibrant Coral Pearl and, if you like the deeper shades, Yardley have vivid Rose and Red Pearls.



GIRL PEARL



Shade Range:

- Pink Pearl —pale
- Peach Pearl —light
- Coral Pearl —warm
- Rose Pearl —rich
- Red Pearl —deep

by

Yardley
OF LONDON

● YOUR SKIN

HAVE you ever wondered why some people show aging of the skin so much earlier than others? There are some factors beyond our control, such as heredity, but much can be done to maintain youthful skin.

You should become aware of factors involved in bringing about premature aging of the skin so you can take steps to delay this process. For example, aching feet make wrinkles.

Vitamins have a definite effect on your skin and complexion. B2 and B6 vitamins are beneficial to your nervous system, and thus are fundamental for well-being, for your nervous system affects every part of your body.

If you are lacking in the B vitamins, your breathing can be hampered, stress can be put on your heart, and your circulatory system can be affected. You may have poor elimination due to nerves and impaired efficiency.

All these things trigger changes in your skin. One of the first signs of irregularity is blemishes. Poor circulation gives you a dry skin.

Unfortunately, a deficiency of vitamins will often not show up for years. Just because you have no problem today, do not take this precious state for granted. It is a condition far easier to prevent than to cure.

To prevent premature wrinkles, your daily diet must contain sufficient amounts of tissue- and muscle-building proteins. Your complexion, as well as other parts of your body, can be kept youthful mostly by the protein foods which supply all the essential amino acids.

If you are getting inadequate supplies of protein, tissues begin to sag, causing wrinkles.

Complexion proteins are found in meats, cheese, milk, eggs, and legumes. Your diet must also be rich in vitamin C. Between the protein cells of the skin is a cementing substance, collagen, which needs a sufficient supply of vitamin C. Oranges, grapefruit, and tomatoes are all rich in vitamin C.

Vitamins help keep your skin lovely from the inside; external aids are the extra touch that help complete the job.

ITS UPKEEP . . .

YOUR skin is like a valuable plant that must be watched over tenderly, constantly, and with enough knowhow to keep it in flourishing condition. This means that every day, without fail, you must take time to give it some care.

Of course, the basic beauty treatment for everyone is easy, bargain-priced, and vital. It is cleanliness. Oily skin welcomes the medicated approach and clean-ups two or three times a day.

Dry skin, particularly young dry skin, calls for gentler care than the oily kind in the form of lots of water, little soap, and moisture lotion under powder.

Thorough removal of make-up, surface dirt, and perspiration, come what may, is the way to help keep your skin blemish-free and conditioned.

At the moment, there's available a special liquid skin cleanser for daily complexion care; it takes the form of creamy emulsion and removes cosmetics and grime thoroughly in any kind of water and without scrubbing.



THE LOOK of new make-up is what to aim for if you enjoy looking your natural best with an added touch of glamor for good measure.

. . . AND DECORATION

THE better your complexion, the prettier your make-up will be. This is good news because the new natural no make-up look is the IN trend of the moment. In other words, the look to aim for right now in make-up is a light touch of "coverage," plus even color tone.

Color is glamor as well as news in this season's lip and eye shades. Smooth pastel, deeper pinks, and coral shades with a shimmer finish are the lipstick pets right now. Very pale whitened and washout-pink lip shades are out.

Some older women will undoubtedly prefer the look of the pink verging on red lipsticks because of their sophisticated appeal. All are permissible and fashionable.

A pretty-girl mouth begins with the natural shape of the lips, but you can improve on nature by using a lipstick brush to draw a prettier shape.

Ideally, lips should be dry and free of cream before applying lipstick.

Now, the eyes. This season the trade is sponsoring the wide-eyed, innocent look. The trick here is to keep the eyes in focus without loading them with heavy liners, shadow, and circles of deep brown and black mascara.

Instead there are soft tones of lilac, blue, turquoise, and beige eyeshadow linked with slightly darker eyeliners from the same color groups.

Long fall from topknot, by Carita.



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PARIS FALLS

Smooth centre parting (at right)
with curly ends (Rubinstein).



Tangle a la Hayworth (Alexandre).



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 17, 1966

HAIRDOS GO HAYWIRE

CURLY MOPS

● What's the right hair length? Actually, there's no formula for everyone. Paris still loves the big curl whirl and the lavish fall, but, as shown here, there's still room at the top for smooth styles that hug the head.



Curl tangle on nape (Gin).

Backswept for evening (Rubinstein).

Cap of bouncy curls (Barry Kibble).

MINI CUTS



Slim plait on short bob.

Clear-cut little-boy look.

Bonnie sidesweep (Lillian Franks).

'Twenties shingle from Carita.



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● HANDSOME HAIR

A good head of hair—healthy, shiny, and reasonably biddable hair—is the biggest morale booster.

Perhaps the statement above accounts for the fact that every woman wants pretty hair, hair a man loves to run his fingers through. The following are good basic rules for hair upkeep:

- Shampoo at least once a week with a non-alkaline shampoo.
- Brush 100 strokes a day. Make a point of using a hairbrush of soft, real bristle and wield it gently. Never treat hair harshly.
- If hair is bleached, tinted, or subjected to much sun, use a conditioner after each shampoo.
- Avoid excessive sun and wind.

You must realise, however, that your hair cannot be healthier at the ends than at the roots. What comes out of these roots depends on two factors: the texture of your hair (which is inherited) and your state of health.

Circulation is one of the secrets of healthier hair. Exercise until your face is flushed. After all exercise periods, lie on a slant board or with your feet at an elevated angle and pull your hair until you feel a warm, tingling flow of blood to your scalp.

Never wear a tight hat, and do not roll hair in tight curlers and leave for long periods at a time. Do not wear a pony tail for long periods, either, as this may cause loss of hair.

The B vitamins play an important part in hair health.

As you may know, the B vitamins are found in all meats, fish and poultry, eggs, enriched and whole-grain breads, cereal, milk.

If you have ever had a severe illness or an operation, you probably noticed a difference in your hair. It probably became dry and brittle.

This, no doubt, was caused by an acute shortage of vitamins and minerals. You need more vitamins and minerals when illness occurs, and if your body is not supplied with them it draws them from your tissues and body cells, causing a deficiency.

As with your skin, this shows up in the condition of your hair.

Avoid hair that gives away your age by its color, texture, and dullness. Supply your body with its needs before the aging process starts to take its toll.

COVER HAIRDO

- A soft, feminine hair-style that starts from a side part, swirls to the opposite side, and ends in a coil-spring of curls.

New flip for long hair (left) that falls in shining curves from a high top-knot to spill over the shoulders.

● NICE ARMS, BACK

I HAVE been working with women of all sizes, shapes, and ages since 1954, and in all this time I have known very few women who recognise the need for good posture and firm arms and back.

One reason for this is that many women only have a front point of view, never turning their backs to the mirror. Don't you be one of those girls. Put down this book and go take a good look from the back.

Now that we are back together again, what did you see? Firm and youthful skin? Not fat but a bit flabby? Or public enemy number one — both fat and flabby?

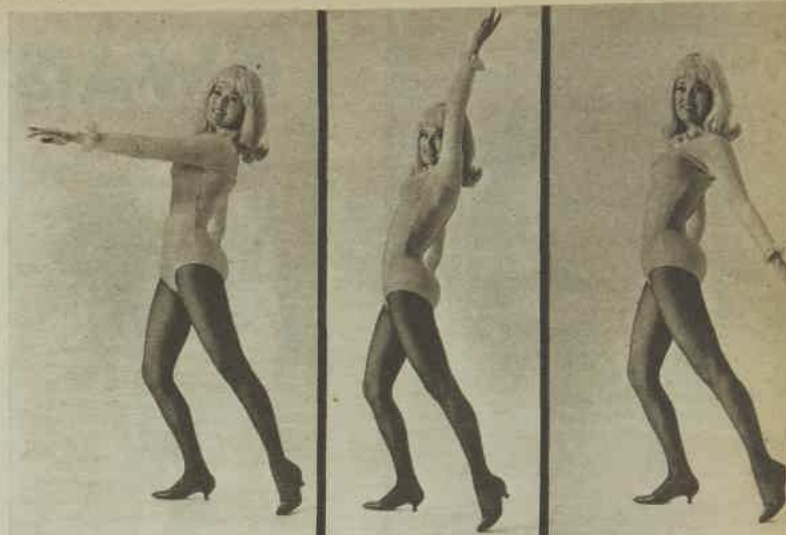
As long as I have you depressed, we might as well face a little more reality. Hold your left arm out to the side and pat the underneath area of your left arm with your right hand. Regardless of how slim you are, chances are that this area will need a little firming.

This chapter is doubly important, because not only does every woman want to have firm and youthful back and shoulders, she also wants to look and feel at ease in any situation.

In order to have good posture, poise, and command at all times, you must have shoulder control. Raised shoulders relay tension or ill-at-easiness; shoulders too far forward give the impression of lack of confidence or fear of the situation; rounded back and shoulders tell the world you are sloppy or tired and give the "I don't care look."

The dancercizes on this page are both basic and more advanced. They will firm your back and arms as well as relieve tension and improve your posture. Start with the three-way movement described and pictured below, then graduate to the series at right.

Once you are able to do these in one continuous, graceful movement, you'll find yourself coming alive as a vital, exciting female.



"HI, HANDSOME" (basic)

Starting position 1. Place hands comfortably at sides, stand erect. 2. Roll both shoulders forward. 3. Roll shoulders up toward ceiling. 4. Roll shoulders back. Return to starting position. When you have done all four positions, make the roll continuous, very smooth without stopping. In this way you will achieve a pattern of co-ordinated movement.



"WIND IT UP" (advanced)

1. Arms down at sides.
2. Make a big circle with your left arm, keeping your elbow joint straight. Bring your arm up in front.
3. Continue circling arm over head.
4. Continue circle, bring arm back. Circle left arm eight times. Circle right arm eight times. Do this ten times to start, and within 15 days work up to 30 times.

● WAISTLINE: Centre of interest



HALLELUJAH (basic) above. Starting position 1. Standing straight, raise your arms above your head and look up to your hands with your head. 2. Bend over from your waist, bringing your arms down between your legs. 3. Swing your arms through your legs and return to starting position. Do ten times to start, work up to 15 in 30 days, and 30 by 60 days. You will find this dancercise beneficial and fun to do.

WOMEN of all ages have a tendency toward a protruding tummy. Some women might have a small waistline with very little effort, but a girl with a 24in. waistline may very easily have a 23in. waist with the proper form of movement.

Sculpturing or moulding the body starts as much with the waistline and tummy as any other area. The perfect figure of today is definitely a flat stomach and slim waist. Regardless of what style clothes you are wearing, the fact that you know it is there can affect you.

There are more than 600 muscles in your body. They serve many purposes when used. Underdeveloped muscles in the legs, buttocks, and arms result in a shapeless, dull figure. When they are not used in the tummy area, they allow protrusion.

When your muscles are firm in the stomach and waist area, you tell the world, without saying a word, that you have pride and are ready for any kind of action. Uncared-for muscles give the appearance of a careless body and mind, and undisciplined willpower.

The dancercises illustrated on these pages are designed to slim and mould your body to perfection.

Come alive with me and let me take you into the world of shapely femininity. Each movement to firm, reduce, and contour this area has been designed to give you better results than conventional-type exercises because, with each of these, you are working on more than one area at once.

You are also fulfilling an emotional satisfaction by feeling graceful. In addition, you are educating your body to a variety of movements that will give you poise and grace.



CHALLENGE FOR THE TUMMY (beginning)

Starting position 1 (far left). Lie flat on your back with arms down at sides. Bend your right knee in, touching your right foot on your left thigh. 2. Straighten your right leg up in the air until you feel a pull. 3. Return to starting position and repeat on other leg. Start out doing this dancercise ten times, within 60 days work up to 20.

PERFECTING the PELVIS

ONE of New York's best photographers once told me that any woman looks dead or lifeless without a little movement of the pelvis. This means in everyday life as well as photography.

All models know how to tilt the pelvis to add appeal to the clothes they are exhibiting. You should do no less for what you wear.

By perfecting the pelvis movements I describe below, you will be able to have a controlled tilt instead of a slouch. You will also find you are able to walk with a controlled feminine movement instead of a relaxed wobble or uncontrolled swing.

PELVIS ROCK AND ROLL (basic): Starting position 1. Stand with feet apart, hands on hips. 2. Bend from the waist, keeping your legs straight. Hold your head up and round your back, pulling your pelvis forward. 3. Remain in above position, and straighten your back, pushing your pelvis back and up. Repeat four more times. Work up to 20 within 60 days.

AMAZING (intermediate): Starting position 1. Watch yourself in the mirror until you have mastered this one. Stand straight as an arrow, place your hands on your rib cage, and keep your elbows out, shoulders down, head held high. 2. Hold entire top of body and legs still, move your hips to right. (Be sure hips move to the side—not back.) 3. Return to starting position and repeat to the left.

HIP AND LEG ROLL (advanced): Starting position 1. Stand erect, hands on hips, weight on your right leg. 2. Swing your pelvis and left leg forward. 3. Allowing your pelvis to roll with your leg, bring your left leg and left hip to the left side. 4. Allow your pelvis to roll with your leg, bring your left hip and leg to the back. 5. Repeat three more times. 6. Continue with right leg and hip.

BEAUTY HINTS

- If you have a small waistline, but would like to take off an extra inch, wear a waist-cincher while you are working out. Do not start with it too tight; tighten it as you become accustomed to it.
- Keep your stomach pulled in and hips tucked under every waking hour.
- Work at perfecting the pelvis exercises as a practical extension of your efforts on the waistline area.

THE STRETCH (beginning)

Starting position 1 (top left). Standing tall with feet apart, head high, arms overhead. Tighten hips, pull in stomach. 2. Shift weight to right leg and s-t-r-e-t-c-h up as high as you can. 3. Repeat to left, shifting weight smoothly from one foot to other. Do ten to start, work up to 15 in 30 days.

FLOOR TOUCH (intermediate)

Starting position 1 (above right). Start upright, with the legs apart, weight resting slightly on the left leg. Raise arms above the head. 2. Shift weight to right leg. Bend from waist, touching hand to right toe. 3. Return to starting position and repeat eight times. Reverse on other side.



Beauty hints

● If you are going to wear shorts, and you have uneven pigmentation or spider veins, or you have been a good girl and stayed out of the sun to keep you from aging, you will find leg make-up very flattering to your legs.

There are many leg make-ups on the market—all you have to do is find the one that goes on smoothly and evenly without streaking.

● You can use the same leg make-up for shading your ankles and calves. It looks lovely under stockings. There are various ways of shading. To get the best results, when you buy leg make-up, ask how to apply it for YOUR legs.

● Always wear stockings with a dress.

● You can show a prettier leg by using colored foundation lotion (one shade darker than your skin) under your sheerest and palest nylons. The translucent effect is very fetching.

● Be sure your stockings never bag at the knee. If need be, change brands until you get perfect fit.

● Never wear garters. Anything tight around the leg can make spider veins.

● Avoid wearing leg decorations such as an ankle bracelet or hose trimmed with rhinestones.

● The size of your heel should always be in balance with the length of your dress. If you have a small budget, stick to basic (plain and simple) colors and styles in your shoe wardrobe. This way you will be able to go along with the trend.

● Don't wear scuffed shoes or worn-down heels. You'd be surprised how many people look at your feet.

● Ankle hose are much more attractive than bobby socks or bare feet with slacks.

● Feet can be made to look prettier if you treat them as kindly as your hands. Any good hand-cream used regularly will improve the skin of your feet.

● LEGGY LOOK FOR YOU

HALF the length and half the weight of your body is legs. You not only want your legs to look shapely but they have to feel and perform well, too. Contoured legs add infinitely to a woman's beauty.

You don't have to be young to have shapely legs. Some of the most famous legs in the world are possessed by those well over 21. Walking, stair-climbing, and bicycling are some of the best exercises for your legs. So next time, leave your car at home.

If you have thick ankles or unshapely calves, please do not accept defeat until you have worked on these exercises. I've been able to help slim down the ankles of girls who felt there was nothing that could be done. Certainly nothing can be done about bone structure, but many women confuse fat and swelling in the ankle area for thick-bonedness; and it is often hard to discriminate between the two.

And while we are near the topic—how do your feet stack up? Regardless of how good you feel or how healthy you are, if your feet are not in good shape, you will show tension in your face and it will make your whole body tired.

Feet are primarily bones, and for good bones you need essential nutrition. Strong bones require plenty of calcium (milk and cheese), vitamin C, and vitamin D.

It is not only great fun but good for your feet to walk on sand whenever you have a chance. Curl toes under after you place your foot in the sand (this is an excellent exercise). Go barefoot occasionally; it gives your feet a chance to stretch, especially to give them some sunshine.

And now . . . on with the dancercizes that are geared to shapelier legs. Once you have mastered the individual movements, try them with music for a pleasant effect.

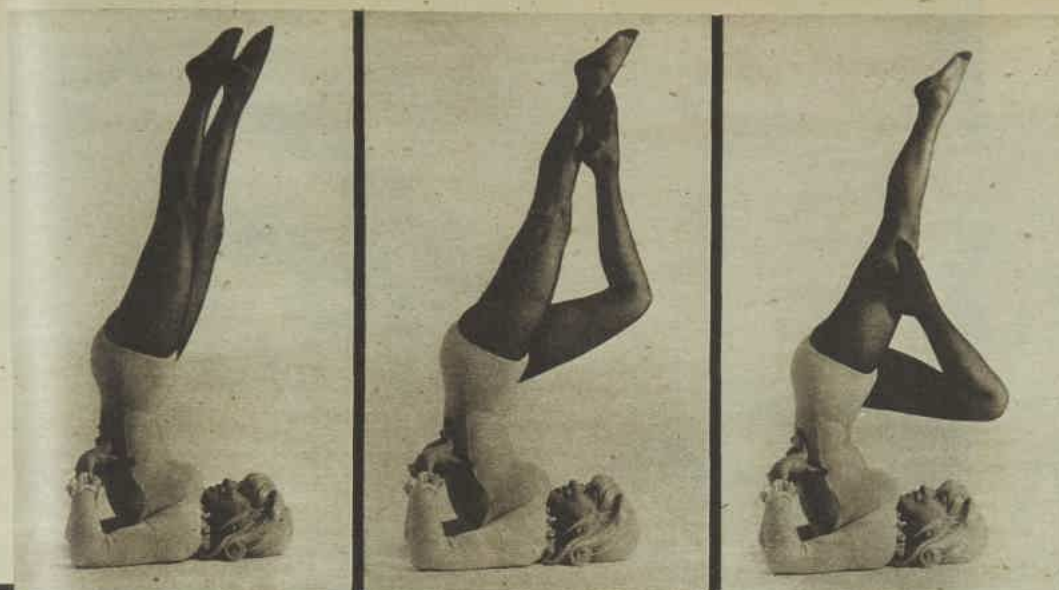


LEG-PULL (basic)

Starting position (left).

1. Sit on the floor with a very straight back and your head held proudly.
2. Bend your right knee and bring foot in (right). 3. Pull your foot back as far as possible. 4. Return to starting position and repeat with the other leg. Do with each leg five times. Work up to 20 times within 60 days.





CROSSED SWORDS (beginning)

Starting position (far left): 1. Lying on your back, brace yourself with your hands on your back and lift your legs, hips, and back off the floor so that you are resting your shoulders on the floor. 2. With straight legs, cross your left leg in front of your right leg. Remaining in the same position, begin bringing your left leg down by bending your left knee. 3. Continue bringing your left leg down until your left foot is on your right thigh. 4. Return to starting position and repeat with the other leg. Repeat this ten times, and work up to 20 times within 60 days.

FLOOR-KICK (intermediate)

1. Lie on your right side and support yourself with right arm. 2. Keeping right leg straight and on the floor, bend left leg until left toes are even with right knee. 3. Kick left leg up at 45deg. angle, keeping it straight. 4. Repeat other side. Five times each side.

PERPENDICULAR POLE (intermediate)

For right: 1. Stand with legs apart and arms held rigid out to sides. 2. Bend left knee and lean to left. 3. Extend right arm to ceiling, left hand rigid at side. 4. Lean from waist over to right side, bending right leg. 5. Raise left arm up and touch floor with right fingertips. 6. Repeat left. Work up to 20 times in 60 days.



Would you believe it? A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed and scrubbed my face; this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist told me that my skin problem troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the **complete** acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam. Cleans deep down in the pores; leaves an antibacterial film on the skin to fight acne infection.

And, 2 or 3 times during the day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated—clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove oil, scales and grime—leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing" . . . able to face the future with confidence.

STRI-DEX

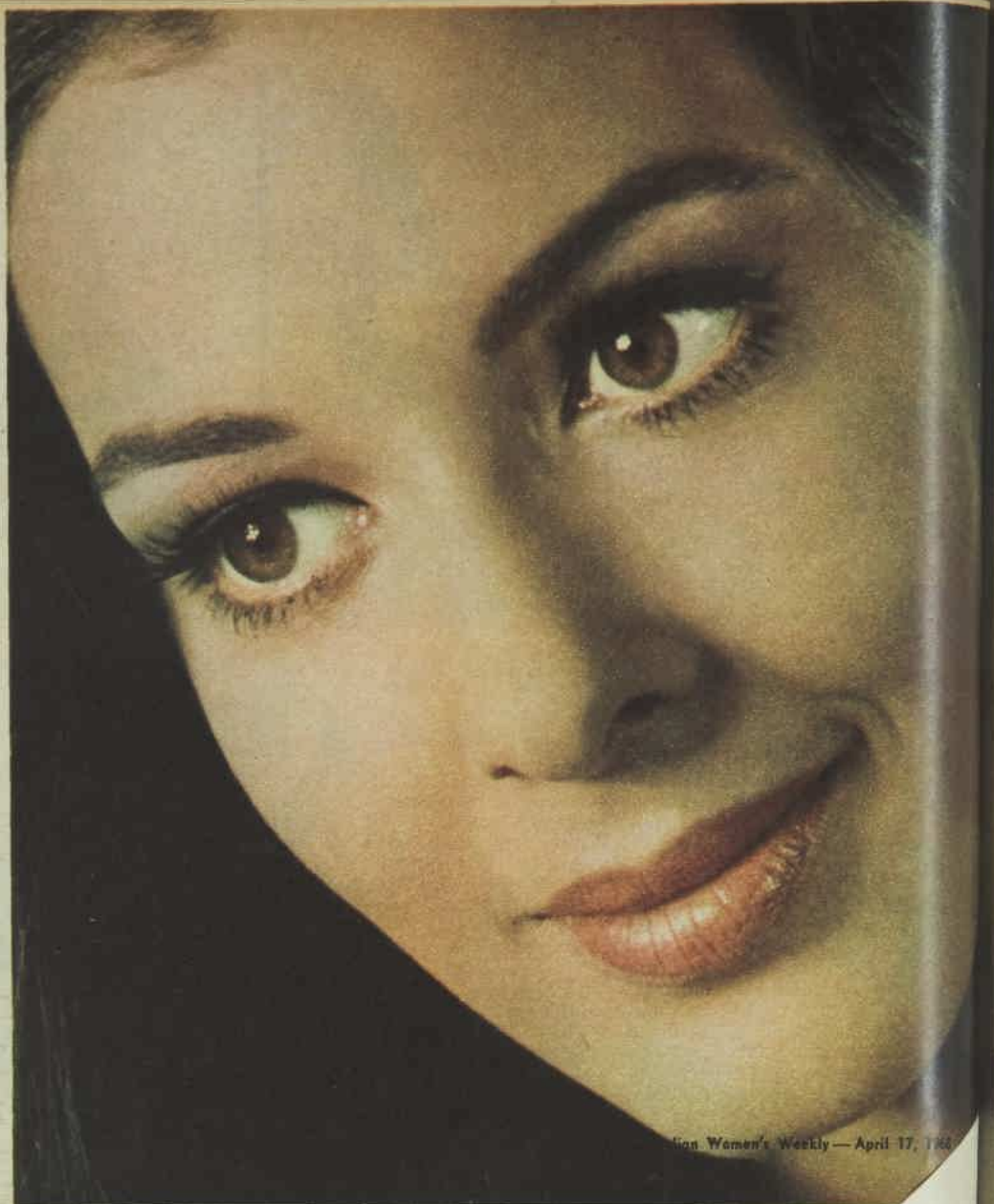
Medicated Foam (in handy aerosol) — \$1.47
Medicated Pads (42 in compact jar) — \$1.26

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Woman's Weekly — April 17, 1966